

SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.



DEATH WALKS THE HIGHWAY.

Takes Gold-seekers in His Cold Embrace.

Victims of the Rush to Thunder Mountain.

Bride of a Week Kills Herself—Dog Guarded Body of Young Suicide.

BOISE (Idaho) March 29.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Human beings, who engaged in the frenzied rush for gold to the Thunder Mountain district, are dying of cold and privation. The stampede to the new El Dorado is like that to Klondike in its palmiest days. Many arguments in the new country pay with their lives for their hasty dash to the camp. Nearly every day, on that desolate trail, life goes out.

Tales of fabulous strikes, both placer and quartz, come back to civilization from this land of gold in Northern Idaho, some 200 miles north of this city, and miles away from a railroad. The camp is a cluster of tents of hundreds of gold-seekers now at Moscow and Lewiston, Spokane and Butte, impatiently waiting for the sunshine of April and May to clear the trails of snow and death.

It is well that this boode cannot now get to town, for gold can be had for almost nothing, and our heroic measures stave off famine. Flour is selling for \$50 a sack, and there is actual suffering for lack of other provisions. From Boise and other points on the railroads nearest approaching the camp, big parties will set out, and by the middle of summer, it is estimated that 30,000 men will be in the district.

Reports from the camp indicate that there is great difference in the ore, and that much of it will be valuable only when worked by costly machinery. On the whole, much of the surface quartz is decomposed, and is of little value to the poor man, for it can be worked without the aid of expensive mills and heavy machinery. It is claimed that as high as \$100 was taken out in ten days by one man, using only common tools and a prospecting pan.

The rich old mine in the camp is owned by Col. Dwyer, a prominent mining man, who is building a \$250,000 hotel.

CAPTURE HARRIMAN.

SANTA CLARA IMPROVERS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. SAN JOSE, March 29.—In response to a telegram by the Santa Clara Valley Improvement Club to E. H. Gardner, president of the Southern Pacific company, inviting himself and party to visit San Jose as long as possible, for an inspection, and, if possible, an answer was received today from J. Krutschmitt, saying that the date of Harriman's arrival here was so uncertain that he could not accept the banquet invitation, but that he would stop the next time for an automobile ride through the valley, to see its wonderful resources.

BARONETCY AND RICHES.

JOHN ASNIP'S GOOD FORTUNE. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. SANTA ROSA, March 29.—Through the death of a relative in England, John Aspin, of this city, has come into a baronetcy and the possession of valuable estates. On Monday Aspin and his wife depart for New York on their way to London. For several years they have been in straitened circumstances. Aspin left England early in life, and has resided in this city and in Healdsburg for almost twenty years.

Miner's Fatal Fall.

PRESCOTT (Ariz.) March 29.—W. T. Eddy, a well-known miner of this section, fell down a 200-foot shaft in the Piond mine on the Big Bug last night, and received injuries from which he died a few hours. He was about 30 years old.

Victim of Electricity.

VISALIA, March 29.—Emmett Swarts, an electrician, was instantly killed in this city tonight at the power station. He received a shock of 2200 volts.

Work of Incendiary.

EVERETT (Wash.) March 29.—A fire, supposed to be incendiary, occurred this morning at the Tulalip Indian reservation, consuming the old Catholic Church, and the girls' dormitory, which had been built by the Indians. A large quantity of the same material ignited under the porch of Superintendent Buchanan's residence.

Nobiana No More.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—Joseph Von Lochner, a German nobleman, committed suicide today. He walked into a saloon, and with words to the bartender, swallowed cyanide of potassium. He died before medical aid reached him.

HIS DOG STOOD GUARD.

YOUTH COMMITS SUICIDE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. SACRAMENTO, March 29.—Arthur Crowell, 17 years of age, committed suicide in the rear of his home this morning by swallowing a dose of carbolic acid. The young man had died today from the effects of the drug. Trouble with her mother, who is said to have been bitterly opposed to her daughter's choice, led to Mrs. Duncan's act.

Mine Foreman Alexander Clark was found murdered last night near the Monroe Coal mines in Rio Arriba county, N. M. A bullet had penetrated his heart.

BOY TRIED TO DIE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—Because his mother desired him to commit to the charge of the Boys' and Girls' Society, Fred Culverwell, a fifteen-year-old boy, attempted to commit suicide in the office of that institution today by cutting his throat with a

razor and, but for the prompt action of Mrs. Culverwell and Officer Shannon, the lad would doubtless have inflicted serious injury to himself. The boy was taken before Judge Fritz, who, upon learning of the incorrigibility of the boy, committed him to the care of the Aid Society.

APPEALS FOR PARDON.

HEARD BY PRISON BOARD.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.) SACRAMENTO, March 29.—Gov. Gage was present at the meeting of the board of State prison directors at Folsom prison yesterday morning, by special request of the board.

A plea for the pardon of John Barber was made by George M. Mott of Sacramento. Barber killed Barney Markley in Corte Madera several years ago.

Among the many applicants for parole presented to the board were those of Dennis and Con Guerin, who, during a drinking bout, killed their wife, took some money from one of their comrades, and spent it. They were tried before Judge Wallace, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

After hearing the applications presented, the board took them under consideration for next meeting. No appointments were made to fill the vacancies caused by recent resignations.

WIDOW GUTMANN.

ACCUSED OF FRAUD.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—Mariana Gutmann of Stockton, widow of David Gutmann, and his business interests, has been cited to appear before Judge Troutt, April 4. The citation was issued upon the petition of O. H. Clary, who claims to have a claim of \$30,000 against the property.

He charges Mrs. Gutmann with secreting the husband's wealth from his estate, took some money from one of their comrades, and spent it. They were tried before Judge Wallace, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

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DOLE CALLS A HALT.

INFORMS HIS APPOINTEES THAT HE WISHES THEM TO TERMINATE THEIR ACTIVITY IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.) HONOLULU, March 29.—[A. P. Correspondence.] Wires from San Francisco, March 29. The political activity of some of the persons dependent on the Territorial government has attracted the attention of Gov. Dole, and he has intimated his desire that his appointees in the government service terminate their connections with political organizations.

Gov. Dole will in a few days for-

warding on political matters in Hawaii.

MRS. WALKER FREE.

ADMITTED TO BAIL AND MISS Maud Haynes of Los Angeles is One of Her Sureties.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.) LAS VEGAS (N. M.) March 29.—Mrs. Walker, the woman who killed J. S. Judd, was this afternoon released from custody on a bond of \$5000, the maximum amount of bail set by the court.

Miss Walker, a widow, and Mrs. Maud Haynes of Los Angeles, a young woman who lived with Mrs. Walker here.

She was sent to jail on a charge of

murder.

Twenty Years in Prison.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29.—Robert Galley and James Roberts, highwaymen, were sentenced to prison for twenty years by Superior Judge Dunne this morning. Galley and Roberts were partners in crime.

Women Select Delegates.

(PORTLAND (Ore.) March 29.—At the meeting of the local club yesterday, the selection of principal business transacted was the selection of delegates to prison for two years, which Superior Judge Dunne this morning. Galley and Roberts were partners in crime.

J. C. Prichard.

Lumber for San Pedro.

PORTLAND (Ore.) March 29.—The steamer "Tulip," which arrived from San Pedro for San Pedro, carried 400,000 feet of lumber. More lumber has been shipped south by small coasting steamers for the first quarter of 1902 than during any corresponding period in the history of the port.

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RETURNS INDICATE DEFEAT FOR SENATOR JONES.

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BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.) LITTLE ROCK (Ark.) March 29.—Candidates from various parts of the State show that a heavy vote was polled today in the Democratic primaries for United States Senator, Governor, Congressmen, State and local officers. The contest between the Foraker act as sanctions the Spanish laws of conspiracy in Porto Rico is unconstitutional and void, and, although the ground of Iglesias was not decided, it is believed that he will be declared the winner.

It is generally believed that Iglesias

was acquitted if not, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is prepared to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

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WASHINGTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

apid progress has been made toward the complete acceptance of American sovereignty, the restoration of peace and the establishment of civil government than we had any right to anticipate when the treaty of peace of Paris was signed. The paper of the *Washington* paper involves practically superseding the officers mentioned in the control which they now exercise. Not only is this without justification in their conduct, but I should regard it as a most unfortunate interference of the government in its proper sphere. There have been exceedingly full and long-continued consultations under cover between the government of the United States and leaders of opinion among the insurrectionary Filipinos, resulting in a full understanding, and most friendly feeling between by far the greater number of the people and ourselves, and a participation by many members of the Aguinaldo government in the civil government under American government.

I append hereto a list of twenty-three officers of the insurrectionary government, who have been induced by us to leave our country and go to the Philippines for the purpose of enabling the United States to make necessary the practical abandonment of a large part of the country, and the restoration of independence to the Filipinos, and upon that score to claim the supreme command of the allied forces. The application for this restoration of independence is in fact accompanied by a request from Gen. Miles that such supreme command of the allied forces should be granted him. Under the circumstances, I would be inclined to authorize the sending of Gen. Miles either to the Philippines or China. A year afterward the Secretary of War authorized the Lieutenant-General to extend his instructions to the Philippines for the purpose of inspection only. He has never been authorized to do so for any other purpose.

The position which the writer of the letter to the Lieutenant-General and sending him to the Philippines would interfere with the present military and political situation, and may be determined not by what the application says above the order, but by the terms of the proposed order itself. The Lieutenant-General's authority "to give such directions as he may consider expedient and judicious for the best disposition of the United States military forces."

It is not the fact that the warfare in the Philippines has been conducted with marked severity; on the contrary, it was conducted with marked humanity, and magnanimity on the part of the United States Army.

(Signed) ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of War.

CONCLUSIONS APPROVED.

Conclusions of the Secretary of War were hereby approved.

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT, White House, Washington, D. C., March 6, 1902.

MILEST'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Washington, March 24, 1902.

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary.

In accordance with the verbal message received from Col. Carter through Mr. Brandt, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, I have the honor to return my letter of February, 1902, with indorsements thereon.

In connection with my letter and the facts which I have detailed to my Honor I request that the Honorable Secretary should have been under the impression that a proposition that was prompted in the interest of humanity would in any way be regarded as "spectacular and sensational." I should not anticipate any such results. I would only add that it is the duty of the Honorable Secretary to the Government, and to the people of Cuba, as well as all this was done without the slightest reflection on Maj.-Gen. Wood, or objection on his part, as far as I know.

Referring to that part of my communication which I have detailed to my Honor I request that the Honorable Secretary should be granted his request.

On returning to Washington I reported the fact to President McKinley and urged that he grant their request. He did so, and the delegation came to Washington. The Honorable Secretary, at that time, was not yet in the government, but to the people of Cuba, as well as all this was done without the slightest reflection on Maj.-Gen. Wood, or objection on his part, as far as I know.

Concerning my going to the Philippines, it was my purpose nearly a year ago to do so, and this was with the knowledge of the Secretary of War and the approval of the late President McKinley, but the journey was postponed in consequence of the increased reorganization of the army.

The suggestion contained in my letter, that in going to the Philippines, and to the natives of Cuba and Porto Rico, and returning, bring back certain of those of the Philippine Islands, was prompted by my belief that the result would be satisfactory to all concerned. Since this measure is not deemed advisable, I do not ask for its further consideration, and in making my delayed visit to the Philippines, I will do so in the near future. I shall devote my attention to the condition and requirements of the troops in that division, the same as I have in respect to the other portions of the army.

(Signed) ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of War.

FULLY APPROVED.

WHITE HOUSE, Washington, March 24, 1902. The memorandum of the Secretary of War is approved as a whole.

As the letter of the Secretary of War, dated Washington, February 7, 1902, as well as other communications that have been referred to those headquarters or received by me.

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(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ALLEGED CLASH.

ON ACCOUNT OF CUBA.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The House devoted most of today to the bill increasing the efficiency of the Revenue Cutter Service, and to complete its consideration. The opening argument was made by Mr. Sherman of New York. Speeches were made in its favor by Messrs. Minor of Wisconsin and H. C. Smith of Michigan, and against it by Messrs. Richardson of Alabama, Little of Arkansas, Cochran of Missouri and Mann of Illinois.

Immediately after the House met today, Maj. Gen. John D. Rutherford, the Adjutant-General of the Army, went to the President, appeared, and transmitted from the President the Miles correspondence called for by the letter transmitting the charges, plainly evinces a desire to have the Lieutenant-General's acceptance of the Miles' resolution, which was adopted.

The House then proceeded with the consideration of the Senate bill to promote the efficiency of the Revenue Cutter Service. It was agreed that there should be eight hours' general debate upon the bill.

Mr. Sherman of New York, who was in the lead, explained that his purpose was threefold, namely, to increase the rank and pay of the revenue-cutter officers, to regulate the status as to the command of these small vessels, and to provide a retirement for the same.

Mr. Minor of Wisconsin and Mr. Cochran of Missouri opposed anything that would increase the pay of the revenue-cutter officers.

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H 30, 1902.

FINE SPECIMENS

Physical Manhood

athletic exercise demands such a condition as brute fighting. In the horse market, lunge and to perfection. The man arrives at such physical per-



the present champion heavyweight, and his gallant appearance, the man takes place, such the same course of train, and most of the time in the stomach in con-

keep the digestion absolutely

smooth and serene.

Highly commendable

is the secret patent prod-

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Company. The Spec-

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time says: "Stuart's Dynamite

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the best champion of the

Stuart, says: "Stuart's

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the stomach and restore it

to its natural condition. I

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YLORE formerly lec-

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Medical College, Oakland.

Taylor will give his

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of charge.

OMERY BROS.

and Opticians, Third

Streets Los Angeles.

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GRATEFUL WOMEN WHO ENDORSE PE-RU-NA



The women are all talking about Peruna. Of course they are. Why should they not? Peruna is the remedy that cured them. If they have a cold Peruna cures them. They found that out by experience.

If they are hoarse or have a cough they find Peruna an unfailing remedy. Weak lungs and even the first stages of consumption Peruna promptly restores, and there are a host of women who have a slight derangement of the stomach and digestive organs. All these derangements are of a catarrhal nature. Peruna comes to the rescue at once. A very short course of Peruna is sufficient to put the stomach right and make the assimilation of the food perfect.

But this is not all. This does not exactly explain why the women especially are talking about Peruna. Men, the same as women, have found Peruna useful for the above mentioned ailments. The reason that Peruna is such a special favorite with women is something more than this.

Women are subject to pelvic catarrh. This condition has been called all sorts of names, and is often referred to under the general phrase of female diseases. Peruna cures these cases. Peruna cures them because it cures catarrh wherever located. The nature of most of these ailments is catarrhal.

Catarrh is liable to attack any organ of the body. It is especially liable to attack one or more organs of the female pelvis. No wonder women talk about Peruna. No wonder they think it is the greatest medicine in the world.

Peruna cures the catarrh wherever located. Peruna is not a guess nor an experiment—it is an absolute scientific certainty. Peruna has no substitutes—no rivals. Insist upon having Peruna.

Miss Mary Ratz writes:

"Peruna is a blessing to suffering women and I am pleased to recommend it. I suffered for over a year with backache, headache and nervous debility, and although I tried many remedies Peruna is the medicine that cured. I am now in perfect health, and am very grateful to you."

Mrs. Louise Westbrook writes:

"For several years I suffered with pains at regular periods, which was followed by general debility, until I was but a wreck of myself. Thanks to Peruna, I am a well woman today. I would not exchange my health for all the riches in Michigan."

Miss Rose de la Sen writes:

"I have been a sufferer from ovarian troubles for over four years, which caused me excruciating pains at times, and life looked very dreary to me. My family physician and several doctors prescribed for me, but failed dismally in relieving me, but I am pleased to state that after years of suffering I have been entirely cured by your woman's friend, Peruna."

Mrs. J. E. Finn writes:

"Last spring I had a regular spring fever: my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. I tried Peruna and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system."

Miss Helen Whitman writes:

"After a prolonged illness, about a year ago, I felt unable to regain my health, but four bottles of Peruna made a wonderful change and restored me to perfect health."

Miss Muriel Armitage Writes:

"I suffered for five years with irregularities, which brought on hysteria and made me a physical wreck. I tried doctors from the different schools of medicine, but without any perceptible change in my condition. In my despair I called on an old nurse, who advised me to try Peruna, and promised good results if I would persist and take it regularly. When I had used fifteen bottles I considered myself entirely cured. I am a grateful, happy woman today."

Mrs. M. E. Jenkins Writes:

"I heartily endorse Peruna as an excellent tonic for a weak and broken down woman, for such I was before I began taking Peruna, and it really worked wonders with my system. My health is excellent now, and whenever I feel languid or nervous I take a few drops of Peruna."

Miss Mattie Ketchum writes:

"Peruna has made me a well and strong woman, and I have all the faith in the world in it. When I first began taking it I was troubled with headache and backache and dizzy spells. The doctors did not seem to help me, but three bottles of Peruna cured me completely. I have not felt badly for over a year, and am pleased that it was brought to my notice. I have recommended it to a number of my friends."

Miss Johanna Lewis writes:

"Last winter I suffered from general debility, caused by a cold. I had almost constant dragging pains and backache until I became an unstrung and nervous that I could not sleep right and became a physical wreck. Fortunately, Peruna was brought to my notice, and I decided to try it. It was nothing short of a blessing to me. It cured the cold, allayed the nervousness, renovated my entire system and brought health and youth back to me."

Miss Beatrice Brown Writes:

"Miss Beatrice Brown, a prominent young society lady of Memphis, Tenn., writes from 696 Walnut street, as follows:

"This fall I was very much run down, being overtaxed with domestic and social ties, caught a bad cold and my system being in a weakened condition, I found it very difficult to make off with it."

"I was advised by a neighbor to try Peruna and bought a bottle and am only sorry now that I did not know of it before, as it would have saved me much suffering. I shall not be without it again, as it effected a speedy cure."

"Buy a bottle of Peruna today. If you do not receive all the benefits from Peruna that you expected write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio."

Miss Florence E. Kenah writes:

"A few months ago I caught a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and remained there so persistently that I became alarmed. I took medicine without benefit, until my digestive organs became upset and my head and back began to ache severely and inequally."

"I was advised to try Peruna, and although I had little faith I felt so sick that I was ready to try anything. It brought me blessed relief at once and I felt that I had the right medicine at last. Within three weeks I was completely restored and have enjoyed perfect health since."

Miss Ida B. Wood writes:

"I consider Peruna of especial value for the different ailments of women; its restorative powers have saved me much pain, and I now enjoy perfect health."

Miss Lizzie Bamber writes:

"I was delicate in health for four years, and, while not actually in bed, took but small comfort out of life. Early this fall a friend who had suffered with weakness similar to mine told me that Peruna had cured her. I was not slow to profit by her experience and before retiring I had taken my first portion. During the week I noticed that my appetite increased and my general health improved. I kept taking it for three weeks, and now I feel buoyant in mind and body."

Mrs. Ida Proctor writes:

"Two years ago my health was entirely broken down from social cares and responsibilities and I felt that I was going to be very ill. As Peruna had been used by other members of the family with good results I thought best to give it a trial before putting myself in the care of a physician, and was glad that I did so, for the use of four bottles restored my strength and vitality."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Hibernian Dance.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold its twenty-seventh annual ball at Kramer's Hall tomorrow night.

Big Register.

A brand new "biggest-in-the-world" visitors' register has just been installed in the office of the Chamber of Commerce. It weighs 150 pounds and contains thousands of pages.

London Stock Market.

The London Stock Market Report is now sent weekly to all British consular offices throughout the world. Persons interested in English securities may see this paper at the office of Vice-Consul Mortimer in the Temple Block.

Tenth-Street Blaze.

The explosion of a coal-oil stove at 11 o'clock yesterday morning caused a fire in the tenement building standing in the rear of No. 915 West Tenth street, owned and occupied by M. L. Chandler. Loss on the building, \$100; contents, \$50. No insurance.

Acres of Peppies.

A new poppy mine has been discovered. The fields are situated on the corner of Normandie avenue and Garnett street, southwest of the city, are carpeted with the yellow blossoms. They have been in the city that many tourists have taken advantage of the opportunity to secure handfuls of the much-prized poppy.

Dinner to Nelson.

A complimentary dinner is to be given N. O. Nelson, the St. Louis millionaire, to the members of the Foster's restaurant, No. 228 South Spring street. The dinner is an acknowledgement of Mr. Nelson's efforts behalf of the city of Los Angeles. Nelson, Elwood Pomeroy of Newark, N. J., and Walter J. Thompson will speak.

Robbed a Minister.

Rev. H. Kaste of No. 520 Wall street reports to the police that his room was entered early yesterday morning by three men who took \$50 from his pocket and his trousers. A man with a dark lantern attempted to enter the house at 1245 Temple street at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He was discovered by the occupants and fled before an alarm was given.

Punctured the Balloon.

C. Tillotson of West Twenty-seventh street was arrested yesterday on a charge of malicious mischief and admitted to his guilt. On Tuesday evening, he had thrown a missile through the captive balloon at the Chutes. A large hole was torn in the balloon, and a hole was made in the roof of the building, above \$200 worth of gas escaped. It is said that Tillotson was ejected from the Chutes Park for creating a disturbance, and that he became spiteful and vented his spleen by smiting the immense gas bag.

BREVITIES.

Miss E. C. Collins, milliner, 249 S. Broadway, (Byrne Building), announces that continuing the enormous sale of destination hats that always occurs week before Easter, she has imported a large number of French patterns which will be opened and shown for the first time Tuesday and Wednesday next. The hats are in various styles in dress hats and street hats, which appeared on Fifth avenue as special Easter creations, will be shown in this display. The styles are unique, and their selections till after Easter will be shown an entirely new and select line of models. Prices most reasonable.

The new gown and the new suit is the order of the day now, and have the most up-to-date line of imported suitings that were ever shown in this city. An early call will secure some very fancy patterns. Remember, I will make up to order gentlemen's suits for \$25; your choice from and goods in the store. All work guaranteed. M. Berry, ladies and gentlemen's tailor, 455 W. South Broadway.

The Angelus will open its new grill Monday, March 31, with a table d'hôte lunch at 40c and a dinner at 60c.

The grill is beautifully fitted up. Every attention will be paid to the convenience of the parties. Ladies particularly will be seated to the right, and entered through the Fourth-street entrance or through the main office. The carpet has been especially woven, and is to be seen. The room is rich in furnishings throughout.

George R. Potter & Co. are showing 30 new styles "Brooklyn" runabouts, comprising 19 from New York, 14 cushion and 6 bow; 40 from New York, 14 cushion and low wheels; cloth and leather trimming; black, blue, green, yellow, dark carmine, and white. The colors are taken in colors; spindles or solid panel seats. The prettiest buggies and finest combination of colors we have seen. They are at 455 W. Second.

Our new home has kept pace with other improvements; the demand on the part of housekeepers and others having carpets and rugs to clean for some months past has been so great that they from moth and disease germs. In our cleaning process we remove all dust; make your carpets and rugs clean and fresh. Rates \$1.00 to \$1.25. City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, office 455 S. Broadway. John Blossey.

"Joy Comes in the Morning," an Easter sermon, will be by Rev. Dr. George W. Dowling at 10:30 a.m. at 6 o'clock today at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, corner Pico (Thirteenth street). Seafiders please be at the church at 9:30 a.m. for the service begins. Both university and Pico Heights cars pass the door. Welcome.

Established oak floors. We have just received a lot of fine oak flooring from the Interior Hardwood Co. of Indianapolis. If your carpets need replacing now is the time to get something that will not be out of the way of a polished floor. John A. Smith, 455 S. Broadway. Telephone Main 427.

If you want money to build or to pay off a due mortgage, let us help you. We have money and you can have it promptly at good first-mortgage security, at very reasonable rates. Address or call at our protective Agency Mutual Building and Loan Association, 101 N. Broadway.

Our fancy line of shirt waists and other high-class garments are now in. We are headquarters for art needlework. You should see our new designs in Mexican dress work and exclusive embroidery. Turn out and call. Bessie M. Hause, 319 South Broadway.

"Money makes the mare go," but it won't make a balky horse move. If you want your proportion (to get a home) you can make it, but it is not unreasonable. Ask us how it is done. Prudential Improvement Co., 101 N. Broadway.

Dr. B. Z. Zachau, chiropodist, has moved his office to 101 W. Broadway, Fourth street, opposite Hotel Angelus. He has secured Dr. O. W. Smith, late of St. Louis, as his assistant, due to his increasing age.

Artistic grillwork for doorways and arches, fancy designs, something new. We also make office and store fixtures and cabinetwork in general. Prices right. 101 W. Broadway, 455 South Broadway. Tel. M. 427.

The First Congregational Church, Sixth and Hill, Easter services and services in the morning, twelve o'clock, communion and reception of new members at 5 o'clock; no evening services.

The Natick House serves roast turkey with dressing today, in their new

dining-room, seating capacity 200, from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m.; meals, \$2c; 21 for \$4.50; music.

The mother of Fred Winchester, the boy who was in the recent accident in which he is requested to communicate with Mrs. Graces at 304 East Main street.

Mrs. Nellie Kimball Carver will dis-

pose of balance ofowns and waists at 10 a.m. Saturday for the former.

Mrs. Kimball Carver will dis-

pose of balance ofowns and waists at 10 a.m. Saturday for the former.

Palace Platinums and Carbons, unex-

pected portraits, natural life; prices

reasonable. Palace Studio, 251 S. Broadway.

W. H. C. G. is the most mod-

estly dressed hat for the price. Miss Dosh,

factress, No. 322 S. Broadway.

Spongine a specialty.

W. H. C. G. is the most mod-

estly dressed hat for the price. Miss Dosh,

factress, No. 322 S. Broadway.

Attic sale of Tribune Club No. 7 will

open April 1 at 1 o'clock at 702 San Fer-

nando street.

For repairs made to order and repaired.

Miss Suffield, 201 S. Broadway.

Mrs. Shinnick, electrologist, has re-

moved to 251 S. Broadway.

Dr. Wernigk, residence Hotel Van

Nuys Broadway.

Our optical parlor is fitted with

the finest equipment of eye-

testing instruments in Los An-

geles. We lack nothing that

can possibly be helpful. We

have a special room for the

complicated eye defects. We guar-

antee a fit in each instance, and

we save you one-fourth to one-

half the usual cost of glasses.

Eyes examined free.

Rimless Elegances, best

lenses and solid gold

mountings. \$5.00

Minim Elegances, best

lenses and gold-filled

mountings. \$3.00

We call for and deliver the clocks we

repair. Telephone for the wagon.

Green 1912.

Accurate
Eye-Fitting

Our optical parlor is fitted with the finest equipment of eye-testing instruments in Los Angeles. We lack nothing that can possibly be helpful. We have a special room for the complicated eye defects. We guarantee a fit in each instance, and we save you one-fourth to one-half the usual cost of glasses. Eyes examined free.

Rimless Elegances, best lenses and solid gold mountings. \$5.00

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Watch Repair Prices.

Watches Cleaned The.

New Main Spring The.

New Hairspring The.

New Hands put in The.

New Crystal put in The.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE COURTS AND OFFICES.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

City Engineer Stafford yesterday completed a detailed estimate of the sewer bond issue which will be presented to the Council with the approval of the Sewer Committee tomorrow.

Judge York decided yesterday that Justice Hall of Long Beach should not be granted a writ of habeas corpus.

All the known property of Henry J. Fleischman, defaulter cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, was sold under the Sheriff's hammer yesterday, at \$41,000, to satisfy a judgment in favor of the bank for \$60,000.

Michael J. De Pierro began a \$5000 action against his employer, James Davis, alleging that the defendant made frightful faces at the plaintiff's son, so that the latter's speech is affected.

Sam Wong was arrested yesterday for holding back one family's wash to make another family pay their bills. The defendant was granted a writ of habeas corpus to be returned to the court to determine his right to obtain money under false pretenses.

E. W. Johnson, the waiter in a railway dinner, was fined \$15 for hitting the car steward.

AT THE CITY HALL.

SEWER BOND ISSUE WILL NEXT BE SUBMITTED.

OUTFALL SEWER, INTERNAL SYSTEM AND STORM SEWERS.

Over a Million and One-quarter in Bonds Will Be Required to Make the Projected Improvements—City Engineer Will Submit Detailed Estimates.

City Engineer Stafford yesterday completed the plans for a gravity outfall sewer to the ocean, a system of internal sewers for the outlying districts and a partial system of storm drains for the business section of the city. To make the sewer system a reality the city will be asked to vote \$1,355,970 in sewer bonds.

There is an imperative demand for new sewers. The old outfall sewer, with its elaborate engineering devices, is the victim of collapse in several places, and with the exception of on repairs during the last year. Only about one-third of the city can utilize the present outfall sewer, and the annexed portions of the city are building up so rapidly that a new outfall sewer is said to be a necessity. Health Officer Dr. C. C. Austin of the Health Council that the lack of proper sewerage is daily subjecting the city to grave dangers. Fevers and contagious diseases are shown to be more prevalent in those sections of the city that are unprovided with sanitary drainage.

With the realization that provision for a bond issue must be speedily made, the City Engineer and the Sewer Committee have been bending their energies to the formulation of plans and specifications. Chairman C. C. Austin of the committee has devoted much time to a study of the subject, and he is convinced that the details are now in shape to be submitted. The City Engineer's report, accompanied by the approval of the Sewer Committee, will go to the Council in resolution, declaring that the public welfare demands the issuance of bonds in the amount specified will be presented, and the City Attorney will be instructed to file a writ of habeas corpus calling an election in the near future.

When the Sewer Committee began its labors, it was proposed to construct a small system of internal system of internal sewers, to cost, altogether, about \$100,000. But the committee at once came face to face with the objection of the city, which had paid for its own system of internal sewers, as well as its own system of storm drains, and the committee has devoted much time to a study of the subject, and he is convinced that the details are now in shape to be submitted. The City Engineer's report, accompanied by the approval of the Sewer Committee, will go to the Council in resolution, declaring that the public welfare demands the issuance of bonds in the amount specified will be presented, and the City Attorney will be instructed to file a writ of habeas corpus calling an election in the near future.

To overcome the opposition that was to arise from this source, the committee finally decided to add the "storm sewer system" in the main city. The cost of the storm sewers, as proposed, is \$75,000, greater than that of the internal sewers. This being the case, the committee believes that taxpayers of the old city cannot object to the issue. The annexed districts will benefit from the internal sewers; the old city will benefit from the storm sewers, and the entire city will benefit from the storm sewer system.

Of the \$1,355,970, the outfall sewer is allotted \$63,333, the interior system, \$332,444, and the storm sewers, \$404,444. Chairman Austin is convinced that there is no legal objection to the issuance of bonds, as proposed, and that the items are so evenly balanced that the committee would not vote bonds, which would chiefly benefit the annexed sections.

To overcome the opposition that was to arise from this source, the committee finally decided to add the "storm sewer system" in the main city. The cost of the storm sewers, as proposed, is \$75,000, greater than that of the internal sewers. This being the case, the committee believes that taxpayers of the old city cannot object to the issue. The annexed districts will benefit from the internal sewers; the old city will benefit from the storm sewers, and the entire city will benefit from the storm sewer system.

As stated before, it is proposed to propose the business center of the city and the various outlying districts and storm-drained districts by a system of "storm sewer" or storm drains.

It has been said that it is not practicable to locate storm drains in the territory which is covered by the following districts, which are now under the control of the city: the annexed districts of the city, of internal sewers, \$16,000 remains unpaid, and \$10,000 is due on the \$10,000 of 1882.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.

Long's

ROGER:

your customers when they
you for a jar of the "best"
serves. Jams and Jellies, that
BEST are LONG'S, and tell
them they are the best because
are made of perfect selected
of pure sugar and are clean,
can also tell them that you
recommend them because the
factory stands back of you
guarantees them to be pure.
you may also tell them that a
jar will prove all you say.

Long's Preserves, Jams and
Jellies are perfect preserves. No
thing or preserving compounds
used.

all varieties.

grocers sell them.

UP REFINING CO.
100 Ste. 8, San Francisco, Cal.

HAG & CO., Agts.

Long's

k Store

Street

ICAL BOOKS

and other books.
Books.

10 book for \$3.40.

novels rented new
stationery.Husband
ake Casha home from
ash has nothing to

intentions and we

bank is the Brent

THE GREAT
CREDIT HOUSE
STREET.ould consist of preparing a
map, providing suitable
all the roads, arranging a
thoroughfare which will be
of convenience of each resident from
house, providing signboards
convey to the wayfarer all
information, and thus add to
convenience of all.

and discussion followed

Mr. Bancroft's paper, which

appeared in the *Standard*.

Book, Currier, Goodwin,

Olmsted and others.

came from Santa Anita and

maps to give his views and

the committee, but de-

presenting them till the

will be held about a

ing was then permanent

for practical work by elec-

president, and W. H. Sec-

retary.

An Executive Com-

chairman: ex-City Engi-

and J. M. Starr for the

our special representa-

ents of the following:

of Passions from the

of Hollywood from the

Holt of Santa Monica from

and now to the

the fifth.

These bonds are the

and secretary were ad-

full working committee

of all.

Write the *Passion*
City members of the
Order of Ho-Ho have
committee of nine to
organize a *Ho-Ho*
the World's Fair in
the purpose of the organization
is to erect a building
an Egyptian pyramid, the
various sorts of entertainments
which will be divided into
various sorts of entertainments
and the *Ho-Ho* News Room.

INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF
HOLLYWOOD, corner 8th and
Eighth streets. Morning: (a)
"Cujus Animam" (Rosen-
brook); (b) "Cantagloria" (Foster);
"Hallelujah, today" (Hanson);
"Lord, is Risen" (Owen);
"Behold, ye Despisers" (Foster);
"Behold, ye Altar of Our
Beloved" (Foster); "On the Sabbath Day" (Foster);
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MAIL CARRIER
RIFLED THE SACKS.
—
MAKES FULL CONFESSION TO POST-
OFFICE INSPECTOR HALL.

Young Murphy Captured by an Amer-
ican Detective of Newhall, Who
Lives in the Big Reward Offered by
the Government.

The \$200 government reward, which
was hung over the head of young H.
Murphy, the Antelope Valley mail
carrier, since he rifled a mail sack last
year, was gathered in Friday night,
together with the culprit, by a wary
man of Newhall. Murphy was turned over
to Postoffice Inspector Hall here
yesterday and is lodged in the County
Jail.

WELS.

Every Towel
A
Good Towel

12c Huck Towels 8c
We sell them regularly to many
housewives who consider it one of
the best of towels. Made of all
linen with a red border.

25c Huck Towels 19c
Thread linen, size 19x38
nicely hemmed, with red
border, in a good, heavy
towel.

3c Damask Towels 30c
These are handsome floral pat-
terned hemstitched, and a
fine quality of linen, size 16x2
with red borders, size 22x2.

Honeycomb Towels
Persons prefer these over any
and for the bath. Made of all
nicely fringed, extra heavy
towels, size 22x2.

HON. JAMES R. KENNEY, of Pennsylvania.
Ex-Mayor of Reading, Pa., noted orator, author and scientist.

Commodore Hill Thinks They are
descended from Shipwrecked Chinese.
How He Found It Out.

Commodore Hill, the retired man-
ager of the Los Angeles police force, thinks
the Indians, who are a member of the
Chinese origin. He has charge of part of the
police force, which is called the Chinese
from Nootka, Asia, the Philippines, the
Gulf of California, and after-
wards was a foreman of construction
of the Mexican Central in the State of
Oaxaca. On both roads he worked
the gang of Yaqui laborers, and he
says they are the best shovellers of the
Chinese in this country.

When I was working Yaqui Sam
was a very intelligent Chinese cook named Sam. I
knew that whenever the Yaquis got
talking among themselves in their
language, Sam was a very attentive
listener. I asked him what he thought
of the Yaquis. "Why are you piping off those
Indians? You don't understand them, can
you Sam?"

Sam then explained to
me that the language of the Yaquis
was so similar to his own, that he could
make out a great deal of it.
"Sam, I have a good deal of
confidence to tell you they would
speak a dialect that was almost pure.

The fact puzzled my Chinese
and to satisfy his curiosity, I
wrote a long letter to the Chinese Min-
ister at Washington, telling him about
the Yaquis and, asking on what
basis the Yaquis could be accounted for. I
got a letter from the Chinese Min-
ister telling him that many centuries
ago the Yaquis just came from
the Pacific, and were
afterward heard from. It was
commonly believed that they were
wrecked on the shores of Mexico
and became settlers of the country.
The Yaquis were probably descendants
of the Chinese, although intermixed with the aborigines.
Preserved traces of the language
of the Celestial ancestors.

He was convinced that the Yaquis
Chinese, alive in the same, and I
believed to be true. His conclu-
sion is correct."

KEYES TO RECEIVE.

Our Society Planning to Entertain
a House of Grand Army Men Next
Saturday.

Ohio Society of Southern Calif-
ornia is preparing to give a reception at
Archard Hall next Saturday evening
to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Our programme, which has been ar-
ranged for the occasion includes an ad-
dress by Abner L. Ross, president of
the society, "The Long Roll at Shiloh,"
a recitation by Mrs. Anna Ross, a poem by
Capt. F. J. Cressey, a recitation by
Miss Nellie Heffington, a piano solo by
Carrie J. Drake, a piano solo by
Marie E. Clark, one by School Superin-
tendent H. A. Pierce, and a vocal solo
by Adina Mitchell.

The society is to have an excursion
around the kite-shaped track.

THE COOKY COMPETITION.

ON BEST RECIPES NOW
IN ORDER.

Pills are Open, and Good Judges of
Cooking are Invited to Vote

Early and Often.

One thirty-six selected recipes from an
issue of 700 for making cookies, published by
the Times on Thursday, March 27, which
will be the subject of the competition. The
question is, to settle by a popular vote. Bal-
lot is now in and the number of the
cookies is invited to take a hand. The
numbers are all numbered, and to the num-
bers the most votes will go. The first
and all votes must be on the following
form:

Send this, before April 2, to Times
Office, care Household Editor.

VOTING COUPON.

The Best Recipe for
COOKIES

is No.

THE next competition will be on
making puddings. Recipes will be
sent up time to and including Tues-
day, April 1. They will be printed in The
Times on Thursday, April 3. Then will ensue
the voting, and the one with the
most votes will be the winner.

Sancho the Marvel,
1000 N. Broadway, Los Angeles.

prices been
these prices.

1000 N. Broadway, Los Angeles.

1000

San

GETTING TOGETHER ON THE POSTOFFICE.

Main-street Improvement Association Issues Guarantee Which Accords With Ideas of Other Syndicate.

LOCAL postoffice complications were cleared up considerably yesterday. For several weeks two forces have been at work seeking to influence the location of a government building here.

One of these is the Main Street Improvement Association represented by William G. Kerckhoff, O. T. Johnson, W. M. Garland, J. H. Lankershim, E. F. Bryan and P. J. McCormick. Another element is represented by the group of gentlemen who sent the telegram to the Senate and consists of C. B. Bilkley, F. H. Hindge, Horner Laughlin, J. S. Stauson, R. A. Rowan, O. H. Churchill, F. A. Garbutt, Charles Silet, M. E. Spinks, J. H. Spires and J. L. Murphy.

The Main Street Improvement Association, in meeting assembled, sent a telegram to the Senate stating that if the purchase price of the remainder of the block bounded by Winston, Fifth, Los Angeles and Main streets should exceed \$200,000, the excess would be paid by the syndicate primarily on the guarantee of the signers. The other side stated through a representative just previous to the dispatch of this telegram that if the amount should be made in good faith they would cooperate and add to the same site.

The two elements seem to be getting together.

MR. SPiRE'S STATEMENT.

The point of the gentleman who made a conditional proposition, for the procuring of a site, in Thursday's telegram, was stated by J. H. Spires, one of the signers of the following language yesterday afternoon:

"One of the committee of the Main Street Improvement Association says that the remainder of the block bounded by Main street could be condemned and purchased for \$170,000. If that gentleman means that the remainder of the entire block, bounded by Main and Los Angeles streets and Winston and Fifth streets can be procured for that amount, thus covering the proposition of the trustee, offered to the city, of a \$200,000 appropriation of which \$25,000 would go to procure the remainder of the entire block, then the property on the site is a right and valid one in guaranteeing it, nothing would give us any chance in guaranteeing that unless it might cost over \$250,000."

"If they will make such an offer in good faith, signers of the telegram referred to will gladly cooperate with them in endeavoring to obtain the \$100,000 appropriation."

It is known what they were about, the editors, cartoonists and other raw recruits of the Herald venomously attacked their own side. They shot at their own troops and grins is said to have been rampant in the Herald when Hardupon court-martialed his henchmen for their stupidity.

Such is "journalism," when an olive is dropped in the soup.

It was no offense for any body of citizens to get together and work for the location of the postoffice in any particular spot, and it was no offense in accordance with their ideas as to what should be done. It was for exercising this prerogative that some of the leaders of the Main Street Improvement Association people, not accept that proposition squarely "and" without equivocation, we stand ready to make an offer on a site, as stated in the telegram."

MAIN STREET ASSOCIATION.

Shortly after this statement was made, the Main Street Improvement Association, representing a large segment of the public, assembled at the Westminster Hotel, notices of the meeting having been sent

"BACK-CAPPERS" ARE
MERE BOOGIE MEN.

NO ONE OPPOSING APPROPRIATION FOR BIGGER BUILDING.

Only One Letter on File With House Committee That Would Seem to Justify Statesman McLachlan's Insinuations—Many to the Contrary.

TRY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES!

WASHINGTON, March 29.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Representative McLachlan has persistently alleged that he was being hampered in his efforts to secure an additional appropriation for the Los Angeles public building. What he did not do was to make a committee of leading citizens of Los Angeles to demand that the "back-cappers" of the Times correspondents do not know. As an offhand guess, it is safe to say that he will not name them right away.

Are these "back-cappers" at work in this business, anyway, and if so, who are they, and in what manner have they been hampering him? Public Buildings and Grounds Committee to the detriment of Los Angeles?

The record of the committee does not show that they are very thick. One solitary man is on record there, and before the committee is the only place where it does any good or any harm to be of record as opposing the holding-up of the present contract. That one communication, over which so much "wolf" has been frantically cried, is as follows:

LOS ANGELES, March 5, 1902. Mr. David H. Mercer, Chairman Public Buildings and Grounds Committee, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.: Los Angeles badly in need increased facilities for Federal building; rely upon your help. M. J. NEWMARK.

LOS ANGELES, March 22.—David H. Mercer, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.: Los Angeles亟急 in need increased facilities for Federal building; rely upon your help. M. J. NEWMARK.

LOS ANGELES, March 25.—David H. Mercer, House of Representatives, Washington. Los Angeles urgently needs additional appropriation for public building. We bespeak your assistance and cooperation.

LOS ANGELES BOARD OF TRADE, H. J. Woolacott, President.

LOS ANGELES, March 25.—David H. Mercer, House of Representatives, Washington. Our citizens are in favor of large appropriation for government building this city, with exception very few personally interested otherwise. R. J. WATERSON.

There are on file with the committee stacks of letters estimating what the population of Los Angeles will be in fifteen or twenty years from now, and all urging an additional appropriation. These letters are from such men as H. E. Huntington, J. M. Elliss, John M. Marble, Sam T. Clover, W. H. Newmark, A. B. Cass, Frank Wiggins, H. H. Markham, H. W. Helmsley, Mr. Huntington, in his letter, said it would be a great mistake to go on with the present contract.

C. White Mortimer, British Vice-Consul, writes a remarkably fine letter, in which he recalls that he was just over a few years ago for underestimating the importance of Los Angeles, and that he now wishes to come forward and say that he guesses that in 1915 Los Angeles will have a population of 400,000.

So the record shows that these "back-cappers" are boogies men, set up in case the prospects of the town in fact, are not so bright.

There has been an effort for some time by certain parties to throw obstacles in the way of the completion of the present postoffice, alleging that the building is too large, too long, and so forth and so on. None of these objections is valid, but they are brought forward to hinder the completion of the present building and annoy the officials in charge of the same. The facts in the case are that a building has been planned, sited and built, and so forth.

The present building is of brick and stone, substantial and practically fireproof. The plans of the present building show considerably more floor space than is

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MAIL CARRIER
RIFLED THE SACKS.
—
MAKES FULL CONFESSION TO POST-OFFICE INSPECTOR HALL.

Young Murphy Captured by an Amateur Detective of Newhall, Who Offers the Big Reward Offered by the Government.

\$200 government reward, which hung over the head of young H. Murphy, the Antelope Valley mail carrier, since he rifled a mail sack last Friday, was gathered in Friday night, together with the culprit, by a wary agent of the Post Office.

Murphy was turned over to Postoffice Inspector Hall here yesterday and is lodged in the County

WELLS.
Every Towel
A
Good Towel

12c Huck Towels 8c
We sell these regularly to many hotels who consider it one of the best of towels. Made of all linen with a red border.

25c Huck Towels 19c
Thread linen, size 19x88
nicely hemmed with hand-
ed borders, in a good, heavy
toweling.

5c Damask Towels 30c
Come in handsome Soral pat-
terns, nicely hemmed, and a
fine quality of linen, size 18x22
inches.

Honeycomb Towels
We prefer these over any
for the bath. Made of all
nicely finished, extra heavy
with red borders, size 22x22
inches.

YACUIS.

Commodore Hill Thinks They are
Brought from Shipwrecked Chinese.
He Found It Out.

Hill, the retired man-
ager, who is a member of the
Los Angeles police force, thinks the
Chinese, who are here, are originally
from charge of part of the con-
struction work when the railroad was
built from Nogales, Ariz., to Guaymas,
in the Gulf of California, and after-
ward was a foreman of construction
of the Mexican Central in the State of
Sinaloa. On both roads he worked
among the Yacuies, laborers, and he
says they are shovellers he says.

Regarding the origin of the
Yacuies, Hill tells this story:

"When I was working Yacuies Indians
in the State of Sonora, I had a very
prominent Chinese cook named Sam. I
thought that whenever the Yacuies got
talking among themselves in their
language, Sam was very
intelligent. One day I asked to Sam
"Why are you piping off those
Indians? You can't understand them
can you?"

The Chinese then explained to
me that the language of the Yacuies
was so similar to his own, that he
made out a great deal of it.
especially when he had something
very confidential to tell, they would
speak in a dialect that was almost pure

Chinese.

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Pink Tea Wednesday, 3 to 5 p.m.



Everybody Invited.
Handsome Souvenirs.
Everything Free.

We want you to get better acquainted with our second floor, it's the lightest, cheeriest, cosiest saleroom you ever saw, only been open a short time but we've been so busy we haven't had an opportunity to have it decorated. It's a picture of a sort, except our grand opening last week and that was such a jam you couldn't see anything or anybody—we are going to have a regular old-fashioned house warming, and we want everybody to come, we'll serve tea from 3 to 5 p.m., and as a special treat every lady will be presented with the cup and saucer in which her tea is served, just the cutest little cups and saucers you ever saw, they came from Japan, imported for this occasion, they are handsomely decorated in gilt and colors and are of very fine thin china, there's not a mark of advertising on them, no name, this picture gives you a faint idea of what they look like but it doesn't show the beautiful gold and colored decorations.

Splendid Spring Silks.

26-inch black taffeta—closely woven, non-breakable, perfectly dyed, a quality we can recommend for service, remember it's a full yard wide, a grade that is sold in most stores at \$1.50, \$1.25 on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.....
Black taffeta, pure silk, 27 inches wide, in the much admired metallic finish, a grade that is well worth \$1.25, a limited quantity only for Monday and Tuesday's selling at per yard.....
24-inch silk mattosse, heavy weight, pure silk, a beautiful gros-grain and satin brocade effect, a fashionable material for outside wraps and raglans, grade that is well worth \$2.00, on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.....
Wash silks, heavy cords and checks, pure silk ground, will wash as well as a muslin, a beautifully varied assortment of colors and patterns, grade that is sold elsewhere at 60¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.....
Black silk grandmère, 24 inches wide, woven from select spun silk yarn, designs that are new, splendid value at 98¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard.....
Wash taffetas, in all the new spring colors, 19 inches wide, very serviceable, will wash like a piece of muslin, well worth 98¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, at per yard.....

Notion Specials

Hat pins, black jet or white heads, sorted lengths, on sale Monday and Tuesday, per dozen 3c
Dress Shields, quality stock-in-ette, two sizes, sale Monday and Tuesday, per dozen 41c
Finishing braid, large variety of pretty patterns, white or colored, 4 and 6 yd pieces, on sale Monday and Tuesday, per piece 42c
Feathers for collars, black, white or gray, on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard 5c

Bargains in Linings.

Percalines, full yard wide, every shade on the color card, splendid finish, in quality to what is sold in most stores at 18¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard 10c
36c Satines, 36 inches wide, mercerized satine, 36 inches wide, all silk, satin face, chamois finish, grade that usually sells at 30¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, yd. 39c.

25c Crinolines, black, tan or white, all linen and thoroughly shrunk, 25c grade; Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 20c.

Sale of Women's Hosiery.

Fancy hose for women—inlace open work stripes, silk finished, plain black or red; also plain black cotton hose with colored polka dots and stripes of red, blue and white—well finished fine appearing stockings that are worth a deal more; on sale Monday and Tuesday per pair.....

Women's black and colored fancy hose with white herringbone stripes and drop stitch stripes from ankle to top—would be cheap at 20¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair.....

Main black, red or blue cotton hose for women, drop stitch stripes—splendidly new—fine colors, superior to the average 25¢ stocking; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair.....

Underwear Specials.

Women's fine ribbed lace vests, low neck, sleeveless, silk tanned neck and arms, splendidly finished; an unusual value; on sale at 25c
Women's fine ribbed lace vests; well shaped, low neck, sleeveless, silk tanned neck and arms; best value we have ever shown for the price; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair 49c
Women's lace thread union suits; fine ribbed, high neck, short sleeves, knee length, well finished; well worth \$1.25; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per suit..... \$1.00

Write Us Your Wants.

We have the most thoroughly equipped mail order department on the Pacific Coast. Write for samples, for estimates on any class of goods you may require.

WE SELL EVERYTHING.

Embroideries at 1c

Cambrie edges, very pretty patterns, widths up to 11 inches, fresh, new seasonable goods that are sold all over town at from 3c to 4c; on sale Monday and Tuesday at per yard, 1c.

Embroideries at 5c

This line embraces some of the greatest values ever offered in Los Angeles; there are cambrie and nainsook edges and insertion, all new and dainty patterns, widths up to 7 inches, many pieces in the lot worth up to 20¢ per yard. On sale while they last, at per yard, 5c.

50c Nainsook and Swiss Flouncing at 29c

Unusual values in nainsook and swiss edges and flouncing; widths up to 14 inches; deep worked patterns; heavy and swiss effects; there is only about 4000 yards in this lot, so you'd best come early while the assortment is good. Splendid value at 50¢; on sale while they last, at per yard, 29c.

10c Insertion 5c.

Gambrie and nainsook embroidery insertion—Hamburg and Swiss effects—widths up to 1 1/4 inches—splendid value up to 10 cents; on sale Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 5c.

25c Insertions 9c.

Nainsook and Swiss insertions—Hamburg and Swiss patterns, some in spring designs, widths up to 13 inches; good values up to 25¢; on sale Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 9c.

\$1 Fine Yoking 48c.

Handsome yoking of fine swiss, with tucks or lace or embroidery insertion; three clusters of fine tucks and three of insertion; black or white; splendid values up to \$1.00, Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 48c.

32c Yoking 38c.

Yoking and waistling of laundered swiss, hemstitched tucks, in clusters combined with lace insertion, black or white; values up to \$2.25; on sale Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 38c.

\$2.50 Yoking 51c.

Lace and swiss insertion, made for yoking, groups of fine tucks alternated with lace insertion in black and white, splendid values up to \$2.50; on sale Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 51c.

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\$1.25 Allovers 69c.

All over embroideries, heavy effects suitable for collars and waist fronts; Swiss and Holland, splendid values up to \$1.25. Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, 69c.

\$3.00 Allovers \$1.98.

Swiss allover—extra quality—with rows of embroidery and tucks—narrow or wide tucks—with wide or narrow embroidered effects; splendid value at \$3.00; on sale Monday and Tuesday while they last, per yard, \$1.98.

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The Social World. x Men and Women in Society. x Personal Intelligence.

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

A TRIED RECEIPT.

C UPID took a day off. Went away to think. Shook his head at rosebud stew, refused his violet drink. At eve he came triumphant. At last the rosy little loves gave the rosy little loves.

The following receipt:

Take one pretty maiden, and one white dove, and one white gown, cut em train. One sigh, a blush or two, One lone tulle veil, one prayerbook, one rosebud, one rosebud. White gloves and dainty mouschou. White shoes for tiny feet. Mix the above with other girls, Add a dash of perfume, and mix, mix, bearer, one flower girl. Some chug—just a few. (Lohengrin's "Bridal Chorus" gives a flavor that is nice.) And the "Wedding March" by Menzel.

Is a very happy spice.) And a very good chalice and goblets four; One hour, very bright, Will give the whole consistency. Now heat with all your might. When this is done add gradually, One more dinner spell. Reception large and brilliant; One journey. That is all. Vary this rule to suit your taste. But, oh! if there's room, Perhaps, on second thoughts, "would

be well to add a groom."

It's years since Cupid, wise old chap, Propounded this receipt, But, taken all in all, you'll find It is still hard to beat.

M. N. F. B.

The original meaning of the word Easter appears to have been lost in the antiques, but to the up-to-date modern woman it is full of all its delightful significance.

An old Scotchman, who had lost his wife, said it was "verra dull, but verra specific" when man and wife are separated, something like an acquired taste, something like a mission olive, and their number is lessened, who's quietness in ratio to its remoteness.

Several informal affairs have broken the monotony on the past week, among them the annual Daffodil and Tulip

lily parties and gatherings at the Country Club. For the present week there is to be the "Ladies' Night," given by the Ladies' Club, and the Charity Ball by the German Ladies' Benevolent Association, as well as those of the Daughters of the Confederacy and Union, and Mrs. M. Y. Miss Coulter will entertain Monday for the girls. Miss Larimore and Miss McDonald, and Mrs. M. Y. Connell will give a concert for her girls.

William S. Hook will receive in honor of Mrs. Frank Griffith Wednesday.

But there's much to interest the people of Los Angeles this spring beside social functions.

The gentlemen are hustling and the ladies rustling, and one fair dame in the act of being the belle of the ball, that particular person having given her attention so exclusively to "rustling" that she forgot to order an Easter bonnet, and the result is a great disappointment, giving the fencer a spasm and absence of ability to think clearly and quickly.

Over the Easter fencing has taken like wild fire, and every city of any importance now has its club. A course of fencing takes place today side by side with dancing or French, in the education of manners. Now the fad has struck Los Angeles, and a course of enthusiastic devotees has been meeting two or three evenings a week for the last month. Any one climbing the stairs of the Tingle building would hear the ring and click of foil, the stamp of feet, and the short, sharp, "rip, rip, rip, attack!" and if he had the courage to mount to the top floor, to the cosy den of the Times, he would see a group of aristocrats, mostly men and women in this most graceful and fascinating of sports.

If one were lucky they might perhaps find the belle of the best fencers. Miss Ethel Chapin and Frederick Hemmehlach, in a few bewildering strikes. The benefits to be derived from the sport and the accompanying good times have made the name famous for the amateurs, and so many are desirous of joining them that the demand is too great, and the fencers are looking for new quarters, and in the near future will probably form a permanent organization.

Trolley Party.

Mrs. E. P. Clark gave a trolley party to a few friends last evening, taking them to Santa Monica in the "Mermaid." It was in honor of her daughter, Miss Katherine, and she was assisted in her pleasant duties by Mrs. S. C. Hubble. The party, which began about nine o'clock, continued to 10:30 o'clock. Arriving at the beach, the young people were given a dinner in the easy, gay drawing-room. The ladies' prize, a china bonbon box, was captured by Miss Bebbie Dibble, and the gentlemen's prize, a handsome handkerchief, by Mr. Barron. The club will be entertained April 10 at the home of Col. and Mrs. Edwards, No. 244 South Grand avenue.

Central Beach Assembly.

One of the prettiest parties given this year at the Central Beach Assembly of Ocean Park occurred Thursday evening at the Country Club House. The committee in charge was composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Gillon, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Binford and Mrs. L. M. Hunter, who received and entertained the guests. Progression, which was the principal entertainment provided, and thirteen tables were filled. It was an evening of beauty and the more so because the ladies' affair in artistic designs appropriate to the season, while all decorations were in shades of lavender, blue and white. The ladies' prize, a close of the game. The lady's prize, an elegant bouquet-hold.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hurley, who were in the drawing-room, were quite the color scheme being in violet.

Shades of this color were used on the electric lights in the candy-bar, and with the result that the flowers were arranged on the cloth, the whole being relieved by vines of asparagus in fine, delicate head and designs in fine, delicate decorated cards. Easter eggs, tied with purple ribbon, were by each plate, and had mysteriously a description of each one on them. The eggs, when broken, were the source of much fun. The affair was most informal throughout, and thoroughly delightful.

At the Camera Club.

"Easter" tea was served to guests at the Camera Club yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the regular monthly reception. The two reception rooms, reading-room and studio were fragrant with the perfume of carnations and roses. The people in the reception room were dressed in Easter attire, and the flowers, and stately Easter lilies were used in the corner, where the table stood. Here tea was poured by W. M. T. Story, Mrs. H. D. Hoag, and Mrs. Nettie Cross. The ladies were gowned in dainty, spring costumes, and the flowers, and stately Easter lilies were served, the latter showing the club colors, pink and green. They were the work of Mr. Friesle, and were particularly well done. The flowers were voted especially fine, and equal to the work of a professional. Many callers "dropped in" during the reception hours to test the hospitality dispensed by the gentlemen, and to chat with friends.

Surprise for Miss Dunham.

A party of High School students pleasantly surprised their Senior class teacher, Miss Dunham, at her home, 111 North Harrison street, Friday evening. Games, recitations and delightful music and class songs were participated in, after which light refreshments and other gay pleasure in singing selected songs. A laughable blackboard exercise was an amus-

Gia Revis, Alice Strang, Harriet James, Josephine Burlingame, Mrs. Brooks; Winfield Hale, Roy Voorhies, Harry King, Stanley Mathews, Charles E. Biggs, and Harry Clegg, all of the Dukes. Edgar Thompson, Walter Rans, Sam Will Chislett, Louis Curtis, Neal Hawley.

For Mr. and Mrs. Beck.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ray entered informally with a supper dance at the County Club last evening, the guests for whom the pleasant gathering was conducted by Mr. Arthur J. Peck of Syracuse, N. Y. Music was furnished by a stringed orchestra. There were about fifty persons.

Mr. and Mrs. Beck.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.

ence.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Car-

Collins of Missouri is in Mon-

a visit, after an absence of

a month.

Hahn of Cincinnati, O., will

spend several months in Monrovia.

Arthur left Friday for a short

trip to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peterson,

who have been spending several weeks

at the Grande Hotel, have re-

turned home in Regina, Can.

Mr. La Force is visiting

Montreal.

Watson left Friday for a short

trip to Iowa and Minne-

sota.

Kate Collins spent the week

in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Smith have

been on a visit with

friends in Monica.

Fred Anthony of Los

were guests the week

of Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Mrs. French and daughter,

spent the week with

in Los Angeles.

Thomas has gone to San Fran-

cisco for a short time.

C. Uhl and Mrs. J. H. Ben-

part of the week with

in Los Angeles.

Topic.

C. HETCHAM of East Orange, N.

J., after a brief visit with the

members of his family, who are

spending the winter in Tropico, left

for the East Monday evening.

Miss Alice Dewey of Pasadena is the

wife of Miss Maud Ayres of Park

Lane.

Miss Anna Augustus is visiting

friends in Monica.

Mrs. James D. Normart was the

host of Los Angeles friends last

week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Zimmerman and

Mr. and Mrs. John Custer of Monroe

were entertained by David Bar-

well and family during the week.

Z. A. Cornwell of Fresno was the

guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Marsh of

Redlands.

Harry Gray and Allen Gray of Los

Angeles and Mrs. Dr. W. C. Lyman

and party, all of Chicago, were callers

at Loma Linda during the week.

A. C. Billick of the Hollenbeck, Los

Angeles, was a Sunday visitor.

Smiley brothers of Redlands, with a

party, have arrived over to Loma

Linda last Saturday.

Mrs. E. J. Holcombe of Pasadena, G.

A. Parkes and Mrs. Bryant, D. C.

and Mrs. George Bryant, J. Leachout,

Mrs. George Merritt, Dr. John R.

Birch and wife, Dr. W. Monroe Lewis

and wife, Mrs. Williamson, Dr. E. C.

Buell and Mrs. Buell, Mrs. Dr. W.

E. Bullock, Dr. H. Goding, Dr. D.

J. Still, all of Los Angeles, and D.

H. Shannon of Brooklyn, Mass.,

registered at Loma Linda last week.

Mrs. John Ballou and Mrs. Aaron

Wright visited in Los Angeles.

Dr. Frank C. Drury, a people at

the Entré Nook Club dance in

Burbank Saturday evening.

A musical club, to be known as the

E.L.C. Club, was organized

and president: Guy Maxwell, secre-

tary, and Roger Webster, secre-

tary.

Mrs. W. J. Cleghorn left

for San Bernardino, where

remain for two weeks with

Mark of Los Angeles was en-

Friday at the home of P.

Mr. Farman Smith of Los An-

gered Wednesday at the beach,

niece, Mrs. J. H. Cav-

and Mrs. C. Burt of Los An-

gered entertained this week by

on the beach.

GEORGE CRAWFORD and

Crawford entertained a com-

their home on Magnolia ave-

nophone Sisters gave an enjoy-

a party Tuesday evening at

Hall.

Frank and family, who are

with Mrs. D. Strunk, Hause-

way for their home in Wiss-

Mrs. Oatman and son, who

winter here, left Wednesday

in the home of O. Weston

The large warehouse was

illuminated with Chinese

and the floral arrangement

beautiful feature of the

feature of the evening. Be-

ing the guests were served

refreshments.

Goodrich of Granada, O.

and Crawford entertained a com-

their home on Magnolia ave-

the party of little girls Satur-

afternoon, the occasion being

the anniversary of the birth of

daughter, Colice Maher. The

was plesantly passed in

songs and recitations, after

refreshments were served. Miss

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from her little schoolmates.

crowd of Los Angeles and

people left here Saturday

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H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.
ALBERT MCFLAND...Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Vol. 41, No. 116.

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TERMS—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine section, 75 cents; monthly, or \$8.00 a year.

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PRICES AND POSTAGE.

The postage on the Midwinter Number complete will be four cents. The following table shows the prices of the Midwinter Number when sold at The Times Office. The edition will be for sale at all city and out-of-town news agencies ready for mailing in a handsome three-colored wrapper:

Without postage.	\$.10
Single copies	.20
2 copies	.35
3 copies	.50
4 copies	.65
5 copies	.75
6 copies	.85
7 copies	.95
8 copies	1.00

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

BUSINESS.

Clearances sent by the city banks yesterday were \$4,67,662.92, and for the corresponding week last year \$3,15,12. Both figures are smaller than the averages, but this year shows favorably being an increase of more than 100 per cent. over last year.

For the week the clearances were heavy, \$5,00,000,000, figures never exceeded but once or twice and that during the current year. They are the largest for any week in March. Large real estate deals and the transfer of the Highland Water Company's plant to the city figure in the week's clearances. Discounting these items the money transactions were large, indicating an upward volume of business.

For the corresponding week a year ago the clearances amounted to \$4,753,644. The increase in favor of this year is about 8 per cent.

Owing to the Easter holiday the New York Stock Exchange and the foreign exchanges were closed yesterday. Trade in the Chicago grain pit was light and influenced by weather conditions. The New York bank statement shows an unexpected gain in cash for the week.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE WORK.

The campaign that has been waged in California during the past few weeks by Francis Murphy has greatly revived the interest in the question of the liquor evil, and how it may best be combated. Mr. Murphy is a remarkable man, a man who is full of the human nature, the warm, sympathetic and magnetic kind, a man who knows how to touch the hearts of people, and who has succeeded to a remarkable degree in acquiring the sympathy and respect of many thousands of people who do not entirely share his views.

In order that the need that Mr. Murphy has shown should grow and flourish, and not wane, it will be necessary that the local representatives of the temperance cause, to keep up the good work after Mr. Murphy shall have gone, and to make it a practical kind that will tell. Otherwise it is to be feared that many of those who have made up their minds to abolish the saloon, a man who is a man of human nature, a man who is full of the human nature, the warm, sympathetic and magnetic kind, a man who knows how to touch the hearts of people, and who has succeeded to a remarkable degree in acquiring the sympathy and respect of many thousands of people who do not entirely share his views.

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Mr. Murphy recognizes this necessity, in his anti-liquor crusade. In a recent talk at Hazard's Pavilion he said:

"My friends, we need Christian men who are not afraid to come with us and help us to win over the world to our cause and keep it. Our boys sign the pledge and then go out and have to spend their nights sitting on a curb-stone, but we are welcome and a friend is always welcome and a friendly voice and hand and a free lunch."

"And then we say these boys do not know their God or their God's sake, why don't we help them?"

This practical view of the question is spreading. At Corona recently a pastor addressed a large audience at one of the churches on "Substitutes for the Saloon, or What Shall We Do For Our Young Men?" He said man is a social animal and craves society; the saloon is the poor man's club, and he finds himself and light, society, and a chance to look at the pictures, to play cards. Where else, for instance, is an unmarried workingman who has a little \$10 bed-room in a lodging-house to go to of an evening? Where else will he find a welcome? As Bishop Potter of New York recently said:

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This practical view of the question is spreading. At Corona recently a pastor addressed a large audience at one of the churches on "Substitutes for the Saloon, or What Shall We Do For Our Young Men?" He said man is a social animal and craves society; the saloon is the poor man's club, and he finds himself and light, society, and a chance to look at the pictures, to play cards. Where else, for instance, is an unmarried workingman who has a little \$10 bed-room in a lodging-house to go to of an evening? Where else will he find a welcome? As Bishop Potter of New York recently said:

"Over and over again, it has been urged by the advocates of prohibition that the saloon is the root of all evil. You may cry that until you are black in the face, but the fact still remains. The great English reform is the central idea that has been created for the purpose of controlling the administration of the public house. Curiously enough, we have not recognized the remarkable success of this organization.

Mr. Murphy recognizes this necessity, in his anti-liquor crusade. In a recent talk at Hazard's Pavilion he said:

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SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

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QUEER CUSTOMS.

Strange Ceremonies by Which Easter is
Celebrated in Europe—Feet of Poor
Washed, Judas Hanged, etc.

BY CORINE CLEMENTS.

(SPECIAL CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

WHILE we Americans will celebrate Good Friday, Easter Sunday with a devout and impressive service, in our churches, we must look to the Christian countries across the Atlantic for some of the strangest and wildest most picturesque customs attendant today on Easter tide.

Good Thursday, or Maundy Thursday, as it is called in many countries, is the day when Christians command. On this day Christians commemorate the command of the Savior to humble themselves to the poor or lowly. This is done in many places by the feet bathing the feet of the poor, in imitation of Christ's washing the feet of His disciples.

On Good Friday, Easter Sunday, a selection of a certain number of men and women is made from the vicinity, who are clothed in black, with handkerchiefs and square sashes of white muslin. These elect are ushered into the saloon in which liquor is served, and are seated at two tables, one for the men and one for the women. The Elect, with the archdukes and archduchesses and their suites, having attended mass, enter amid the strains of solemn music. They are followed by the Hungarian guard, carrying trays of coffee and tea, and the grand chamberlain has poured water upon the feet of each pauper, wiped those of the women with fine napkins, and then has handed them to their sovereign. The tables are then moved, and silver bowls of water are placed at the feet of the humble guests. The ladies of the royal household, dressed in black apparel, and after the grand chamberlain has paid tribute to the feet of each pauper, kiss them, and finished the ceremony by making the sign of the cross just above the toes. In Russia the Elect do the same, but the ceremony is performed by the church when the archbishops of Moscow, girded only in a towel, bathe the feet of twelve priests, who are the elect. The ceremony takes place in the cathedral before many spectators.

GOOD-FRIDAY OBSERVANCES.

On Good Friday the people in the north of England always partake of an egg pudding of which the leaves or stems of the egg plant are the principal ingredients.

Parts of the plant have a decided resemblance to the cross, ham, and nails, and for this reason the eating is eaten in commemoration of the passion.

A still more curious superstition is observed on Good Friday in Suffolk. Cheeks, the cross of the parish church, which is crooked sixpence is moulded into rings and given away to people subject to cramps or fits. These rings are "cramp rings," and are a part of the earliest forms of English rings who were wont to bless rings and give them to the poor. The original "cramp ring" was long preserved in the church of Aldeburgh. It had been brought from Jerusalem and presented to one of the Edwards.

Spanish and Portuguese sailors celebrated Good Friday in the same way.

Today is the mi-careme—the middle of Lent, which has been set apart since the time of the Reformation, a fast day, and the flower of the year have a taste of violets and mimosa. Everyone is wearing a boutonniere, even to the bus drivers, to fit the weather. The cafés have out all their tables on the sidewalk, and Paris is again—that is, charming, exhilarating, fascinating beyond measure. To analyze its charms would be hard indeed. One must live here for months to speak its language, and buoyed up by the thousand privileges it offers to have any understanding of that charm.

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Each of the four great markets has chosen a queen, and the laundries have one, too. From among these, one becomes the "queen of queens." These royal personages are selected for their qualities, rather than their prettiness. The whole affair is very much like our Fiesta, only with less preparation and more hilarity.

The Queen of Queens always receives a gift from the President of the laundries, but her regal costume are given by some one of the large stores.

All the shops are closed, and thousands are out to enjoy the lark—fully armed with hats, umbrellas, and flowers, full of it, you must smile on.

Everyone enjoys pelting the gardiens, with it, and they smile back.

Laundries are always the most interesting part of Paris. Here comes the procession, the different queens and attendants, in gaudy costumes, and the crowd, a large company of students, dressed in red and mounted on donkeys. What seems to interest most is a calliope belonging to the German and Belgian circus, the quiet, the Parisian.

EASTER OBSERVANCES.

Our good Easter is derived from the old "Oster," to rise, and, of course, applicable to the day of Christ's resurrection.

On this day we are all prepared to receive new clothes, but probably we never associate Easter with it. It is an ancient belief that unless one's dress is new on Easter day, that he will be ill dressed the wearer for the winter of the year. In the Almanac it is said: "All Easter let your clothes be new, or else be sure you will it rise."

This, of course, is emblematic of the resurrection, but the reason given is also the desire to have new spring flowers, these having just again from the earth, after the winter soil.

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The Queen is always the most interesting part of Paris. Here comes the procession, the different queens and attendants, in gaudy costumes, and the crowd, a large company of students, dressed in red and mounted on donkeys. What seems to interest most is a calliope belonging to the German and Belgian circus, the quiet, the Parisian.

The whole affair is not in the least remarkable—it is only meant to be jolly, and in that it is a success. And it others, who are not so fortunate, the working Parisian is in need of, for no other reason than he exists the world over.

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The Drama—Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical News.

AT THE THEATERS.

The Los Angeles.

LYDIE NEILL wanted E. H. Sothern to play "Nathan Hale," but

Sothern thought that Revolutionary

plays were not popular, and so, Nat

Goodwin, looking for a serious

part, to escape from his former

comedy, produced the play. With Good-

win it was a popular though not an

artist. The play was produced by

Howard Kyle, who had been known

as the leading man with Modjeska and

Margaret Mather, and as a fine stock

actor, he took it up for his first starring

venture. That was two years ago, and

Kyle was prominent in it ever

since. His first visit to Los Angeles

will be made Thursday, Friday and

Saturday nights, and the Saturday

matinee of this week. On Friday after-

noon Kyle, assisted by five of his

company, will present a translation of

Eugene Scribe's "Engaged" or "Gra-

Geaux Gaoletto" ("The Great Gaoletto").

This will be one of the most portentous

literary undertakings Los Angeles

has ever had. The play has been

produced in the country outside of

class theater in New York, and is a liter-

ary gem of the highest rank.

The Burbank.

"Under the Red Robe" one of the

best romances of recent years, will be

James Nell's offering this week. Stanley

Weyman wrote the exciting story, and

Edward G. Rose, who is responsible

for most of the late attractions, is

producing it. The story is the vision of

Stevens saying that it

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"Audrey," Mary Johnston's Latest Novel, Another Story of the Colonies Which One May Read, but Not Believe, and Perhaps Feel Bored it in a Critical State of Mind

THE sympathetic singing of a gay or pathetic ballad is agreeable to a certain part of the mind; it may awaken associations that chime with its theme, or expand it; it may move the heart from the sure of the sentimental and enable him to indulge in fanciful day-dreams. But no one can affirm that it bears any relation to the actual dialogue or speech of day-to-day human life; and that it expands the riddles of existence or draws a true picture thereof. It has its place and instance, but they are not in the same category with what we see and know around us.

Romantic narratives like Miss Mary Johnston's "Audrey" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), might be likened in some respects to these ballads; but they are less legitimate than the latter, inasmuch as they attempt to be what they are not. Romance, indeed, is the most legitimate of all meanings; a fairy tale is romance, and so is a story which involves striking episodes of love and adventure, somewhat beyond the scope of common experience.

"The Arabians," "Nights" are romances; extravaganzas, or tales in which the ideal and imaginative are represented designedly over the real stories, which are real in their scene and character to a region apart from the positive and logical—such as a story which involves striking episodes of love and adventure, somewhat beyond the scope of common experience.

"Audrey" is a romance; and so is a story which involves striking episodes of love and adventure, somewhat beyond the scope of common experience.

To such a certain latitude, and do not hold the writer to account for improbabilities, for intensifying his lights and shadows, for giving to his dramatics a nature and a speech which are transcendental, more or less than normal. We take it that he intended to give fanciful form to a desire to create situations and situations which would attract the reader. The romances, crises, scrapes, pursuits, fighting and rescuing; there is plenty of love-making of dialogues and situations, that is, between the characters who are said to be in love, though they certainly, and their passion nearly always, are made of such stuff as the imagination can conceive, and the element most imperfectly present, as a rule, is humor; for humor does not greatly appeal to the young and inexperienced readers of books; their attitude toward themselves and others is serious, or susceptible to the mere fun-making spirit only. On the other hand, the tale is uniformly stupid, tame, for girls, and tends itself to the highbrow and fanciful, and, if rendered with a reasonable degree of simplicity and honesty on the writer's part, will usually achieve enough of its object to pass muster.

The story longs to be a tragedy, and in most instances it succumbs to this temptation, in that it is not able to be, a story which more felicitously does not attain. "Alas, how easily things go wrong!" sings the songmaker, but never so easily as in fiction of the type I am trying to portray; and if one can draw tears from a reader it is a sign, is it not, like what the wise say, "of the world's end" and "The Virginians"; the same costuming and speech will serve for both.

We have the gallant and lofty-minded gentlemen, with their swords and snuff-boxes, their queer oaths, their heroisms and immorality; the corresponding ladies, with their fans and patches and hoop-skirts, their pride and fine ladyishness; their love, their jealousy, their exaggerated femininities; the villains, base and cringing, with only an exceptional revelation of the black devil within them gleaming through their eyes; or else frankly savage and monstrous, plotting horrid revenges. There is the conventional animated chorus, in good clothes and in poor; and there is the story. It is all like something we have read before, only the force and truth and genius have

not been refined and symmetrized by its echo-like quality, writing as she fluently does from visions in her mind. She has no purpose—far from it—of being derivative from former stories; it has not the graces of long descent; it is Vere about it. The demands it makes upon the reader are too urgent; it is too strange to be used to the same thing in countless rearrangements. He cannot know (while pretending not to know) what is going to happen in the next chapter. It requires him to readjust himself, to make an effort; and commonly he soon tires it aside and takes up his well-approved piece of plot.

It would be a work of some critical importance thorough to analyze this morbid outgrowth on the surface of our literary civilization and to force the world to realize its existence and effects; but it is also difficult to discover any structural

Her Best Story

One cannot read the book without feeling very kindly towards its author; she is gifted, refined and charming. The story is an advance upon its immediate predecessor, in that it adopts a model nearer to reality than her former one; or, I would rather say, the imitators of Thomas Wolfe are less liable to be detected in her good points than imitators of Scott are.

"Audrey" is nearer our own times than "To Have and to Hold"; was; the dialogue does not have to be quite so stagey, and some degree of prudence must be exercised as to the incidents. The look and feel of people and things in the first third of the eighteenth century were very like what they were in "To Have and to Hold" and "The Virginians"; the same costuming and speech will serve for both.

We have the gallant and lofty-minded gentlemen, with their swords and snuff-boxes, their queer oaths, their heroisms and immorality; the corresponding ladies, with their fans and patches and hoop-skirts, their pride and fine ladyishness; their love, their jealousy, their exaggerated femininities; the villains, base and cringing, with only an exceptional revelation of the black devil within them gleaming through their eyes; or else frankly savage and monstrous, plotting horrid revenges. There is the conventional animated chorus, in good clothes and in poor; and there is the story. It is all like something we have read before, only the force and truth and genius have



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "AUDREY"



shrinking from so much as the touch of her skirt.

Haward has his fever, and then his duels, and then instead of at once marrying Audrey, as he had intended, he is obliged to set out to hunt for her, she having meanwhile started for the mountains on foot and alone. When they come together again, she has her part to play; which is to the effect that he is now a stranger to her; she cannot endure his presence. She has discovered that the man she loved has no existence; she thought he had been Haward, but Haward has turned out to be quite another sort of person; therefore poor Audrey has nobody. She casts glances at the river in an ominous way; but decides that starvation in her native mountains will be preferable.

There is a manifest effort here, on the author's part, to bring out a beautiful and touching idea; the girl awakes from her long dream, and finds that her dream was her only reality. She has no longer a home in the world, and desires to leave it. Why should this be? It is a tiresome question that when it came to the point, the author felt that something was not quite satisfactory, something was lacking. She thought it was more incident, a more striking and resounding climax, but in truth it was only that she had failed to make Audrey, still less any of her other characters, real.

Consequently, when poor, unreal Audrey was set upon the task of expressing sentiments and emotions which only the

SHORT STORIES CRUDE AND CYNICAL

"Meomaniacs." By James Huneker. Scribner.

HERE are always persons who do things, not so much because it is old; and they embark upon the enterprise of finding another way which, if not better, shall at least be new. There are historical periods when this impulse affects large numbers of persons at the same time, and then we have what is called the phenomenon.

The phenomenon is not to be condemned.

It usually results in the discovery of something, even if it be a small thing, that may be regarded as an improvement upon what had been before; and when there is a great many persons affected, they cannot, however, free themselves from self-consciousness.

They endeavor to do a startling and impressive thing, they are prone to seize upon what ever comes into their heads, and to do it with a certain disregard for the dignity or sincerity.

They search out strange words and phrases, or they coin them out of thin air.

They ransack the past, and then

make new alterations of established literary form, hoping thus to gain the attention of the public, and perhaps not reflecting that such forced attention must be brief.

It is as though the author could

not be satisfied with what is retained, and has a permanent value.

Literature is in some respects a sensitive barometer of social change and individualism, and to literature we look accordingly for early symptoms. In studying the new forms we must first ask if there is a great many persons affected.

These persons cannot, however,

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

EASTER.

HERE are days which mark epochs in the lives of men—epochs which affect not only the destiny of nations, but of the whole human race, and such days we instinctively commemorate. Such is the day which is now being observed throughout Christendom, for it is one which gives to man the abiding assurance of immortality. The Old World had gods many, whom it worshiped and to whom it sacrificed. But those old faiths led on into darkness and doubt, and even today those so-called religions, which are not illuminated by the faith of Christianity are fettered by doubt and superstition, and darkened by unrest. There is no religion which the world has known that has brought to it the clear-visioned faith of Christianity, and until its advent men groped blindly and thrust out helpless hands in their yearning supplication for the light of an enduring knowledge.

But at length, within the skies of Bethlehem, the star of spiritual empire was seen. Far East had caught the wise men of the world's eye and had followed it until it led them to the humble manger, where lay the world's King and Redeemer. Across desert sands they came to worship and to lay their priceless offerings at His feet. The babe of Bethlehem grew to manhood and lived a life that was sinless and divine. For a generation He walked the earth teaching the brotherhood of the race and the Fatherhood of God, and enunciating that great truth, "Whosoever believeth in Me shall never die."

Then came the hour when He was delivered up to be crucified, and the sun hid its face in horror and the earth reeled in the awful darkness as He cried, "It is finished." Then in the rock-hewn sepulchre was the still form laid away, and a great stone was rolled against its door, and it seemed as if the hopes of His followers must perish. Was He but man who had claimed oneness with the eternal God, who had offered salvation to the race if they would but believe on Him? Was He like the gods of Greece and Rome, who had mocked at human helplessness and despair? Was Death His conqueror, and must the glorious hopes which had been born at His coming be buried with Him in that silent sepulchre? Thus men questioned, and none could reply. But there came another morning. The Sabbath stillness rested upon the world. In the shadows of the yet imperfect dawn the grim Roman sentinels stood before the tomb, sealed, and with its great stone rolled against the door. There was no sound within its darkness. The Crucified slept. Death held the citadel. And not alone the Crucified was buried there. The hopes of the world were hidden in that tomb. But the dawn has touched the green hills of Judea with the faintest gleam of light. The light breeze stirs softly amid the trees then dies in the profoundest stillness. Nature stands breathless. Then a shudder runs through her breast, and the mighty earthquake rends the tombs, and the trembling mountains bend before the risen Christ. The great stone is rolled away by angel hands, and the glorious Easter morn breaks fair and bright upon a world redeemed.

Well may the ages tell men the wondrous story and the hearts of men rejoice in the risen Christ. It is fitting that we bring our offerings of flowers, and crown our altars and our churches with these fragrant tributes

of our rejoicing faith, for backward slips Doubt, and Death sinks conquered down. Life and immortality are brought to light this glorious Easter morn.

THE HOPE OF TODAY.

THE thought of Christendom is today centered on the example of love and forgiveness which reaches its highest expression in the death and resurrection of our Lord. Again the faith and hope of the ages and the promise of immortality ring out in the exultant chimes of the Easter bells. A problem which had occupied the thoughts of mankind since the beginning of recorded thought was answered at the foot of the cross.

In this beautiful city, today, in many churches, in the worship of prayer and praise, is told the divine promise of consecrated history. Not only do the choral voices and the eloquence of inspired tongues proclaim the glad tidings, but the morning stars, the blossoming fields, all the song and sunshine of nature, from the blue seas to the distant mountains, in their own mystical speech, proclaim God's power and that secret which belongs to the heart of the universe—the promise of eternal life beyond the grave.

All of the consecrated forces of the home life, of morality and justice in civic teaching, all that speaks in the obligation of the Golden Rule, all that dignifies labor and sweetens poverty is found reflected from that life which began its evangel of love in the guise of Humanity. The great muster rolls of martyrdom, the history of passive endurance, the record of voluntary sacrifice—in which the mind, heart and will of the loftiest characters have been developed—are parts of the infusions of that divine life.

In imagination today one sees Jerusalem among the hills, and the coming of the mourning women to the sepulchre, where the great stone was rolled away and the angel in shining garments, in the words of the gospels, answered, "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified; He is risen; He is not here."

That holy power by which the world began to decipher the tablets of conscience, by the light of Christ's law, over three hundred years after led Helena, the mother of Constantine, among the pilgrims to Jerusalem. Encouraged by the munificence of her son she caused the traditional places of the nativity and ascension of our Lord to be commemorated by the building of splendid churches.

Eusebius states that Constantine desired to do reverence to the resurrection of Christ. He caused a chapel to be built over the spot believed to be the sepulchre. Constantine's letter concerning this chapel to bishop Macarino is preserved by Eusebius, who took part in the solemnities of the dedication of the church. Chateaubriand has furnished a statement of the historic testimonies and probabilities which are supposed to have influenced the determining of the place of our Lord's crucifixion. As the first Christians gathered there, after the event, there would have been preserved a knowledge of consecrated places which Christian bishops would have treasured in their traditions.

But whether the exact places associated with our Lord's life are commemorated or not, the teaching of the apostles was the worship of God in all lands, "in spirit and in truth." Christ's beatitudes had taught that unless the church, with foundations of love, purity and mercy is built in the heart, all outside forms are vain.

In the words of Canon Farrar, "Vast as the blue dome of heaven, brood the eternal realities, deeper than ever plummet sunk flows the River of Death. . . . beyond it lies the City of our God."

Easter is the most beautiful day of the Christian year, for the hope of eternal life is the supreme thought of the world. It gives to Faith the assurance that He who created us will not leave the loves of the heart to oblivion. The violets and daisies are not forgotten in the patterns of the years. The Easter lilies keep their spotless beauty. The songs of the seasons return in the remembered voices of leaf and bird. He who holds the planets in their orbit has power to fulfill the prayers of His children. The Easter festival seems the assurance, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." To many a discouraged spirit the Easter voice whispers, "Lo, I am with you always!" It answers today to the solitude of the lonely. It enters the great hospitals of our city and breathes balm to the sick on beds of pain. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

If Marconi is able to speak across two continents, who shall dare to limit man's spiritual possibilities?

By His life and death Christ taught, not only the scope and meaning of unselfishness, but the power of self-help. The heart preoccupied with good thoughts and with honest industry has learned the secret of victory. By Christ's life He left the world a knowledge of that inner kingdom of love, joy and peace, which can consecrate the humblest routine of duty to a path of moral grandeur, and the lowliest position in life to a throne of royal power.

He who is able by an act of unselfishness, courtesy, charity or justice to overcome his own imprisonment in a dark mood of revenge, avarice or despondency, has already a glimpse of the soul's power, and is a progressive self-revelation of that eternal hope taught with the lessons of the Easter tide.

L. F. H.

The English Minister who protests in the Independent against what he considers the excessive heating of American churches, would agree with Mr. Moody's view that the best way to warm a church is to build a big fire in the pulpit.—[Springfield Republican.]

EASTER.

The earth lay still within the arms of dawn. The air was pulseless, not a single leaf stirred on its parent bough; all sound was hushed. Save the soft flow of Kedron's silver stream, That gurgled to the hills a rippling psalm of joy. The blue was starlit still, and the pale silver light upon the olive trees seemed like the ghost of sunlight. The lilies stood like white-faced nuns along the way. The Glorious mounts about Jerusalem Lifted their silent faces to the sky; The wide-branching palms were motionless, and the flowers of the field, baptised with dew, Held fragrant censers, filled with odors sweet, That seemed the breath of coming joy. The vast dome of the temple on Moriah's height Lay still within the shadows, save for a faint gleam from the waking dawn that touched it, As 'twere the promise of day's coming glory. No whisper stirred the olive trees along The way. The shadows hid amid the thorn trees' boughs, and the faint stars grew fainter still as Night drew back and the far east did slowly Brighten as if angels trod its portals.

It seemed as if the earth were hushed and lay Breathless in expectancy, as to the Holy sepulchre, where lay the blessed Christ, the weeping Mary came, bearing sweet Spices and precious ointment for the Lord's Anointing. It was so still within the Garden that sound seemed dead, and all the world A-swoon with woe. Then Mary Magdalene, Her eyes dim with heart-breaking anguish, and Her fair cheeks paled to ashen whiteness, spoke Tremulously: "O who shall roll for us The stone away so we may enter where Our Lord is laid?" They neared the tomb and the Dawn brightened into day, and a lance of Holy light shot downward through the olive trees, as if the world had waked once more to Gladness. But as they looked, their eager eyes With wonder filled, for the great stone at the Tomb's door was rolled away, and, hastening in, Mary knelt where the body of her Lord had lain, her heart breaking in great sobs, That rent the anguished air. But lifting her Eyes at length, what does she see? An angel Form, all shining as the light, is there, and A glory not of the earth brightens the Sepulchre, and a voice sweeter than aught Of time, more melodious than all earth's Melody, speaks to her: "Fear not, I know Ye seek the Crucified. He is not here; The Christ ye love hath risen, and He hath Conquered death for aye."

O glorious Easter morn,
O day of days for man!
Hope in our hearts is newly born,
Through Christ the sting of death's withdrawn,
Through Christ who risen lives.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

It is evident that some of the New York reformers believe there is such a thing as being too good.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Now that Miss Helen Gould has placed an order for a team of real Missouri mules, she has made herself solid for a World's Fair job.—[Buffalo Express.]

Yes, a dollar would buy more in 1896 than it will now, but there were not so many dollars and not so much buying then as now.—[Kansas City Journal.]

When William Tillman and McLaurin meet they gaze fiercely at each other and pass on. In this manner they assert their personal courage without sacrificing their Senatorial dignity.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Future reception committees for royal visitors will do well to remember that after Prince Henry boarded the Deutschland, he slept almost continuously for forty-eight hours.—[New York Mail and Express.]

King Edward, it is announced, will give a dinner to half a million poor persons in London as a feature of the celebration following his coronation. After the pageant and the rejoicings are over it might be well for the King to give serious consideration, if he is capable of it, to the question why there are 500,000 persons in London so poor as to be glad of a dinner from the royal bounty.—[New York World.]

THE PRESIDENT'S ESTIMATE OF HIS DAUGHTER.

In speaking of his daughter Alice to a friend President Roosevelt once said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, ski, shoot—though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it"—[April Ladies' Home Journal.]

THE HUMMING BIRD'S LONG FLIGHTS.

That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tubed brilliant flowers that please him best, that jeweled atom, the ruby-throated humming bird, sole representative of the family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wing measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have. Wherein lodges the force that propels through the sky at a speed and a height which takes instantly beyond the range of human vision?—[Nellie Blanchan, in April Ladies' Home Journal.]

Germany in the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

TEUTONIC EXPANSION.

THE KAISER AND HIS MERCHANTS STRIVING FOR A BIG SHARE OF THE OCEAN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TAKE your map of the Pacific Ocean and look at the territory which Germany is slowly, but surely, acquiring within it. A few years ago she had nothing. Today the iron hand of the Kaiser holds the great Chinese province of Shantung in its grasp, and his flag floats over German islands through 25 deg. of north and south latitude. Some of the best steamship lines which ply between Asia and Europe are German, and her vessels are trading from Australia to Manchuria.

With the settlement of our war with Spain, Germany came in and bought the left-overs. Just east of the Philippines lie the Pelew, the Caroline and the Ladrones Islands, with Guam almost in their center. Uncle Sam retained Guam in order to have a station between Honolulu and the Philippines, but the rest of the islands were left to Spain, and she sold them to the Germans. The title passed in October, 1899, when Germany paid to Spain less than \$4,500,000 for the property.

These islands are numerous, but very small. They cover the ocean east and west for a distance of about two thousand miles, and north and south for almost a thousand miles. The Carolines alone have about 500 islands, the Pelews have 200, and the Marshall and the Ladrones are of the same nature. The most of the islands are mere beds of coral, jutting out of the sea, but on many of them cocoanut trees grow and copra is an article of export.

The Marshall Islands have belonged to Germany since 1885, and now large plantations of cocoanuts are set out upon them. They produce in the neighborhood of 3000 tons of copra every year. The Carolines, in addition to the copra, have good fishing grounds. They are noted for their tortoise shells and mother-of-pearl, but neither they nor the Marshall as yet bring in a revenue large enough to pay the expenses of governing them.

Germany in Samoa.

The same is true of Samoa. There Germany has the factories. They can hire labor at about 5 cents a day,

two largest islands, Savaii and Upola, upon which many cacao and cocoanut plantations have been set out. The officials have high salaries, so that Germany pays about \$36,000 a year to make the taxes meet the government expenses. There are only about 200 Germans on the islands, mostly officials. Apia has less than 500 population, but its officials receive annual salaries amounting to \$27,000. The Chief Justice, who does about the same business as a notary or justice of the peace, gets \$6000, and the president of the municipal township, who acts as Mayor, has \$5000.

Apia is the center of Samoan trade. Its exports and imports are about \$700,000 a year, consisting chiefly of copra. The town is 1500 miles from Auckland and 2100 miles from Honolulu. The chief ships which go to it are those from San Francisco on their way to Australia, and it is now said that these ships will soon call at Tutuila instead.

Tutuila, which is the largest of our islands in the Samoans, has the best harbor in the Southern Pacific, and it is not improbable that it may become the principal island of this part of the world. For a long time the Samoan group was under the protection of England, Germany and the United States, but the Germans so acted that we narrowly escaped having a war with them, and then Great Britain agreed that the group should be divided between us and the Germans. And we got the best of the bargain.

Bismarck Archipelago and New Guinea.

What really may in time become valuable property are the German possessions in New Guinea and in the Bismarck Archipelago, lying just east of it. New Guinea is an enormous island and the Germans have the southeastern end of it. They have lands there one-third as large as the whole German Empire. The soil is good for farming and the mountains are said to contain gold and other minerals. There are good harbors along the northern coast, and about these the Germans are now setting up sugar plantations. They are experimenting with cotton, and hope that this country, in connection with their possessions in South Africa, may eventually supply their

and at this rate it is hard to see how we can compete when we must pay from 75 cents to \$1 a day.

German New Guinea has rolling plains covered with rich grasses. It is a good horse and cattle country, and altogether it is said to be a land of promise.

The American Queen of Neu Pommern.

The richest woman in all the German possessions in the Pacific is an American. She lives on the island of Neu Pommern, in the Bismarck Archipelago, and she has six times as many acres as any of the individual Germans. She has a plantation there which contains 120,000 acres. She has long stretches of sea beach which are rich in pearl shells and pearl oysters, and she ships shells by the hundreds of tons. One of her cotton plantations contains 15,000 acres, and upon it are employed fifty Europeans and hundreds of natives. She has other lands on the islands near by, and altogether she is very rich. She is a trader as well as a farmer, and her ships go from island to island buying copra, pearl shells and beche de mer and selling bright-colored calicoes, American axes, knives and tobacco, together with crackers, canned meats and chewing gum. She was the first to introduce American chewing gum into the islands. The natives have acquired the habit and I am told that even the New Guinea girls now chew gum.

This woman's name is Mrs. Emma E. Forsythe. She is the daughter of one of our American Consuls to the Samoan Islands who married the daughter of a Samoan chief. She was well-educated and when about 18, married an Englishman who soon died and left her a widow. This was thirty or more years ago and Mrs. Forsythe, who received a small property from her husband's estate, concluded to invest it in trading in different parts of the South Seas. She bought her ships in San Francisco, and sent them from island to island, making something of a specialty of the New Guinea trade. She saw that there was money in the business and developed it. As she grew richer she bought land and set out plantations of cocoanuts and copra. She had wonderful business ability and made her money breed faster than Australian rabbits.

After a time she took a man named Farrell into partnership with her and her business was done under the name of Thomas Farrell & Co., planters and trading merchants, although much of the brains of the firm was furnished by herself.

I understand that Mrs. Forsythe is an enthusiastic American, and that she has done much for American interests in the Pacific. It was largely through her that we first secured the harbor of Pago Pago as a coaling station, and later on she offered the American government twenty acres of ground on her own property in the island of Malulu. Being the granddaughter of one of the Samoan chiefs on her mother's side, she has great influence among the Samoans. She speaks their language fluently and has acted as interpreter and translator in our consulate at Apia. She also speaks the languages of the islands in which she trades.

In the Solomons.

The islands of the Bismarck Archipelago have altogether an area about half as large as the State of Ohio, and their population is about 190,000, the most of whom are natives. There are only 200 Europeans on the islands, of which 96 are Germans and 34 English. There are a few Chinese and Samoans. The commercial development of the islands is in the hands of the German New Guinea Company, which operates both in the archipelago and New Guinea. It has its trading stations here and there and it exports copra, trepang, cotton and shell.

A little south of these islands are the Solomon Islands, a part of which belong to Germany. They are inhabited largely by savages and are of no great value. The Bismarck Archipelago, New Guinea and the Solomons, as well as the Carolines and the islands to the northward, are ruled from New Guinea, the imperial Governor residing on the island of Neu Pommern.

The Germans in China.

It is in China, however, that the Germans are making the most progress. They seem to have a tacit understanding with the Russians as to territory, and have such contracts with the Chinese as will give them an enormous part of the trade of North China. By the treaty through which Kiau-Chau Bay was ceded to Germany that country was practically given the control of the trade and commercial development of the province of Shantung. This province is just south of Chihli, which Li Hung Chang ruled, and in which is Peking, and north of Kiangsu, where Shanghai is situated. The Grand Canal runs through it from north to south, and the Yellow River crosses it in a northeasterly direction.

It has as much territory as New England, and a population about one-third as large as the whole United States. It is a country of great mineral wealth. It has vast fields of coal which are yet undeveloped, and gold has been found in the mountains. By the treaty of Kiau-Chau the Germans have the right to construct railroads through this territory and also to develop mining property for ten miles on each side of the roads. The roads are so planned that they take in several great coal fields, and make them tributary to Kiau-Chau Bay. The treaty provides that all machinery and materials must come from Germany, and that in any future development of the province by the Chinese they must first apply to German capitalists for money for all schemes. In other words, Germany has the first chance at everything in Shantung, and the people of no other nation can come in until she has decided that it is not worth her while to do so.

The actual territory owned by the Germans contains only about 200 square miles; but there is a neutral zone



back of this which practically belongs to them, which is thirty miles in length, and, as will be seen, the treaty in reality gives them the whole province.

The Bay of Kiao-Chau is about twenty miles square. It is large enough to anchor all the ships of the Pacific, and the Germans are dredging it and building breakwaters, so that it will eventually be one of the finest ports of the Far East. They are now spending about \$20,000,000 on a sea wall to inclose the inner harbor. They have laid a railroad to the quarries in the hills, several miles away, and carry the stone down on steam construction trains. They are putting out piers and making harbor improvements which would be a credit to any of the European ports. They are building dry docks which will do the repair work of the great German steamers, and are fortifying the bay.

The German Town of Tsingtau.

A German town is going up on the edge of the harbor. The native Chinese are restricted to quarters outside it, and the buildings within will be for Germans, made after the German fashion. A complete system of water mains and sewers is being laid. The pipes for this are of horseshoe form, ranging from five to nine feet in diameter, and put together with Portland cement. Streets and roads are being cut out of the solid rock. They are well graded, and one of them runs along the seashore, forming a bunt or park within the sea walls. Many buildings are going up. Two lighthouses have been constructed, a hotel costing \$100,000 in gold is already up, and there are many new business buildings. The chief German firms of the Far East have erected permanent business houses, and a number of factories have already gone up.

About three years ago an electric power mill was started to saw and plane lumber, chiefly Oregon pine. There are granite quarries which operate their works by electricity. These are two miles east of the town. They use electric drills, and have a trolley line half a mile long to carry their granite to the sea. There are two machine shops run by steam, and brick works with a capacity of 20,000 bricks a day, as well as many smaller factories.

Tsingtau is lighted by electricity. It has already several newspapers, a public library and German and Chinese postoffices. The port has considerable trade, its exports to Germany being small, but its imports amounting to more than 5,000,000 marks annually.

New German Railways.

The Germans are actually building railroads in Shantung. The English and all other nations, except the Russians, are talking a great deal, but doing little. The Germans are pushing their railways to the coal mines. They have one road going to Weihsiien, a walled city 110 miles to the northward, and the trains are now running over part of it. All the supplies and materials of the road come from Germany. The gauge is the same as ours, and the rails are of the American pattern. The ties and bridges are of steel, and the work is being thoroughly done. The owners are private citizens, although the German government reserves the right to purchase the road upon completion.

The Shantung Coal Mines.

The completion of the road to Weihsiien will open up some of the biggest coal fields of China. The empire is underlaid with coal, but many of the fields lie far in the interior. The mines of Shantung are within sixty miles of the sea and there are other mines further west which this road and its extension will open up. They will compete with the Japanese mines and those at Kalping in North China. The Japanese mines are being run to their full capacity. They are now largely under the sea and it is expensive to get the coal out. The Kalping mines are quite deep and the port at the mouth of the Peiho is by no means so good as Kiao-Chau.

How Coal is Mined.

In the Shantung mines the coal lies near the surface. Some of the veins are large and in one mine the Chinese have been turning out a thousand tons per day. So far no modern mining has been done. The coal has been dug out with picks and carried up ladders in rawhide sacks. The Germans will bring in the best of mining machinery, and with the cheap labor which is so abundant in Shantung they cannot but make a great profit.

Coal is one of the chief commodities of trans-Pacific trade. There are a vast number of steamers which must be supplied, and at present coal is brought from England and Australia as well as from China, indeed, it is said the Australian coal fleet is one of the largest of the Pacific. At the same time factories are going up at Shanghai, Hongkong and other ports, and in the coming industrial development an enormous amount of fuel will be required. It may be that the coal mines of Shantung will form the foundation of a great manufacturing business run by the Germans. The country is rich in silk of various trades, and flax and weaving mills might be worked at a profit.

German Trade.

The trade of a province like Shantung has great possibilities. The country contains 30,000,000 people, and by the treaty Germany has practically acquired a lien on their commerce. Today the Shantungese are poor, but with the development of the province they will grow rich and their demands may keep the mills of Germany, which are at present idle, working.

I am told that the Shantungese are among the best of their race. Their province is the Holy Land of China. It is noted as having been the homes of Confucius and Mencius, the greatest Chinese philosophers, both of whom are buried in it. The country is dotted with shrines and its people are noted as being religious. Pilgrimages are made to the grave of Confucius from all parts of China, and the extension of the German system of railroads to include this will bring in a big passenger revenue.

In the meantime it is doubtful whether the Kaiser will be satisfied with Shantung alone. Leading Ger-

mans of Japan and have told me that they expected the German sphere of influence to extend as far south as the Yangtze Kiang. They have already established stores and business houses at all the ports and are making a great fight for the monopoly of the Chinese trade.

Tokyo, Japan.

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THE PIMA RELIGION. BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS THAT DATE FROM THE FAR PAST.

By a Special Contributor.

IN A PREVIOUS paper was given an account of the traditions and history of the Pima Indians. All these observations were made on the spot by the writer in the year 1870-71, before the Pimas had been brought under the influence of the reservation agencies.

The Pimas believe in the existence of a Supreme Being or Creator whom they call "Phophet of the Earth," and also in an evil spirit (che-a-vuel.) They believe that, generally, their spirits will pass to another world when they die, and that there they will meet those who have gone before them. They say that whenever anyone dies, an owl carries the soul of the departed away, and hence they fear owls (which they never kill), and they consider the hooting of this bird a sure omen that someone is about to die. Most Indians of Northern Mexico have this saying: "Cuando grita el tecolote, el Indiano muere." They give a confused account of some priests (par-le) who, they state, visited their country years ago and attempted to convert them to Christianity. These priests were French, and to this day the Pimas call the French "par-le-sick;" plural, "pa-par-le-sick." It does not appear that these missionaries met with success. The Pimas have no form of worship whatsoever, and have neither idols nor images. They know that the Americans and Mexicans baptize their children, and sometimes imitate this ceremony. This baptism is applied, however, only as a charm, and in cases of extreme sickness of the child.

When the ceremonies and charms of the native physicians (ma-ke) fail to produce a cure, then the sick infant is taken to some American or Mexican, and even Papago, when he is known to have embraced the Christian faith. Generally, Mexican women perform the ceremony. If the child recovers it receives a Spanish name, by which it is known ever after; but these names are so much changed in pronunciation that strangers would hardly recognize them. Pedro, for instance, becomes Pi-va-lo; Emanuel, Ma-nori; Cristobal, Kis-ta; Ignacio, I-nas; Maria, Mar-le, etc. It is certain that their religion does not teach them morality, nor does it point out a certain mode of conduct. Each Pima, if he troubles himself about his religion, construes it to suit himself, and will care little or nothing for the life hereafter, for their creed neither promises rewards in the future for a life well spent, nor threatens punishment after death to those who in this life act badly. They have no priest to counsel them, and the influence of their chiefs is insufficient to restrain those who are evil disposed. The whole nation lives but for today, never thinks of the wants of the future, and is guided solely by desires and passions. They believe in witches and ghosts, and their doctors (ma-ke) claim to know how to find and destroy witches. Almost anything is believed to be a witch. Usually it is a small piece of wood to which is tied a small piece of red flannel, cloth or calico by means of a horse hair. Should one of these be found in or near one of the Pima huts, the inhabitants thereof would at once abandon it and move elsewhere.

They believe that all sickness, death and misfortunes are caused by witches. If, therefore, a Pima is taken sick, or loses his horse or cow, he sends for one of the medicine men, whose duty it becomes to find and destroy the evil spirit that has caused the mischief. The medicine man on these occasions masks his face and disfigures himself as much as possible. He then swiftly runs around the spot supposed to be infested, widening his circles as he runs, until, at last, he professes to have found the outer limits of the space of ground supposed to be under the influence of the witch. Then he and his assistants (the latter also masked) drive painted stakes into the ground all about the bewitched spot. These sticks, painted with certain colors found in the mountains, are said to possess the power of preventing the escape of the witch. Now begins the search for the latter; everything is looked into, huts are examined, fences removed, bushes cut down, until, at last, the medicine man professes to find the witch, which usually is the above-described stick, horse hair and red cloth. Of course, this so-called witch has been hidden previous to the search, by some of the assistants of the medicine man. It is burned at once, and the uninstructed fondly believe that, for a time at least, they will be free from the evil influences of the witch thus destroyed.

Of course this mode of treatment seldom effects a cure of sick people, but the Pimas know nothing whatever of medicines; their medicine men never administer anything internally, and the above ceremony is the principal attempt made to cure the sick. Sometimes, for instance, in case of pain in the chest or stomach, they scarify the patients with sharp stones, or place burning coals upon the skin, and in rare instances the patient is laid upon the ground, his head to the west, and then the medicine man gently passes a brush, made of eagle feathers, from his head to his feet, after which he runs several paces, shakes the brush violently, and then returns to the patient, to repeat, again and again, the same maneuver. The belief is that, by this operation, the sickness is drawn first into the brush and thence shaken to the winds, and bystanders keep a respectful distance, for fear of inhaling the disease when it is shaken from the brush. Some doctors pretend to destroy sickness by

shooting painted arrows from painted bows at imaginary evil spirits supposed to be hovering in the vicinity of the patient.

The Pimas know many herbs which they use as food at times when wheat is scarce, but they have no knowledge of medical properties of herbs or minerals, except in the case of a small weed called colondrina (it is a species of the Euphorbia family) by the Mexicans, which, applied as a poultice, is a remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake.

It is believed that all efforts to Christianize the Pimas would fail, not because any of them would oppose such attempts, but because they all would be entirely indifferent to the new teachings.

Burial of the Dead.

The Pimas tie the bodies of their dead with ropes which they pass around the neck and under the knees, then drawing them tight until the body is doubled up and forced into a sitting position. They dig the grave from four to five feet deep and perfectly round, about two feet in diameter, and then hollow out, at one side of the bottom of this grave a sort of vault large enough to contain the body. Here the body is deposited, the grave is then filled up level with the ground, and poles, trees, or pieces of timber are placed upon it to protect the remains from the coyotes. Burials usually take place at night, without much ceremony. The mourners chant during the burial, but signs of grief are rare. The ceremony takes place, if possible, immediately after death, and the graves are generally prepared before the patients die. Sometimes sick persons for whom the graves have already been prepared, recover; in such cases the graves are left open until the persons for whom they were intended die. Open graves of this kind can be seen in several of the Pima grounds. Places of burial are selected some distance from the village and, if possible, in a grove of mesquite bushes. Immediately after the remains have been buried, the horses and personal effects of the deceased are burned, and his horses and cattle killed, the meat being cooked as a repast for the mourners. The nearest relatives of the deceased, as a sign of their sorrow, remain within the village for weeks, and sometimes months; the men cut off about six inches of their long hair, while the women cut their hair quite short.

The custom of destroying all the property of the husband at his death impoverishes the widow and children and prevents increase of stock. The women of the tribe, well aware that they would be poor should their husbands die, and that then they would have to provide for their children by their own exertions, do not care to have many children, and infanticide, both before and after birth, prevails to a very great extent. This is considered a crime, and old women of the tribe practice it. A widow may marry again after a year's mourning for her first husband; but if she has children, a man will take her for a wife and thus burden himself with her offspring. Widows generally cultivate a small piece of ground which her male friends or relatives generally prepare for her by plowing it.

JOHN A. SPRING.

**What I suspected at the beginning of my investigation, as what I learned more fully later, convinced me that these Indians curiously venerated with Christian practices their native Jesus faith, manifesting a certain superstitious reverence for the Christian rites and ceremonies, yet giving sincere worship only to the heathen gods.*

TO OUTRUN A BEAR.

JUST KEEP ALONG THE HILLSIDE AND HE CAN'T CATCH YOU.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] "Despite the reputation for ferocity that the mountain lion has acquired, and perhaps justly, he is by no means the animal most feared by the prospectors and mountaineers in my country," said a Colorado man yesterday.

"If a prospector is passing along a trail and he sees a lion in his path he never even hesitates, for he knows that as soon as the animal sees him it will clear the way, providing, always, that it is not a female accompanied by its young, and even in such a case it is by no means certain that she will show fight."

"It is altogether different with a bear, and if a mountaineer sees a bear on his trail he will go around it if he can, and if he cannot do that he will wait patiently for bruin to get out of the way. You see, the man has spent years in the hills, as we call the mountains, out our way, loses much of the ambition of the sportsman, and he never wastes his ammunition just for the pleasure of killing game. When he shoots it is either to get food or for self-protection. Consequently he is more anxious to start a row with a bear, just because it happens to cross his path. There are several reasons for this, but the principal one is that it is dangerous. Any man who knows about bears will hesitate before deliberately starting a row with one. By the way, would you like to know how a man on foot can outrun a bear in a hilly country if he has a little start on him?"

Upon being informed that his hearer would be very glad to get the information, even though he might secretly hope that an opportunity of testing the method would never come, the Westerner continued:

"You see, a bear's forelegs are very short and his formation is such that, while he can run uphill almost as fast as he can on the flat, he cannot run on a straight line on the side of a hill. So when you are chased by bear just run along the side of the hill. Bears are game, and he will start out after you, but, while you are keeping on a straight line bruin will be going up and down the hill every jump. When you have gone some distance just retrace your steps, and the bear in his efforts to catch you will try to do the same thing, only to find that you are getting further from him every minute. It is a great system, I know, for I have seen it worked. I would advise you to try it some time, and if you keep running back and forth long enough the bear will disappear from sight, still trying to get at you."

President Roosevelt's Cabinet selections show conclusively that he is aware that a part of the nation west of the Alleghany Mountains.—[Chicago News.]

has been Porto Rico States, it there will which the is all the Porto Rico equal to the generally cheaper and South America.

The American to many instances, that it is able to buy, prepare it convenience at her table in Porto Rico, other and powders, from France. As delighted there, and their friends the little girls of Uncle Sam. Regret that quality of coffee be on the market wife to buy best coffee with an inferior wants. She in the world.

PORTO RICO TODAY.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IMPROVED
AND RESIDENTS APPRECIATIVE.

From a Special Correspondent.

AN JUAN (Porto Rico). March 20.—A review of the industrial conditions in Porto Rico since the inauguration of free trade with the United States discloses the fact that affairs here are undergoing a reversal under the new régime. This island is not different from the others of the tropical group in that its greatest wealth lies in the soil. The new order of things has forced some of the products to seek a new market, while for others it has provided an outlet heretofore unavailable. As a basis for a discussion of the situation, it will be well to state that the total area of the island amounts to 1,971,586 acres. This territory was divided, according to the last report of the Commissioner of the Interior, as follows: Pasture lands, 1,203,206 acres; coffee, 166,164; woodland, 165,671; sugar cane, 82,678; and tobacco, 30,704, leaving less than 150,000 acres uncultivated. The next report will show a general departure from these figures. Coffee is losing to tobacco, the pasture lands are being turned into cane fields, and fruit is making inroads on them all.

A Blow to the Coffee Business.

The hurricane caused a greater damage to coffee than any other crop, and the adjustment of duties resultant from the transfer of sovereignty so demoralized the market for this staple that, between the two, many prosperous planters were ruined, while others became so disengaged at the outlook that they abandoned the business and allowed the estates that had formerly paid them such a handsome return, to lie in idleness. While there

product can gain her approval, its permanency will be assured.

Tobacco Benefited.

While coffee has suffered from the changed conditions, tobacco has derived a benefit. It was a characteristic of Spanish rule to restrict everything here in the way of manufactures that would likely conflict with Spanish interests elsewhere. In accordance with this policy, Porto Rican tobacco was used as a feeder for the Cuban industry. The tobacco crop was shipped to the latter island, cured by the special process in vogue there, and put on the market as Cuban goods. In this manner, Porto Rico was kept in the background while Cuba got the profit and the prestige of her labor. Since free trade went into effect experts in the curing process have been brought here from Cuba and the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes has received such an impetus that the supply does not begin to equal the demand. The market is so strong that no reductions are made for purchases in quantity. Five-cent cigars cost 5 cents each, no matter whether you buy one or a thousand. The good prices prevailing have encouraged the small farmer to cultivate this crop, and in the tobacco-producing districts whole families are devoting exclusively their energies to its propagation. The largest crop of tobacco ever raised in Porto Rico was in the year 1889, when 8,000,000 pounds were produced. The average crop during the past has been about 4,000,000 pounds yearly. It is estimated that the crop this year will be something over 3,000,000 pounds, and that by next year, or, if not then, certainly not later than the following season, the high-water mark will be reached and passed. This is why the Porto Rican tobacco man, when asked for his opinion of free trade, smiles his broadest smile and tells you he is glad he belongs to Uncle Sam.

The largest amount of sugar ever produced in Porto Rico in a single year was the crop of 1884, which amounted to 215,000,000 pounds. This year's crop will be nearly equal to the record-breaker. While the price is

appearance in the United States market during the latter part of 1904, and the quantity will increase rapidly from that time. In order to illustrate the vast possibilities of this particular branch of the fruit business, one of the growers, who has 1000 acres under cultivation, told me that he had seventy trees to the acre, and, at the most conservative estimate, these trees would yield yearly 200 perfect oranges. They are packed in boxes holding 200 each and sell for an average price of 1 cent apiece. When the 490,000 trees now planted begin to bear and bring a return of \$2 each per year, in addition to the thousands of wild trees that are already yielding, as well as the large number that will be installed in the meantime, it is plainly apparent that Porto Rico will reap a rich harvest from this source in the near future. The situation is particularly favorable to the Porto Rican growers, for the reason that the Florida orchards were injured by frost during the past winter and the industry in California—for the first time in its history—suffered from the same cause. There is no question about there being a demand for fruit or the ability of Porto Rico to fill it.

Good-roads Movement.

Good progress is being made in the very necessary improvement of roads. Since the American occupation over one hundred and fifty miles of public highway which was constructed by the Spanish authorities, has been put in first-class condition. In addition to this, over \$2,000,000 has been expended in the construction of new thoroughfares. In the past the heavy and frequent rains which occur throughout all portions of the island have, during certain portions of the year, rendered communication between the various localities impossible for weeks at a time. The system of roads that has been planned, and is now being built, will soon establish connection between the farms and villages, and the markets and seaports during every condition of tropical weather.

Congress has made an appropriation of \$12,000 for the United States Department of Agriculture to use in establishing and maintaining an agricultural experiment station in Porto Rico. The main farm will consist of about two hundred acres, and there will likely be substations in order to experiment with the kinds of soil not found on the central farm. An effort will be made to improve the manner of cultivating the principal crops, as well as food supplies for home consumption, the improvement of live stock, and all features of agriculture that will be a benefit to the man who derives his living from the soil.

Appreciate the Better Times.

The people of Porto Rico have a thorough appreciation of the era of good times which is now being felt throughout the island. For some time past they have had an uncommonly hard time of it. First, the war in Cuba had a very depressing effect on business. A recollection of the hardships brought on by the ten-years' rebellion, together with the failure of several merchants in the Cuban capital, transpired to shake confidence and trade fell off in a most distressing manner. Following this interference with business came the terrible hurricane of 1899. On that eventful August morning fully 40 per cent. of the entire property valuation of the island was wiped out in less than three hours, hundreds of lives were lost, and some industries so badly crippled that they have not yet recovered from the shock. Of course the change of government was demoralizing for a time, and the change of money caused another great loss to the people. When this occurred the fellow who went to bed with Spanish dollar in his pocket, woke up the next morning with only 60 cents—that was all his dollar was worth in American money the next day. This change affected nearly \$7,000,000 in currency, outstanding bills and mortgages which aggregated, all told, nearly \$50,000,000. That was an ordeal, but so long as the change had to be made some time, it was considered best to do it at once and have the unpleasant job done with. All this shows that Porto Rico has had her full quota of trouble. Under American rule the return to prosperity has been very rapid, yet the conditions are not anything like they will be in a few years of good government. It is claimed that its fertility, in connection with its free entrance and proximity to the great United States market, makes it the most favored tropical island in the world. FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

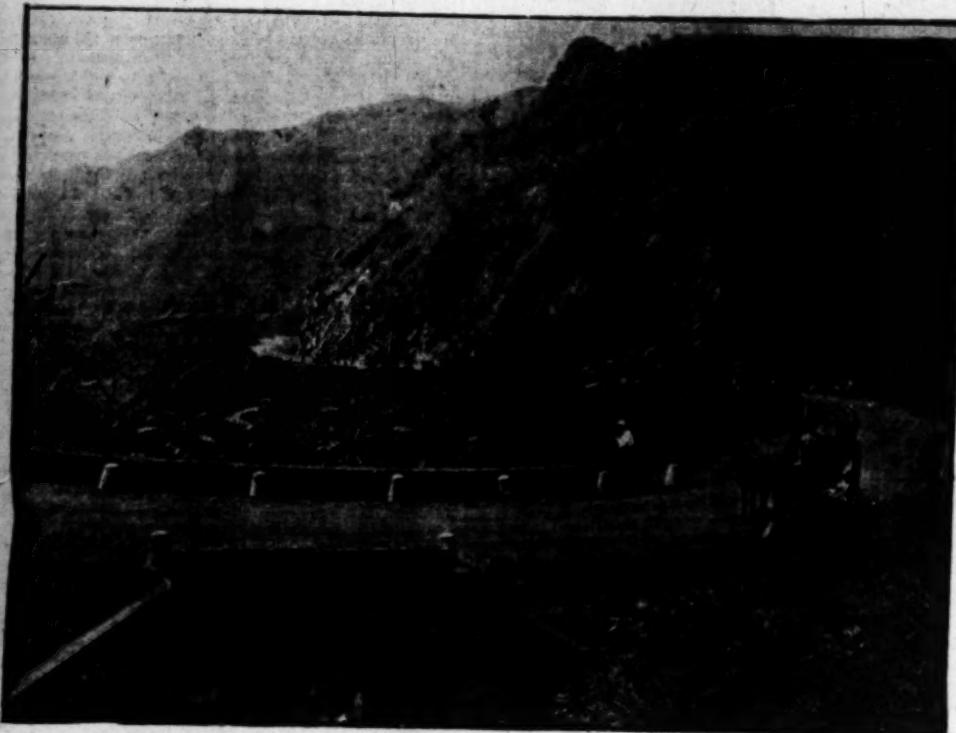
EVIDENCE THAT HE WAS 114 YEARS OLD.

The person who attained the greatest age in the District of Columbia, whose claim to longevity could be established by written evidence, is believed to have been John Carey, a colored man who died in 1842 on Half street, near P street, southeast, at the age of 114 years. The old man retained his faculties till a few months before his death, and possessed a mine of information as to the noted characters and events of the early days, his position as an officer's servant, for which, during the days of slavery, he was hired, affording him exceptional facilities.

To prove what he was fond of relating, he would show papers yellow with age and passes he carried in the colonial times, some showing that he was with Braddock's army when it was repulsed near Pittsburgh, twenty years before the revolution, in which he accompanied the troops. These papers he kept in a small box which he prized as his dearest possession.—[Washington Evening Star.]

WINTER OUTDOOR SWIMMERS IN BOSTON.

No matter what the temperature of the Atlantic Ocean, or how full Boston Harbor be of ice, the faithful few who for years have bathed right through the calendar at L street, go to the city bath-house for their dip and after-warming in their glass sunhouse on the beach. Yesterday ten bathers took the plunge in water 35 deg. above zero, and it is a good average number for any week day of the winter season. A pleasant Sunday or holiday, of course, brings crowds to the beach; as many as forty, for instance, went in last Sunday. This represents pretty well the winter bathers of Boston and its surrounding towns.—[Boston Journal.]



MILITARY ROAD BETWEEN PONCE AND SAN JUAN.

has been a very gratifying increase in the amount of Porto Rican coffee consumed recently in the United States, it is a question whether the quantity consumed there will be sufficient to provide a market equal to that which the island lost by the transfer of masters. This is all the more to be remarked for the fact that the Porto Rican product is of a very superior quality—fully equal to that of famed Java—while the package coffee so generally used throughout the United States is a much cheaper and inferior grade, principally the product of South America.

The American housewife has become so accustomed to using coffee already browned, and in many instances not only browned but ground into powder, that it is feared she will not want to take the trouble to buy the Porto Rican berry in its raw form and prepare it for use. If she will go to this slight inconvenience she may have the satisfaction of serving upon her table the most delicious coffee in the world. The Porto Rican berry must be parched darker than any other and should be neither browned nor reduced to powder until just before using. American travelers in France, Austria, and other European countries become delighted with the quality of the coffee served to them there, and take home with them sample packages to their friends. They do not know that this all came from the little garden Isle of Porto Rico that is now a part of Uncle Sam's big estate. It is a matter of very great regret that an industry that is producing such a superior quality of one of the world's most valuable staples should be on the decline. It remains for the American housewife to determine whether she will have on her table the best coffee to be obtained or to continue to get along with an inferior grade. She invariably gets what she wants. She is a court before which almost every power in the world is suing for favor, and if the Porto Rican

not so high as in former years, the removal of the duty from the United States market allows the island planter a greater profit than he has realized heretofore. The favorable conditions that now exist are stimulating this industry to such an extent that the annual output of the future is certain to exceed all former records.

Porto Rican Hats.

One of the features of the Porto Rican exhibit at the Buffalo Exposition was a display of hats that were the product of native handiwork. They were made from a native grass very similar to the straw which has made the Panama hats so celebrated. The best ones were woven more closely and were lighter than the high-class goods from the Isthmus. They caught the popular fancy, and an enterprising fellow, who had the foresight to lay in a large stock of them, closed out at his own prices. Visitors to the Charleston Exposition are now buying them in large numbers. The grass from which they are made grows on rich, level ground. It is very plentiful and the demand for the hats is increasing so rapidly that whole communities are engaging in their manufacture. The industry is rapidly spreading from the localities where it originated, and all indications warrant the belief that the Porto Rican hat has come to stay.

The principal development in the island as a result of free trade, is the rapid growth of the fruit business. No attempt was made formally to enter the United States market with fruit, for the reason that the duty was prohibitive. Last season, 70,000 boxes of oranges, which sold for \$140,000, found their way to the American market. All of these grew wild. Until this time there has been no serious attempt at fruit culture on the island. The people here are fully alive to the possibilities of the new market opened to them, however, and it is estimated that fully 7000 acres are now planted in oranges. The first crop from these new trees will make its ap-

NEW NAVAL SECRETARY. HIS PROBABLE POLICY AND HIS INTERESTING PERSONALITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—"There is a government of Congress and the civil departments are subordinate to it."

Thus William Henry Moody, who is to become Secretary of the Navy on May 1, defines his new position and tacitly expresses his policy. His experience as a member of Congress has inspired this respect for the legislative branch of the government and his selection to be a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet has not turned his head or lowered his estimation of the body from which he retires.

Sitting in his modest parlor the other morning, with his feet thrust into a pair of very rusty house slippers, with a short sack coat closely buttoned about him and the appearance of one who had just left his breakfast table and morning mail, Mr. Moody chatted most agreeably and pleasantly about his selection as the head of the Navy Department and of the interesting events that have studied an unusually active life.

Almost his first observation touched on a question that is always uppermost in the Washington mind. "I am not going to be a social leader or attempt any extravagant entertaining," he said. This was in answer to the usual inquiry as to what sort of a social swath the new Secretary of the Navy proposed to cut in the capital city. "Unless you newspaper men loan me the money I will be too poor to live any other than the quiet and modest life to which I have been accustomed since coming to Washington."

There are people in Washington who think the President ought to be governed by social considerations in the selection of his official family. There are officers and friends of the navy who believe that the Secretary



W. H. MOODY.

should be a man of wealth and make his department popular with socially-inclined statesmen at Washington. When this idea was suggested to President Roosevelt at the time he was seeking a successor to Secretary Long he became indignant, and in as forceful language as he can command declared that he was not hunting a society leader, but a man who could conduct the Navy Department successfully, who could steer a safe course through all the shoals and treacherous channels of bickerings and jealousies that unfortunately have attached themselves to that service. "And I think I have found the man," he exclaimed, "in Congressman Moody of Massachusetts."

When the office of Secretary of the Navy was created in 1798 President Adams turned to Massachusetts for a man to place at its head. He selected George Cabot, a statesman and a man of wide experience in naval affairs. George Cabot came from Salem, town in the district which has been represented several years in Congress by Mr. Moody, who now, 104 years later, accepts the portfolio which was offered to the great-grandfather of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. It seems natural for Presidents to turn to Massachusetts and especially to this section of the Bay State for Cabinet advisers, as that commonwealth has furnished more Cabinet ministers than almost any other State in the Union. The old Essex district, as it is known, has been the home of many distinguished men, and Mr. Moody, the latest Cabinet officer to come from that section, is not overshadowed by any of his predecessors.

Who the New Secretary Is.

Born within sound of the surf on the north coast of Massachusetts, Mr. Moody has a natural love for the sea and matters connected with it. In his native town of Newbury he was but a few miles from the Gloucester coast, and, as a boy, spent many happy hours fishing, bathing and boating in the salt water. He comes of a long line of New England farmers and seafaring men. According to the custom of New England families the

sons of the household are put in various avocations and professions so that each generation furnishes worthy members of the standard occupations of that region. One son might remain at home on the farm, another be sent to sea, another enter business, and perhaps the fourth take his heritage in the best education afforded in New England colleges and universities. The Moody family was no exception to the rule, and from the time the first of the name, William Moody, came from Ipswich, England, to Newbury, Mass., in 1634, members of the family have cultivated the land and plowed the sea.

Mr. Moody, the new Secretary of the Navy, is the ninth in descent from the English Puritan who came to Massachusetts shores 268 years ago. His father, Henry Moody, now long past the four-score-year mark and lovingly cared for by the son in the latter's home in Haverhill, inherited a farm from his father, and amid the ordinary surroundings of a New England farmstead the new head of the navy began life. Following the New England custom, Mr. Moody's parents decided to give him his portion of the estate in a liberal, sound education. "I was not extremely fond of farm work, although outdoor exercise has been to me always life's elixir," said Mr. Moody, "and I willingly accepted the parental distribution of favors in the way of an education."

Mr. Moody came of the same class of people as President McKinley, and of him can be said, as Secretary Hay, the orator of the McKinley memorial exercises in Congress, said of the dead President: "He never looked down on any one, nor could be imagine any one looking down on him." In the Moody establishment there was neither poverty nor riches, and the education which young William received at the Phillips Andover Academy and Harvard University was the fortune with which he started to win success in the world.

Studied Law With Richard H. Dana.

Mr. Moody always speaks with great affection of his law tutor, the late Richard H. Dana, whose "Two Years Before the Mast" may have had something to do with the young lawyer's interest in naval affairs. "I always believed in coming in contact with genius," says Mr. Moody in his reminiscences of the effect his associations with men like Mr. Dana have had in shaping his own course. It was with a good deal of satisfaction that Mr. Moody passed an examination for admission to the bar of Boston under Mr. Dana's tutelage without having studied the prescribed length of time. "Much as we desire to exclude you," said the chairman of the examining board, in a humorous way complimenting the young man on his ability, "we are compelled to admit you."

Mr. Moody had the same experience as most young lawyers, and for the first few months, as he expresses it, scarcely earned his salt. "I remember distinctly that my first year's compensation amounted to the munificent sum of \$185," he said, in recounting the uphill work that faced him in the opening of his legal career. Two or three years put him on his feet, however, and the earnings of his profession have been increasing ever since.

That Mr. Moody is a man to attract attention by his manner and ability was early attested. As far back as 1879, after he had been practicing only two or three years, he made his first argument in the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts. Associate Justice Gray of the Supreme Court of the United States was then Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. He was never noted for suavity of manners in the courtroom, and most young attorneys appeared before him with fear and trembling. Young Moody went in with the assurance of having the best of the argument on his side, and his first effort before that high court was in the elucidation of a very fine point of law. Chief Justice Gray listened attentively, and, when the young man had concluded, startled his colleagues and the whole courtroom by leaving his seat, and passing down to the bar, where he shook hands with Mr. Moody and congratulated him on his argument.

In the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress, two stockily-built young men happened to draw seats next to each other. As they sat down at their desks arranging papers, etc., one of them, a smooth-faced man with stiff, light hair, parted exactly in the middle and brushed back from his forehead, turned to the other and said:

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Really, I don't know," replied his neighbor. "It is possible we have met somewhere."

"Oh, I know you. You were counsel for the commonwealth in the Lizzie Borden trial at Fall River, and your name is Moody. My name is Quigg, and I reported that trial for the New York Tribune." The two men shook hands, and Lemuel E. Quigg of New York and William Henry Moody of Massachusetts started on their Congressional careers together. Mr. Quigg's Congressional experience was limited to two terms, while Mr. Moody kept on until now he is transferred to another branch of the government service.

This Borden trial marked one of the distinct triumphs in Mr. Moody's career. At the time he was District Attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts and was brought into the case at the solicitation of Atty.-Gen. Knowlton, who desired his assistance. Mr. Moody's conduct in the prosecution was so able as to command national attention. Few trials of recent years have attracted so much attention and seldom have the details of examination been published so minutely.

Entered the House in 1895.

"There is a man who will make a name for himself in Congress," was the remark of Senator David B. Hill of New York, when Mr. Moody entered the House in 1895. "I read every line of the Borden trial," said Mr. Hill, "and I was impressed with the high-grade ability shown in Mr. Moody's conduct of that case. He is an extraordinary man and the country will hear from him." This tribute to a staunch Republican from an equally determined and staunch Democrat was praise of the highest character.

"Lodge, that young man of yours from Massachusetts, Moody, is all right." This was Speaker Thomas B. Reed's

comment on the young Congressman who succeeded the well-known and distinguished Gen. Cogswell. "Those are the kind of people we grow up in Massachusetts," was Mr. Lodge's retort.

Gen. Cogswell had been reelected to the Fifty-fourth Congress, but died several months before it met. There was a universal demand in the district for the nomination of Mr. Moody. Every newspaper, representing both parties, in his district suggested him as the man most likely to do credit to that constituency and to the State. He was nominated without opposition, and in discussing his political experience, Mr. Moody declares with some satisfaction that he was nominated and elected four times without the expenditure of \$1 on his part. He made his modest contributions each year to the campaign funds, but never spent a penny in his own personal campaign.

"My election to Congress from the old Essex district was a high honor and I regard it as such. It is a great satisfaction to have the indorsement of your home people and to know that those with whom you have associated from youth and who have known you from birth, repose so much confidence in you." Mr. Moody might have added that he never goes back to his home town of Newbury without receiving a royal welcome and listening to expressions of pride from his old neighbors at his success. The district which he has represented in Congress is a notable one, and its praises have been sung by many statesmen. Senator Hoar, whose pride in Massachusetts and love of her people and history prompt him on all occasions to sound her praises, thus referred to this district in pronouncing a eulogy on the life and character of Gen. Cogswell: "Essex, where Winthrop landed, where Endicott dwelt, where Putnam was born, where Whittier sang, where Dane and Cutler planned the great ordinance of 1776, which stands, with the Declaration and the Constitution, as one of three great deeds of American liberty, and where sailors put to sea for the great sea fights of the War of 1812."

Moody is Red Headed.

"You ought to go over and hear that red-headed chap from Massachusetts," was the word brought to the Senate press gallery one day in the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress. The suggestion was acted upon, and the interested correspondents were soon listening to a new orator, a new debater, a new statesman. It was Mr. Moody of Massachusetts, who had caught the ear of the House and was holding the attention of Republicans and Democrats, on one of the dryest subjects of legislation—a report on a contested election case. As is usual with a new member, Mr. Moody had not received any very prominent committee assignments, but was placed down at the bottom of the list of Republican members on Elections Committee No. 1. His first work was to oppose the policy of unseating members for purely partisan reasons, and he reported against his Republican colleague in a celebrated Illinois case, where he contested the evidence before the committees showed the Democrats to be entitled to his seat. It was on this question that he was arousing the House when some one discovered in the "red-headed man from Massachusetts" a new legislative force. He advocated a recount of the votes in the case and carried his proposition through the House. His position that the Republican contestant was not entitled to the seat on the evidence then produced, was fully justified by an examination of the ballots, but unfortunately for the contestant a mistake was discovered in a precinct which had not been before questioned, and he was declared elected by a majority of three votes.

This was Moody's introduction in the House, and the day he dared to cross swords with some of the party leaders and declare his independence and love of justice, his position was assured. The next Congress was appointed on the Appropriations Committee, as "Uncle Joe" Cannon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, looks upon him as a son. Together the two gritty, sandy-haired statesmen have put through reforms and fought abuses until their power in the House is assured.

Moody and the Newspaper Men.

Before Mr. Moody decided to enter the profession of law he had a great fancy for journalism. While yet a student at Harvard University, he debated in his mind whether or not to take up the pen as his weapon of conquest and implement of livelihood. He finally decided in favor of the law, but his keenness of observation and faculty of seeing news and the features of a "good story" in every event with which he is connected causes great regret that he has not given the public the benefit of these rare journalistic qualities. He has mighty respect for the press, and last Congress, while fighting valiantly for the Loud Bill, regulating second-class mail matter, some one asked him if the proposed law would affect the legitimate circulation of newspapers. He declared that it would not, as the gentlemen of the press would not permit it, and then paid this tribute to newspaper men:

"Those gentlemen sitting above the Speaker's chair and those whom they represent, wield more power than we who sit below it. They carry along parties to victory or defeat. They make and unmake statesmen. They mold and create public opinion."

Mr. Moody and the President.

If President Roosevelt had been seeking a double in himself in personal appearance, tastes and temperament he could not have come more closely to the mark than in the selection of Mr. Moody. The new Secretary of the Navy is perhaps two inches shorter in stature than the President, but he is built on the same stocky plan, with well-knit form, clear, florid complexion, good eye, and energetic gait, evidencing a healthy physique and body under perfect control and training. "I am as fond of outdoor exercise as the President," Mr. Moody says, "and I propose to continue my present habits. I am intensely fond of any form of outdoor exercise, but prefer that of walking. I walk to the Capitol every day, and at least once a week enjoy a twelve or fifteen-mile tour in the country. No, I have never accompanied President Roosevelt on one of his walks, and I do not boast of

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horsemanship, although I do ride horseback and enjoy the exercise. I am fond of bicycle riding and am an enthusiast on baseball, love football, but have not yet had time to play golf. There you have my accomplishments in the line of athletics. I cannot express too highly my belief in and enjoyment of outdoor sports and exercise."

Mr. Moody's acquaintance with the President is of many years' standing, but the two men never "got real close" until Mr. Roosevelt came to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At a dinner given in Washington by the Harvard alumni in January, 1898, Mr. Moody was seated between Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Leonard Wood, the latter at that time being stationed in Washington and acting as President McKinley's medical adviser. The three men became chummy and their talk was principally on the war cloud then gathering. After the dinner, Mr. Roosevelt went home with Mr. Moody and the late Representative Simpkins of Massachusetts, and those three sat until broad daylight discussing the situation. With the enthusiasm of young patriots, they maintained the policy of the government must be one of interference in Cuba, although they appreciated the serious consequence of such a course. From that day Roosevelt and Moody were bound by the strongest ties of sympathy on the great issues before the country.

Dickens His Favorite Author.

Mr. Moody is a great reader, and at his home in Haverhill he has a well-selected library. "I do not buy a book until I have read it," he said in discussing his literary desires and tastes, "and in consequence I have a collection of books that I value very highly. What is my favorite line of reading? Well, I can hardly say, but I am exceedingly fond of history, biography and fiction. My favorite author? I can answer that without hesitation. It is Dickens. There is scarcely one of his books that I do not know from beginning to end. I have also read all of Dumas's works, a rather rare accomplishment nowadays, and am intensely fond of Kipling, Stevenson and Hawthorne. The latter, you know, was a resident of my district, and at one time was collector at the port of Salem."

Mr. Moody has much in common with President Roosevelt in his views on public questions, and especially on civil-service reform. In a practical way he has been able to accomplish something in the latter line by bringing about a reorganization of the system of appointments in the House of Representatives. While he regrets leaving Congress, he expresses satisfaction on one point when he says:

"I won't have to appoint another postmaster in all my life. A postoffice to me is associated with calamity and trouble." The distribution of postoffice patronage in his district was very distasteful to him and he is congratulating himself upon his escape from it. "I accept the navy portfolio with the single purpose of administering the affairs of the department honestly, courageously and economically, and have no new policy to announce. I am in thorough accord with the policy of developing the navy, and have always favored liberal appropriations for that purpose. This is all I care to say on entering this new field of duty."

While Mr. Moody is not a lover of society in the fashionable acceptance of that term, he is a most sociable man, and is a lively spirit at small dinner parties. He is an expert with the chafing dish and can prepare most appetizing suppers for his bachelor friends. He is unmarried and, at the age of 48, is as heart whole, apparently, as at 18.

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RATTLER AND ROADRUNNER.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A FIGHT TO A FINISH WITNESSED IN TEXAS.

[St. Nicholas:] Harry, who was leading, stopped, and motioned them to be still. A peculiar harsh staccato call came from some bird in their front, followed by another, and another. This was accompanied by a steady sharp humming, which reminded Ralph of the noise made by a typewriter when the carriage is dragged over the teeth in its rear. Peering cautiously through a fringe of catclaw, they saw a small open glade not ten yards across, and in its center a huge mottled rattlesnake was coiled, ring upon ring, its wicked dark head raised six inches, and waving slowly to and fro. Its small eyes gleamed like carbuncles, and its tail vibrated so rapidly that the tip could not be seen. It was in an extremity of anger. Five feet away, its head lowered nearly to the grass, its bill extended, its wings half raised, and sharply elbowed, a chapa ral-cock hopped slowly up and down. A battle to the death was on, and the boys watched it strainingly. Harry with never-failing interest; the brothers almost in terror. They had never before seen the dreaded rattler.

Like a flash of light, the snake launched itself forward, and its head struck the sword a good seven feet from the spot where it had been coiled; but with equal rapidity the cock had leaped a yard aside. No human eye could follow this stroke or its avoidance. One instant the reptile was bunched, and the bird nearly stationary. In half the next instant the reptile was at full length, and the bird out of danger.

It is the weakness of the rattler that it must coil before it can resume the attack. It endeavored immediately to recoil, but was not fast enough. With a lightning-like spring, the paisano alighted squarely upon its neck, two inches below its head. The sharp bill descended twice. Then it hopped two yards away and uttered a squawk of triumph. The rattler threw itself into a spiral and struck blindly its full length. This it did twenty times, coiling and springing with inconceivable rapidity. Both eyes were destroyed. Its thuds were audible yards away. Always it hissed venomously. The increasing slowness of its motions showed coming exhaustion. Then, after a spring, it lay stretched for a second or two. In that time the chaparral-cock, which had not ceased to dance about and call loudly, fastened once more upon its neck, and drove its bill into the brain. There was a quiver of the long body—no more. "That was worth looking at, eh?" asked Harry, stepping into the glade, and turning over the snake with his foot. The roadrunner instantly vanished.

NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

A DAY WITH THE HEALTH OFFICER IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

From a Special Correspondent.

WITH an epidemic of smallpox raging on the other side and 7000 immigrants landing at New York in one day, who might carry the disease from Maine to California, the city's fight against contagion becomes of national interest. Under the guns of Fort Wadsworth, far down on Staten Island, New York Harbor, lies the quarantine station, with its patrolling tugs and its batteries of scientific appliances, ready to grapple with invisible foes. It was my good fortune to be a guest there some weeks ago, and I found it good fun to be quarantined, when the process is not compulsory.

Sitting at breakfast on the morning of my arrival we were disturbed by a hoarse honk from the tugboat at the wharf. That meant that a liner had arrived and was ready to be boarded. Some men would have let her cool off a bit while they finished a leisurely breakfast, but Dr. Sanborn, deputy health officer at quarantine, is not such a man. We bade breakfast a hasty good-by, buttoning our coats as we hurried down to the slip. There in the offing lay a great North German Lloyd liner, that loomed up, big and black and panting, scarcely yet slowed down from her race across the Atlantic and still steaming in the frosty air. Our snuffy little tug danced and bobbed over the crisping waves till we bumped against the icy sides of the Kron Prinz Wilhelm. Then with a roar of greeting from her captain, we climbed up a tricky rope ladder to her decks.

The first and second cabin passengers are never inspected on these ships unless illness is reported, so the captain led us forward at once to the way that goeth down into the bowels of the ship, where we awaited the steerage passengers who were to pass in review. The family and women's steerage was to be inspected first and, as we waited in the chill morning air, there began a chattering of voices and quick cries from below.

"Plötzlich! Plötzlich!" shouted the stewards and petty officers, who were rounding them up, down there. "Schnell! Schnell! Darauf! Darauf!" And "darauf" they came.

Here was the immigrant for you, pure and simple. Here one observed the raw, unminted American at first hand. A little select sample of Babel came pouring up out of the steerage ways. It gave one the oddest sensation to see these strange people, such a swarm of them, huddled out from those lower circles of the steerage inferno, blinking in the unaccustomed daylight. There were Polacks, Bohemians, Hungarian Jews, Germans, Platt-Deutsch and Tyrol Italians. There were some in rags and some in tags and some—literally—in velvet gowns. All were jolly and laughing and good-natured, but this was especially true of the Bohemians. The motley of dress was as striking as the medley of tongues. Very noticeable among them were some who dressed comparatively well in distinctly American styles. These were all of foreign birth, but they had lived in this country before and were now returning from a visit to their old homes. The difference between these and their fellow-emigrants was most striking.

"Raus! Raus!" the captain roared, clapping his palms roundly, while a big official discourager of hesitancy stood at the doorway and pulled them through to be trotted past the deputy. Dr. Sanborn peeked at each one sharply as he wriggled by, and stopped very few of them for any further inspection. "Hut ab!" the captain would cry, occasionally, for every man had to take off his hat as a precaution against concealment. "Hats off!" the discourager of hesitancy would repeat, and it was taken up by the other officers, in Polish and Czech and other outlandish tongues.

Each immigrant gripped tightly his inspection card, which gives the name of his ship, his port of departure, and the certificate of the Consul at that port. Across the face of this card was stamped in large red letters the word "Vaccinated," and every mother's son of them did his best to give his card to the doctor, as he was hustled by, though he would have had hard work to enter the port of New York without a certificate. At present, of course, the most stringent precautions are being taken against smallpox, and every steerage passenger must show his vaccination papers. Yet, with all this precaution, it is possible for a case to slip through, and that by no fault of the inspector. Such a case occurred during my stay, on one of the ships that carry no steerage passengers and therefore are usually allowed to pass without direct inspection, if they have a doctor on board. The doctor is trusted to report if contagious diseases exist on the ship. In this case, he failed to make any announcement of the case, and so it got by. Of course it was discovered at the city and the ship's officers found themselves in a peck of trouble.

When the family and women's steerage had passed in review, the men's steerage was summoned and the same process gone through. Finally the last man appeared and the stewards shouted "Alles!" Report was made of two or three cases of illness in the steerage hospital, which the doctor accordingly inspected, while I found enough occupation in studying the men and women around me and in trying to catch fragments of their polyglot conversation. They were a pretty decent-looking set, for the most part, and the men especially seemed well-built and active, intelligent fellows. I was told that the better class of emigrants from the continent are to be found on the North German Lloyd steamers. A large part of those on the Wilhelm were Hungarians, Hungarians who could claim Abraham as their father, however. They were fairly well clad and some of them even boasted clean collars and freshly-razored chins, but a certain almost palpable atmosphere of the steerage clung to them and their neighborhood was not altogether desirable. Still our Commissioners of Immigration

might well take occasion to rejoice if they got no worse class of prospective Congressmen than those that came on the Kron Prinz Wilhelm.

After a pleasant session in the captain's cabin, where we tested excellent cigars and examined the ship's papers with the Associated Press reporter who accompanied us, we scurried away to a Cuban liner that had just arrived and was running up her quarantine signal. On this liner both the first and second cabin passengers had to be seen as well, though the inspection was not a trying matter. In the third cabin were a number of healthy Tommies, and the idea of passing quarantine inspection seemed to be rather a good joke to them, but not to their lieutenant, who paced up and down the deck and fumed into his mustache, for it was the day before Christmas and perhaps somebody was waiting for him at the docks.

The Cuban steamers make very little trouble for the inspectors at this season, but a little earlier, when Yellow Jack is fashionable down there, they often have to be put through a course of sprouts. Even now there is a poor fellow tossing on a cot in the detention hospital, when he might be in some far more comfortable place in the city, simply because he came in on a Cuban steamer, suffering from a highly colored attack of jaundice.

From time to time, during the day, some foreign-going sailing vessel would come in and would receive a more or less thorough inspection, according to her importance and the port from which she came. During the heated term there is a special watchfulness, of course, and on the least suspicion of cholera or other contagious disease, the vessel is detained. If it is a small craft, without passengers, the cases are taken to the detention hospitals, and the ship itself is disinfected by the sanitation tug Wadsworth.

The Wadsworth, once a pleasure yacht, is now a battleship of science, ready equipped and manned to fight against disease. No ship of the line is ever kept as scrupulously clean as this little craft whose mission is to heal, not to kill. Her equipment consists of large dry-heating ovens, for unwashable articles, boilers, two sets of bathrooms, with vapor attachments, and a generator which is used to make disinfecting gas and pump it to any portion of the Wadsworth or of another vessel. When a pest-ship comes into port the inspectors visit it, and if it is a small vessel, they take care of it then and there. The Wadsworth runs alongside, the sick are carried down to the hospital in a tug, the crew go aboard the Wadsworth with all their dunnage, and the ship is thoroughly steamed with sulphuric acid gas or formaldehyde by means of pipes which are run on board from the generators. Meanwhile the crew are put through a process that greatly surprises their skins. They are steamed and disinfected and run under hot and cold showers until they feel that their bones have all been taken out and scrubbed. Their clothes are boiled, unless injured easily. Their good clothes and other belongings are put into the big ovens and kept there several hours at a heat just below the melting point of buttons. Then these rejuvenated garments find their owners again and the honest tars, who by this time have reached a state of chastened and soapy exhilaration, are shipped off to the detention island, where they stay until all possibility of further outbreak of disease has ceased. Meanwhile their ship has been scrubbed and scoured again and finally a clean crew, in a clean ship, are sent on their way, regenerated if not rejoicing.

Large crews or passenger steamers cannot well be disposed of in this fashion, but are shipped direct to Swinburne Island, where the hospitals are located and where a bigger disinfecting plant is ready for them. Thence the well ones are taken over to Hoffman Island, where there are great brick dormitories for their accommodation. These islands are really nothing more than great piers, built up from the bottom of the harbor and ballasted with hundreds of tons of rock. Situated three or four miles below Staten Island, down the harbor, with nothing on them, practically, but stone walls and concrete walks and clean hospitals, these islands make an ideal place for isolating and stamping out a threatening disease.

Important as is the New York quarantine to the health of the whole country, it is maintained solely by the State of New York and the symbol "S. N. Y." is on the gates. The fund for its support comes largely from fees, \$5 for each inspection, which must be paid by every foreign-going craft that comes up the harbor. Some \$25,000 is thus collected, but the State aids it also with generous appropriations and maintains in connection with it a biological laboratory for the study of contagious diseases and the most effective methods of dealing with them. Here I was shown a collection of "cultures" of different assorted diseases, sufficient to have wiped out the population of New York City in about three weeks, had they all been disseminated. Asiatic cholera, bubonic plague, typhus fever, yellow fever, smallpox, and diphtheria were all growing here cheerfully and industriously in little tubes of gelatin solution, under a doctor's eye. From time to time the effect of a few of these troubles is tried on some trustful horse or vagabond dog, or innocent, unsuspecting guinea pig, with the idea of producing an anti-toxin or a virus to be used for inoculation. The pig may die, but science lives in his death and the State is saved.

With regard to the efficiency of the work done at quarantine in preventing the spread of disease, there can be little doubt, although it is entirely possible for a case of contagion to slip by, in spite of the vigilance of the inspector. The value of the work, I suspect, is as much in its moral effect on ship captains and owners as in the immediate acts of inspection. The captain who is allowed to proceed with but a casual looking over knows very well that if he deceives the doctors on the present trip it will very probably be discovered later on and then his lot will become a hard one. As a result, the ship's officers themselves are apt to come up to the scratch if they have any illness on board. The three doctors take turns in "boarding," as it is called, and there is seldom any serious attempt made to elude their vigilance. And the quarantine station is itself an evidence that the State has begun to realize, in seeking freedom from disease, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

BARTLETT BROOKS.

THE PASSION PLAY IN MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

WHILE it would not be accurate to state that the writer came to scoff and remained to pray, yet I did experience some such revulsion of feeling between anticipation and realization. I had been assured beforehand that this Indian rendering of the miracle play was so grotesque and impossible as to outrage the religious feelings of all enlightened beholders, and yet I went because the Mexican-Indian is extremely interesting to me in all his traits and phases. I found that the simple, unquestioning piety of actors and audience invested the rude representation with a certain dignity and even power which lifted it above the ridiculous for the most part.

Imagine a beautiful old church, originally yellow, but now shaded into all deep-rich tones of yellow and brown, standing in a country churchyard large enough to give a good view of its fine proportions, high-arched doorway, and graceful bell tower. Around the church are some great trees shading flat graves among the weeds and grass that grow as they please except where pious feet have worn a path between the church door and the churchyard gate which is a triple arch of stone with

ing, but did not begin until eleven. A purple curtain hung before the altar and the space between this curtain and the altar rail was given over for the stage.

Years ago it was customary to have all the parts taken by living actors, but the unfortunates who personated Christ and Judas suffered so severely from the realistic nature of the performance, that it was found necessary to make some restrictions, consequently. Judas is omitted and the images belonging to the church are used for the part of Christ.

Pilate and the Roman enter from the sacristy with a rush, in costumes that are cheap but gaudy and effective. Pilate seats himself in an armchair and reads from a book, a small anachronism that does not count. A life-size wooden image of Christ, ghastly bleeding, naked, and bound to a whipping post, is dragged forward. Pilate gives the order right royally and two soldiers approach with scourges, but their innate reverence for the image is so much stronger than their dramatic training that all the blows descend harmlessly on the pedestal.

Then another image of Christ attired in a purple velvet robe and wearing a crown of thorns is placed on a rude litter beneath a heavy wooden cross. A dozen Indians leap forward from the audience eager for the honor of bearing the litter on their shoulders. Pilate and the Roman soldiers join the procession, which leaves the church and makes a slow circuit of the churchyard attended by throngs of the faithful. A priest, who has been giving a running exposition of the play from the pulpit, now changes to a stand erected in the open air and continues his sermon. Some of his congregation, eager for a better view, follow the illus-

was the more impressive act of the two. The priest resumed his place in the pulpit and I left the organ loft for a seat on the altar steps. A third image of Christ, even more painful in its hideous realism than either of the others, was produced from the sacristy. This one had gaping, bleeding wounds and the face distorted by dying agony.

The Roman soldiers laid this figure gently on the carpet behind the altar rail and made a dash through the crowd for a large white cross standing near the door. They proceeded to nail the figure to the cross and the priest paused as the blows resounded through the church, failing with startling clearness on the reverent hush. I looked away from the stage over the mass of upturned faces, the dark patient, sad Indian faces. Women sobbed softly, men looked grave, and little children clung to their mothers in uncomprehending sorrow. The cross was raised to a position high above the heads of the people and the Roman soldiers gamboled for the garments.

A wretched figure of St. John was trundled to the foot of the cross on one side and the Mater Dolorosa on the other. At first the doll-like serenity of her waxen countenance was exasperating, but it was rapidly growing dark within the church and the dusk fell like a friendly mantle over all crudeness and incongruity. There hung the Christ, spectral in the semi-darkness, there stood the two black-robed forms at the foot of the cross, and the silent crowd, now dimly seen, fairly held their breath in awe and reverence. At last the image was lowered from the cross, laid for a moment at Mary's feet, and placed in a coffin. Another procession was formed which was moving at a snail's pace about the churchyard when we bent our steps homeward.

Lovers of the picturesque must regret that this old custom is dying out in Mexico, being more and more restricted by the government. The first blow was from the Reform Laws which prohibited religious processions, thus confining it to the country churches, which are the only ones with the large churchyards necessary for the out-of-door portion of the play. It has recently been abolished in the Distrito Federal, and now may be seen only in remote communities, and even here it is becoming customary to merely group some of the images in the churches to form a tableau representing some one scene in the passion. The day-long sacred drama is practically a thing of the past in Mexico.

AMANDA MATHEWS.

WEDEL AND HIS WINDMILL.

THE COSTLY DREAM OF A RUSSIAN INVENTOR IN THE WEST.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] The wrecking of an old mill at Hurley the other day in order that the material might be used for other purposes, was of unusual interest to the people of that locality, for the reason that the structure had no counterpart on the earth's surface and was erected under the personal supervision of an amateur inventor, who believed he solved the problem of utilizing the high winds of this part of the country by the operation of machinery in lieu of steam or other power.

"Wind power" was the hobby of Cornelius Wedel, a member of the colony of Russian Mennonites living in the western part of Turner county, and the mill was erected to test his theory. Wedel was a man of some ingenuity, who claimed to have discovered a new style of wheel and attachment which would completely revolutionize the modern systems of motive power. The big mill was built in the fall of 1893 by himself and another Russian named William Semur.

Wedel was very anxious to put his theory to a test. He invested all the money he had in the mill and induced Semur to sell his valuable farm and invest his proceeds therefrom in the mill. Then Wedel, still not having enough money to carry the project through, borrowed all he could, and finally got the mill finished and in running order. But it did not work just as expected and the first high winds took the fans off his wheel. He was not wholly discouraged, however, and proceeded to repair it and put it in running order once more. But the wind took the fans off again. He could get no more funds to repair the mill and the disappointed inventor was forced to abandon the structure to his numerous creditors.

The mill was four stories high. It was octagonal in shape, having a diameter of about twenty-eight feet at the bottom. It was a very odd-looking, picturesque landmark, and for years had been a popular target for amateur photographers, a wonderful playhouse for boys and a rendezvous for thousands of birds.

GOLDEN WINTER.

The radiant sunshine comes once more,
After beautiful, bountiful showers,
And spreads a mantle of brilliant flowers
And emerald verdure the landscape o'er.

Spiciest perfumes fill the air;
Beauty and grace are everywhere;
And oh, but the world is fresh and fair
After the winter showers!

List! the trill of the mocking bird;
The linnet's twitter, the robin's song;
These to the time and scene belong;
And blither music have ever you heard?

Bleak winds blow on the mountain's crest,
All in its snowy raiment dressed;
Winter there, but here 'tis best,
By gentler airs of spring caressed,
In the lovely valley of flowers.

High on the mesa, gold is strewn,
Shining bright in the noonday sun,
And free as air to everyone;

Richer color have ever you known
Than the gold of poppies, legend-told?
The State's own emblem; beloved of old—
"Copa de Oro"—Cap of Gold—
Gift of the sun and the showers.

MARY HEWITT STURDEVANT.



more weeds eking out a scanty living in the crevices. This is the scene of the miracle play I witnessed at Tacuba, a little suburban town of one street, reached by a street car from the City of Mexico.

The interior of the church is a disappointment. It is horribly and hopelessly "renovated." The walls are papered to imitate marble and the ceiling is decorated with highly-colored angels who float, soar, and tumble about in defiance of every law of perspective.

The Passion Play is acted on Good Friday (the last Friday before Easter Sunday,) and is divided into two parts, "Las Tres Caidas," "The Three Falls," which includes the trial of Christ before Pilate and the progress to Calvary, is given in the forenoon. An intermission is then taken until four o'clock in the afternoon when the crucifixion and entombment take place, this latter division being called "Las Tres Horas," or, "The Three Hours."

A bit of silver slipped into the sacristan's palm admitted us to the organ loft. The body of the church was filled with peons standing or kneeling in patient silence, broken occasionally by the fretful wail of some tired child. The predominant colors were the dark blue of the cotton rebozos worn by the women and the bright red of the men's serapes.

The play was announced for ten o'clock in the morn-

ing, but did not begin until eleven. A purple curtain hung before the altar and the space between this curtain and the altar rail was given over for the stage.

"Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree,
His Lord to see."

Three times the figure of Christ is carefully lowered and raised to symbolize "the three falls." An image of the Mater Dolorosa in black velvet, wearing her heart on the outside with a dagger through it, is borne from the opposite direction. Now they stand face to face, while the preacher pours out his impassioned eloquence and the people bow their heads reverently, living over with childlike imagination that day of nineteen centuries ago. At last the two images are conducted back to the church, where the devout Indians crowd about them, kissing their feet or the hem of their garments.

During the intermission we mingled with the crowd, which was entirely Indian, trying to make out a lunch from the native delicacies everywhere offered for sale and from the open-air restaurants so characteristic of Mexico. The typical "puesto" consisted of an old woman sitting with her back against the church wall surrounded by small ollas, or jars, from which she dipped the ingredients of her particular plato and cooked it on a small sheet of iron over a charcoal brazier. Customers were served on a plate, but ate with their fingers and used the old lady's apron for a napkin.

"Las Tres Horas" began promptly at four o'clock and

was the more impressive act of the two. The priest resumed his place in the pulpit and I left the organ loft for a seat on the altar steps. A third image of Christ, even more painful in its hideous realism than either of the others, was produced from the sacristy. This one had gaping, bleeding wounds and the face distorted by dying agony.

The Roman soldiers laid this figure gently on the carpet behind the altar rail and made a dash through the crowd for a large white cross standing near the door. They proceeded to nail the figure to the cross and the priest paused as the blows resounded through the church, failing with startling clearness on the reverent hush. I looked away from the stage over the mass of upturned faces, the dark patient, sad Indian faces. Women sobbed softly, men looked grave, and little children clung to their mothers in uncomprehending sorrow. The cross was raised to a position high above the heads of the people and the Roman soldiers gamboled for the garments.

A wretched figure of St. John was trundled to the foot of the cross on one side and the Mater Dolorosa on the other. At first the doll-like serenity of her waxen countenance was exasperating, but it was rapidly growing dark within the church and the dusk fell like a friendly mantle over all crudeness and incongruity. There hung the Christ, spectral in the semi-darkness, there stood the two black-robed forms at the foot of the cross, and the silent crowd, now dimly seen, fairly held their breath in awe and reverence. At last the image was lowered from the cross, laid for a moment at Mary's feet, and placed in a coffin. Another procession was formed which was moving at a snail's pace about the churchyard when we bent our steps homeward.

Lovers of the picturesque must regret that this old custom is dying out in Mexico, being more and more restricted by the government. The first blow was from the Reform Laws which prohibited religious processions, thus confining it to the country churches, which are the only ones with the large churchyards necessary for the out-of-door portion of the play. It has recently been abolished in the Distrito Federal, and now may be seen only in remote communities, and even here it is becoming customary to merely group some of the images in the churches to form a tableau representing some one scene in the passion. The day-long sacred drama is practically a thing of the past in Mexico.

AMANDA MATHEWS.

WEDEL AND HIS WINDMILL.

THE COSTLY DREAM OF A RUSSIAN INVENTOR
IN THE WEST.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] The wrecking of an old mill at Hurley the other day in order that the material might be used for other purposes, was of unusual interest to the people of that locality, for the reason that the structure had no counterpart on the earth's surface and was erected under the personal supervision of an amateur inventor, who believed he solved the problem of utilizing the high winds of this part of the country by the operation of machinery in lieu of steam or other power.

Wedel was very anxious to put his theory to a test. He invested all the money he had in the mill and induced Semur to sell his valuable farm and invest his proceeds therefrom in the mill. Then Wedel, still not having enough money to carry the project through, borrowed all he could, and finally got the mill finished and in running order. But it did not work just as expected and the first high winds took the fans off his wheel. He was not wholly discouraged, however, and proceeded to repair it and put it in running order once more. But the wind took the fans off again. He could get no more funds to repair the mill and the disappointed inventor was forced to abandon the structure to his numerous creditors.

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MARY HEWITT STURDEVANT.

AS ONE RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

By a Special Contributor.

THE great yellow moon looked down upon the neighboring earth, its broad face expressing horror at the performances under the tall eucalyptus trees. Flickering torches gave a sinister light in the grove, revealing that half of the Indian fiesta which represented a barbarous species of enjoyment, while the more hideous orgies of the other half slunk into the dim recesses of the shadowed outskirts. The hysterical laughter of white women mingled with the maddened curses of the intoxicated Indian gamblers, while the Chinamen and white men purveying to the very worst instincts of their red brother, looked on with stony indifference save when the sight of more money brought a gleam to their eyes and an unconscious outstretching of clutching fingers.

Twas a motley crowd of creatures and colors. The scarlet rebozo of the Mexican dancing girl flashed back and forth as her swaying arms kept time to the scraping fiddles, the bare-necked Americanos walked lazily arm and arm with the half-breeds decked in velvet jacket and silver-trimmed sombrero, and the Indian bucks vied with the others in gaudiness and gallantry. Mingled with these hideous sights and sounds were the nauseous odors of gasoline and bad whisky.

The one discordant note in the riotous medley was Reuter, the Moravian missionary, who wandered from group to group of his charges, beseeching them to leave this unholy Christmas fiesta; but, although they listened to the good white padre, the small amount of child-like reason left to them at the end of their debauch was incapable of grasping any idea but that of self-gratification. Shocked and pained, the young missionary finally turned homeward, broken-hearted at the seeming non-success of his six-months' ministrations, and feeling that in his constant warring with dishonest officials and unscrupulous dealers, the Holy Spirit would forsake him.

Over the plains covered with a growth of young grain the moonlight breathed calmness and prosperity. Out here the air was rich with the scent of ripening oranges, while from the topmost boughs of the manzanita in the near-by foothills came the mating song of the nightingale. A sense of homesickness assailed Reuter for the first time since his self-banishment from home and love. He longed for the fury of the winter's storm—something tangible to fight—anything were better than the round-about struggle with duplicity and unreason. Then, as the crisp night air revived his almost deadened mood, visions and thoughts of the Christmas at home came to him, bringing that atmosphere of holy peace which was ushered in by the clear deep notes of the trombones in the high church tower.

So vivid was the memory that from the heights of San Jacinto he seemed to hear the reverberation of the thrilling bass tones. Startled, yet dazed, he checked his horse. For a second everything seemed slipping into space. Then, as the ground swayed back and forth perceptibly, he realized that the earth was in the throes of a tremor.

Forgetting self and discouragement, he was once more the man of God, ready to minister to both the body and spirit. Quickly turning his horse about, he galloped back to Sorora, reaching there just as the first ray of light crept over the mountains. The fiesta had ceased abruptly, many of the most abandoned creatures were on their knees amid broken glass and overturned tables, while the Indians stood gazing phlegmatically at the confusion. The old man of Mount Tauquitz was grumbling. Perhaps he had been out in search of maidens for his Christmas dinner, and had not succeeded in enticing them into his cavernous home.

The little hamlet presented a sorry spectacle. The huts made of clay, sun-dried in a primitive manner, had been unable to withstand long vibration and had finally toppled over in an ignominious heap. At the end of the short street one shack was still partially intact and from its interior faint moaning sounds could be heard. No one had thought of the little row of adobe houses, until Reuter's swift inquiry in Spanish elicited the information that two or three old squaws living together in the farthest house had been sleeping off the effect of a fiesta celebration. Without waiting for further word, the missionary plunged among the crumbling bricks and dust, dragging two of the women to safety. But as he rushed in once again to the rescue of the other, the earth shivered anew, the loosened bricks tumbled inward and the rescuer was imprisoned beneath a mass of débris.

In the East, in a little Pennsylvania town, the news of the missionary's death was received—with grief at the loss of a brother in Christ, but joy in that he had died to save others. Even his old mother sat calmly in the widow's house, hoping, yet waiting patiently, for the summons to join her only child.

But Alice, his betrothed, with the warm blood of youth surging through her, could not school herself to resignation. Life had been one long giving up of parents, friends and relatives to the missionary cause. Since childhood her home had been in the seminary, first as scholar, then as teacher, and there had never been any experience of a personal home. With the gift of Harry's love, a share in his mother's affections, and the hope of a home soon among his Indian charges, had come a feeling of personal possession entirely new to her.

The leisure moments a short time before so full of anticipation were now blank and uncertain; but with the bravery of a training which gave much and asked little, her work for her pupils and the duties assumed for Mrs. Reuter were pursued with a calm, if father enforced, cheerfulness.

Then came the Easter vacation. The seminary girls

rushed to and fro, banging their trunks down the front stairs, too impatient to wait for Johann's safer but more slow transfer by means of the old hand elevator. There were delicious girl confidences and some crocodile tears. But the atmosphere was one of unmitigated joy, except in the sixth room, where Alice was packing for a little girl who had just recovered from the measles.

"Oh, dear me," sighed the little mite. "I almost wish I could have a recollapse, so that we could just have the nicest times all by our own selves." But when the time for departure came, even this affectionate one was glad to get home.

Alice started on her vacation across the school grounds and up the brick-paved path to the widow's house. It was a short journey, but the unwanted vacation stillness and the charm of the early spring morning filled Alice with inexplicable hope and cheerfulness. She did not formulate her desires. It was good to live and the things which made life worth living would come in God's own way. All nature spoke of gladness; the wild violets and stars of Bethlehem towered bravely above the tiny blades of grass timidly pushing their way up to the sunlight; in the half-leaved treetops the orioles and bluebirds sang and chirped as they wove together the sticks and twigs for their summer home.

In the house the same spirit reigned. Although the day was warm in the sunlight, indoors the winter's chill still lingered and Mrs. Reuter had a cheerful fire burning in the huge old chimney place. Propped up with pillows, she lay back among them, one hand still holding an open place in her Bible, her eyes closed, half-dreaming. Alice stepped quietly into the inner room and made noiseless preparations for her week's stay. When she had concluded these, she set about supper getting, quite enjoying the unwanted pleasure of attending to the little house cares. Then, when the meal was ready, she carried it into the sitting-room, and, drawing the round-leaved table close to the invalid, sat down to the cosy little repast.

Mrs. Reuter roused herself to do justice to Alice's service of love, and as the sun sank behind the shadowy hills the older woman and her young companion chatted together of the things that were nearest their heart.

"Have you ever felt," said the widow, "that you might see Harry again on this earth?"

Alice drew in a long, expressive sigh as she answered, "Have I not? It doesn't seem possible that he will not walk in some day. Sometimes I almost see him and the words fly to me that I would speak if he were here, and then all at once I know it cannot be. Oh, it is so hard!"

"I have done that same thing," said his mother. "But I don't think I felt it was hard for me. I have not many years to live and it will be so nice for us all to meet in heaven."

Alice leaned forth eagerly as if she were about to speak; then checking her protest, with rare unselfishness, she refrained from letting her companion know how lonely she would feel when every personal tie was severed.

"You know I have always felt that perhaps Harry did not die. It is so far away and so many things might happen," half mused Mrs. Reuter. "I have never spoken of this to anyone before, but today I know that he lives." Reaching over to her Bible, she opened to the tenth chapter of John and read: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I may take it up again." Then, as she noted the look of incredulity in Alice's face, she reiterated her assertion.

Alice was torn between two emotions. Mrs. Reuter was so positive that one moment Alice thought that perhaps her prophecy might come true; then as her usual common-sense prevailed, she felt that the elder woman's mind was failing. Better death than this. In this way did Good Friday and the Saturday following pass. As Mrs. Reuter's body became feebler her mind became brighter. Over and over she spoke of the faith that was within her that her son still lived, murmuring often, "Oh, do not let me slip away before he comes."

Now that the end seemed so near, Alice regained her composure, moving quietly about attending to the few necessary things and helping the white-capped sisters in the sick room. Toward night the invalid fell into a deep slumber, and when the doctor came in he told Alice that this sleep would mean life or death. After evening service, the bishop came in and prayed with the sorrowing sisters, and then Alice dismissed them all, promising to call them should there be any change.

Thus the young girl sat, hour after hour, the blackness of night being relieved only by the flickering embers on the hearth. Every deed of her life seemed to pass before her in the long, waking hours, and when the stillness of the very depth of night came upon her she was constrained to do something to relieve the dreadful tension. Stepping noiselessly into the inner room which was her special apartment, she lifted the cover of her trunk and took out the gown which had lain completed some months for that wedding which would never now take place. Lifting the dainty white gown, she tried to picture herself dressed for her wedding day. Then moved by an uncontrollable desire, reality took the place of imagination and she found herself gowned in white and trembling with excitement. As the full realization of her loss swept over her she dropped to the floor, her form shaking with repressed sobs. Those few tense moments of agony seemed as a century. The tears, pent up for months, burst forth, relieving both the overtaxed body and mind, and bringing to Alice the feeling of ineffable peace.

Hope and happiness had come. She arose.

"Alice."

"Harry."

There was no need for light; no need for question. The first moments of rapture were too delicious to be spoiled by needless inquiry. But as the first glimmer of dawn lit up the coming of day and the steady tramp of feet to the Easter service roused them from their reverie, Harry told her in a low voice the main incidents of the accident, how he had been rescued by the Indians and tenderly nursed to convalescence in the Indian school, where the trim dormitories and routine of school life had

reminded him so forcibly of the old home that, as soon as he was able, he had determined to return for a while until he could arrange to have Alice and his mother go with him to the Land of Sunshine.

Then Alice had to give her side of the story, with the announcement of his death and his mother's patient resignation. Of her own trial she did not speak. Looking back that time of discipline seemed almost too sacred to discuss even with the one she loved so dearly.

A slight movement in the front room recalled them to their duty to the sick one and, hurrying to the bedside, they found Mrs. Reuter in a half-waking mood. The air was permeated with the perfume of summer's sweetest blossoms. Harry stooped to several boxes on the floor and, opening them, drew forth masses of roses and lilies.

Alice could not repress her exclamation of delight at their beauty, such an unusual wealth for the early spring of the mountain town.

"Oh, where did you get them?"

"At home."

"Home? Why, isn't this home?"

"Well, I thought so, too, until I got here. But now I know that my home, our home and mother's home will be in California. Of course, I love every inch of this dear old town, with its sacred memories and traditions; but young people can't live on traditions. I grant there is sorrow there; and misery, if one makes it for himself. But the beauty of the place is that you get just about what you make yourself; for there is too much height and depth and breadth for it to be necessary to be hampered by exteriorities. But how is mother. I saw she was sleeping as I entered?"

"How selfish I am," exclaimed Alice. "I had forgotten everything but you. Oh, your mother has been failing so fast, lately, but, do you know, the doctor thinks that the hope of seeing you again may prolong her life. This has been an anxious night for me, but there has been no sign but what is hopeful, and I am sure the sight of you will do her good."

As if in answer, a slight stir was noted from the invalid, and Harry hastened to his mother's side. Her eyes looked out as if visions of the world were far away. Gradually, the most perfect expression lit up her pale face as she noted the familiar features of her son. Lifting the thin hands, she held them out as far as her feeble strength would permit, as if begging Harry to come to her; but there was little necessity for such an appeal, for with one cry of deepest affection the strong man was close to his mother, murmuring words of tenderest feeling.

"But where is your father? And why is Alice here?"

Alice and Harry exchanged glances. Evidently Mrs. Reuter was delirious.

"I knew I would see you, soon. I knew it," she continued. "But I did not think it would be in heaven. How lovely it all is! The beautiful flowers and the heavenly music."

Just then from the cemetery up the street came the sound of the trombones. Then as the sun rose, thousands of voices joined in the glorious Moravian litany. Alice and Harry now realized that his mother was laboring under the impression that she had joined her son in heaven. They did not try to disabuse her mind. Happiness never kills, and it was time enough to descend when this happy and glorious day was done.

And then as the sun rose in its full majesty came the swelling notes:

Gracious and Most Holy Lord;
O thou Almighty God.
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts of thy death.
Have mercy, O Lord.

MARY M. CROSS.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB REALLY LIVED.

Many people will be surprised to learn that Mary and her little lamb, celebrated in verse, were realities.

The original was Mary E. Sawyer, afterward Mrs. Columbus Tyler. She was born and brought up near Worcester, Mass., where the lamb episode really happened. From the fleece sheared from her pet two pairs of stockings were knitted.

One pair, treasured by the old lady until she was about 80 years old, was contributed by her ten years ago to a fund which was being raised for the preservation of the old South Church, Boston. The yarn of the stocking was raveled out and small pieces were attached to cards bearing her autograph. From the sale of these cards the sum of \$100 was realized.

The pet of Mrs. Tyler's childhood was the little newborn lamb, found almost dead, which she had carefully nursed back to life, sitting up all one night to care for it. Daily she combed its fleece and tied the wool with bright ribbons. It became devotedly attached to her and followed her about everywhere. One day her brother "Nat" suggested that they take the lamb to school. It followed willingly enough and Mary secreted it beneath her seat, a high, boarded-up, old-fashioned seat. It lay there very quietly, covered up with her shawl. By and by Mary had to leave her seat to recite. A moment later there was a clatter and a patter on the floor and the lamb came following after.

The teacher, a Miss Polly Kimball, who was afterward the mother of Mr. Loring of Boston, did not reprimand Mary, but laughed heartily with all of her pupils. Mary, very much mortified, led the lamb out of doors, and put it in a shed, where it remained until she went home at noon.

There happened to be visiting the school that morning a young man—John Roulstone, the son of Mary's dancing master. He was greatly pleased at the incident, and the next day came again to the schoolhouse, bringing Mary a slip of paper containing three stanzas which he had composed. Two stanzas were afterward added by Mrs. Townsend.

When she had grown to young womanhood Mary taught school at Fitchburg. After her marriage she held the position of matron of the McLean Insane Asylum, at Somerset, Mass., for thirty-five years.—[Washington Times.]

"THE TRUE CROSS."**HISTORY OF THE WOOD ON WHICH TRADITION SAYS CHRIST SUFFERED.***By a Special Contributor.*

WETHER or not one believes that the cross of Christ was ever discovered, the story of that wood which for centuries the world accepted without question as the true cross is one of the most fascinating in all history, especially at Easter time.

For nearly a thousand years that piece of wood was the focus of the Christian world. Vows of faith were made upon it, pilgrims innumerable, through many generations, knelt before it in adoration; thousands upon thousands died to rescue it from the hands of the infidel. Kings resigned their thrones to rescue and defend it, and when at last, under the conquering Saladin, it disappeared forever from view, a mighty cry of anguish went up all over the Christian world.

Numberless fragments alleged to be bits of the true cross are still in existence, and the Church of Santa Croce at Florence possesses the inscription which was intrusted to it by Constantine. Contrary to the general idea, these fragments, if all gathered together, would form but an insignificant bit of wood. Nearly all of them are so minute that they can scarcely be seen by the naked eye. They are mostly inclosed in large and imposing reliquaries, and because of their size the impression has gone abroad that the alleged parts of the true cross extant today would make many crosses if brought together.

The Discovery of the Cross.

The main section of the wood long known as the true cross was lost at Jerusalem. The faith of men in the verity of that wood shaped the history of Europe, and changed the whole course of events in Christendom for centuries.

On or about the third of May in the year 326, Helena, the mother of Constantine, is reported to have made the discovery. The story runs that this venerable woman visited the Holy Land in her seventy-ninth year, and was guided to the site of Calvary by an aged Jew, who had treasured up all the traditions which the anti-Christian animosity of Jerusalem's heathen conquerors had failed entirely to obliterate. An excavation was made and at a considerable depth three crosses were found; with them, but lying apart by itself, was the title placed by Pilate's command on the cross of Christ.

According to some church authorities, however, among others Chrysostom and Ambrose, the title or part of it remained attached to the cross of Christ, and this distinguished it from the crosses of the thieves, which had been buried with it. Others hold, and this is the generally accepted version among Roman Catholics, that at the instigation of Marcarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, the three crosses were carried to the bedside of an invalid woman and applied singly to the patient, who was cured by the touch of one of them; it was, therefore, selected as the cross that had been dyed with the blood of the Savior.

The greater part of the cross thus vindicated was deposited in a church built upon the site of the discovery. Here it was enshrined in a splendid silver case. Helena took the remainder to her son in Constantinople, whence a portion was sent by Constantine to Rome.

Now whether Helena discovered the true cross or not is a question involving much argumentation which cannot be entered into here. The wood was accepted as the true cross of Christ, and was so venerated for centuries, as the fragments still left are venerated today. A festival commemorating the discovery is celebrated by the Latin and Greek churches every year on May 3.

For 300 years the principal portion of the wood obtained by Helena in Jerusalem and known as the *Vera Crux* (the true cross,) was kept in the custody of the Bishop of Jerusalem and was exhibited every Easter Sunday to the pilgrims who thronged the Holy City. From time to time persons of large wealth and influence were allowed to purchase small fragments and splinters, and these were carried to Europe and placed in monasteries, abbeys and churches. They were most highly prized and received with the greatest veneration. Some of them have had most interesting histories.

The Cross Captured and Retaken.

The history of Jerusalem and its sacred place and relics during three centuries after Constantine is very obscure. In the seventh century the Holy City went through a series of vicissitudes. In 614 the Persian Emperor, Chosroes, descended upon, captured and sacked Jerusalem. The churches were burnt, and among other precious relics carried away was the true cross. Ninety thousand Christians fell fighting in defense of the cross, which was only taken after the last defender had fallen.

The tide of battle rolled westward and northward. The victorious monarch retired beyond the Euphrates bearing with him the cross as the chief trophy of his conquest. Jerusalem was in ashes, and for fourteen years the Christian world mourned the loss of the cross, and prayed for its restoration. While it was in the hands of the infidel a new power began to arise, which was to control the destinies of the eastern world, destined to become the most powerful opponent of the cross. The camel driver of Mecca had become a prophet and saw visions, and the children of Ishmael and Esau had begun to assume the inheritance of Esau and Jacob. The crescent began its rise, while the cross was in the hands of its enemies.

Then Heraclius, Emperor of Rome, declared war upon Chosroes, and, after many years of varying success, finally cut the Persian army to pieces at Ninevah in 627. The true cross was recovered and brought to Constantinople in triumph.

Cross Restored to Jerusalem.

Heraclius in person restored it to Jerusalem. He would fain have carried it on his shoulders with the utmost

pomp into the city. But, as the story runs, he was stopped suddenly at the entrance by some invisible power, and found that he could not go forward. The patriarch, Zachary, who walked at his side, suggested to him that this pomp seemed not in consonance with the humble appearance which Christ made when He bore the cross through the streets of Jerusalem. The Emperor accepted the reproof. He laid aside his royal purple, put on mean garments, and, barefooted, entered the city and placed the cross in its former abiding place. The day of its return is celebrated as the feast of the exaltation of the cross, and remains to this day in the Roman and English church calendars as Holy Cross Day.

But Jerusalem was not long destined to remain in repose. For many years it was to be the scene of fiercest battles, and indeed the streets of no other city have been washed with so much blood. The crescent was in the ascendant, and in the year 637 Jerusalem again bowed her head to a conqueror in the person of Omar, leading the Arab forces.

But Moslem rule was tolerant. A special edict permitted the cross to remain in the custody of the Christians of Jerusalem, and pilgrims continued as before to throng all the avenues of approach to the city. Worship, however, had to be carried on in a quiet and unostentatious manner. For 400 years the Caliphs governed Jerusalem, and the holy places remained in their hands.

During those 400 years pilgrims came from all over the Christian world to adore the cross and visit the holy sepulchre. Thousands perished and were buried about the walls of Jerusalem. The history of these pilgrimages has never been written, but it is beyond question that the piece of wood known as the true cross in Jerusalem influenced the history of every nation in Europe, and guided the destiny of Christendom.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, El Hakim, the fanatic Caliph of Egypt, invaded Palestine and destroyed Jerusalem. The cross was rescued and concealed by Christians in the Holy City, and remained hidden for many years, at times being exposed to the eyes of the devout during the turbulent years that were passing in Jerusalem. For nearly a century the pilgrims suffered many wrongs and privations, and then came the day of vengeance.

The Crusaders and the Cross.

The entire history of the first, second, and part of the third crusades belongs to the story of the true cross. All over Europe oaths were made upon its fragments to "take the cross" and redeem the Holy Land. The cross was the sign to distinguish the crusaders. Armies knelt when priests lifted the jeweled reliquaries which held minute fragments of the sacred wood, and the faith of the Christian world was pledged to its rescue.

During the years which marked the approach of Godfrey and his crusaders the cross remained concealed in Christian hands in Jerusalem, until that morning of the 13th of July, 1099, when the white horsemen appeared on the Mount of Olives, the Christian hosts entered the breach, and Jerusalem again was in the hands of the Christian world.

It was a furious and bloody combat when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the crusaders. No quarter was given and the streets ran red with the blood of infidels. Suddenly the carnage ceased, swords fell from the hands of slayers, as a procession of priests, headed by the legate of the Pope, fled along, bearing the wood of the cross. The crusaders beheld it safe and intact and fell on their knees to give thanks for its deliverance. The Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was founded. Restored to its place in the rock of Calvary, the cross was again the object of unmolested pilgrimages from all over the world. One by one the Christian kings of Jerusalem died, and were buried at its base. Godfrey first at its right, then Baldwin on the left, lay down and slept at the foot of the cross they had rescued. For 187 years the kingdom had existence, and then it became but a name, a sounding title annexed to western thrones, until it fell before the sword of Saladin. Guy of Lusignan, the unworthy and last King of Jerusalem, took the cross to the plain of Galilee, to rally the drooping spirits of his soldiery, and lost it with his kingdom.

The True Cross Lost Forever.

On July 1, 1187, a council of knights was called in the camp of Sephour, where the Christian army was gathered for the last struggle with Saladin. Dissensions, jealousies, enmities, all the ordinary consequences of greed, ambition, avarice and pride had weakened the kingdom. There were jealousies and dissensions even in that last camp, and the council of the knights was fierce and angry.

The holy cross was raised in the center of the camp. The army of the cross and the army of the crescent were encamped within a few miles of each other. Their leaders presented a remarkable contrast in character, which doubtless influenced the result of the battle. But the religion of the cross could not be held responsible for the shame of the one who was a worthless King, and a perfidious knight, nor was the crescent to be entirely credited with the nobleness of the other. Guy was an exceptional disgrace to Christianity; Saladin was an exceptional glory to Mohammedanism. Yielding to the advice of the Grand Master of the Templars, and against the council of Raymond, Count of Tripoli, the wisest and noblest of the knights assembled at the council, Guy moved his army out upon the plain of Hattin. Saladin advanced from the seashore to meet him.

Saladin observed how the Christians gathered in strangest array about the wood of the cross, and remarked, as an Arabian historian records, that they rallied around it, "as if they believed it their greatest blessing, strongest bond of union, and surest defense."

All day long the tide of battle surged over the field of Hattin and night fell with its fate undecided. It was July the fourth, and all day the two hosts had fought with the greatest fury. Saladin made desperate attacks with 80,000 men, and the charge of 20,000 horsemen, led by the Sultan in person, was one of the most terrible in military history. The plain of Hattin became a very

hell, where, as an old chronicle says, "the sons of heaven and the children of fire fought their great battle."

Saladin directed his main efforts toward the capture of the holy cross, for he surmised that its capture would decide the fate of the day. Fighting around the cross fell the bravest of the Christian knights, fell thousands of soldiers. Not until its last defender had fallen did the Saracens seize the sacred talisman. So on the field of Hattin the cross was lost, and never again was it to be in the possession of the Christians. The Saracens rejoiced greatly over its capture, and over the splendor of the gold and jewels which incased it. Saladin himself took the wood and probably finally destroyed it.

His victory was complete, and he pursued it until he captured Jerusalem, and this put an end to the kingdom which Godfrey had founded. A great wall arose over all the Christian world when the terrible news that the cross was lost spread over Christendom. Crusaders thronged to the Holy Land to do battle with Saladin. How Richard Coeur De Lion fought with the Moslems, and how he finally made a truce with Saladin for a term of years is told in history.

Richard again and again made effort to purchase the cross from Saladin, but in vain. It is stated that some of the English crusaders who went to Jerusalem were permitted by Saladin to see and kiss the cross. But soon afterward it disappeared and was never seen again. Doubtless long ago it became dust of the dust of Jerusalem.

Seven hundred years and more have elapsed since the true cross was lost on the plain of Galilee, and save for the fragments that are supposed to survive, it has become but a memory.

For centuries it was the burden of song and story, and the minstrel swept his hand over his harp to sing of brave deeds done in the Holy Land in the great battles that waged about the cross of Christ. Whether it was truly the cross of Christ or not history cannot point to another talisman that has played such a figure in the great drama of humanity.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

EASTER.*By a Special Contributor.*

Christianity is so used to considering Easter the feast of the resurrection of the Savior that we today lose sight of the fact that the festival antedated our era. The name "Easter" is an adoption from the paganism of the North, where, at this season, was celebrated a joyous feast in honor of *Eastra*, the goddess of springtime. When the church converted these countries, it retained the festival but changed its object to the beliefs of the new faith.

The earliest Christians, however, evolved the feast of Easter from the Hebrew *Paschal*, or *Passover*. Formerly they had commemorated their escape in Egypt when Jehovah, in smiting the first-born of the Egyptians, had "passed over" the Israelite homes, which they had marked with the blood of the *Paschal* lamb. Now, they celebrated their escape, not from mere death in the world, but from eternal damnation; and they rejoiced in the sacrifice of the Great Lamb that secured their salvation.

On Eastern morning, the salutation prevalent was "Christ is risen;" and the response was "Christ is risen, indeed," or, "And hath appeared unto Simon." New garments were donned and churches and homes made bright with garlands and flowers. The Persian custom of exchanging eggs, as a symbol of re-creation, was adopted; but the Christians colored their eggs red to signify that the re-creation came through the blood of the Redeemer.

With gladness on every hand, Easter soon became known as the "Great Day." Sovereign of church days it will always remain, for upon it depend the dates of the movable feasts and fasts of the year.

The exact date of Easter caused controversy that divided the early church into two sections. All were agreed that the resurrection should be commemorated; but the churches of Asia Minor kept it on the Jewish *Paschal*, or 14th of Nisan, whatever day of the week that happened to be, while the western church celebrated it always on Sunday, as near after the *Paschal* as possible, if the fell on a week day, but always on Sunday because they said the Lord rose on Sunday. Nisan was the first month of the natural year, beginning with the spring equinox.

The discussion last through two centuries and the churches were only united by an agreement made at the Council of Nice in 325. Here it was decided, first, that the 21st of March should be accounted the vernal equinox; second, that the full moon happening upon, or next after, the 21st of March should be taken for the 21st of Nisan; third, that the Lord's day next following that full moon should be Easter day; and fourth, that if the full moon be on a Sunday, Easter day should be the Sunday after.

It would seem that, with such a simple rule, any person of ordinary intellect could compute for years ahead the exact date of Easter; but, in truth, as the moon's cycle always has a fraction of a day tacked on at the end, the fixing of future Easters is a task for a skilled mathematician. However, if an expert determines the recurrence of the moon's phases, the rest of us ordinary people can find our Easter. It is to be noticed that it will never fall at the time of Luna's greatest brilliancy. This year, the full moon next after March 21 is on Saturday, the 23d, and according to the old Nicene formula Easter day is on the Sunday after. Even if the light of the moon, Easter is always in the high light of the hopes of the year, when the new birth of things material is a visible accompaniment to the resurrection of the soul of man.

KATHARINE A. CHANDLER.

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SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

INTERESTING INVESTIGATION BY THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The extent to which corporal punishment is permitted in the schools of this country is the subject of an interesting investigation recently concluded by Dr. William T. Harris, U.S. Commissioner of Education.

The result is the discovery that infliction of bodily pain by teachers is still allowed in twenty-five of our great cities of over 100,000 inhabitants.

Corporal punishment is forbidden by law in the borough of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, Greater New York, in the entire State of New Jersey, in Chicago, Baltimore, Cleveland, Syracuse and Toledo.

In Philadelphia there is no written rule, but corporal punishment is said to have been abandoned by common consent of teachers. In St. Louis, a thrashing can be administered to a youngster at school only by a principal or in the latter's presence and with his consent. According to the school rules such application of pain must be avoided as far as possible, even under the limitations specified.

Blows upon the hand with a rattan are the only means of corporal punishment permitted in Boston schools. Even this is forbidden in high schools and kindergartens and as to girls in the grammar schools. Each case must be reported through the principal to the superintendent.

Except when the superintendent gives permission to



"HORsing"—AN ENGLISH PUNISHMENT.

other teachers, only a principal or acting principal can inflict bodily pain in the Buffalo schools.

Either Strap or Rattan.

Either a strap or a rattan must be used upon San Francisco youngsters when the necessity for corporal punishment arises. All school girls are exempt, but boys below the high school are eligible in extreme cases of naughtiness. The honor of wielding the strap or rattan is reserved in all cases for principals, who may, however, delegate their duties to vice-principals, but to the latter alone.

Blows upon the head and violent shaking of pupils are prohibited in Cincinnati. Blows upon parts of the anatomy not specified can be applied upon extreme provocation, but not on account of failures in lessons or recitations.

Lonely confinement, as well as blows upon the head, is forbidden in the New Orleans schools. Whenever a milder means of corporal punishment is resorted to, it must not be inflicted in the presence of the victim's classmates or during the lesson in the course of which his offense is committed. It can be applied only in extreme cases, as a last alternative, and only by the principal or by his express authority.

In Detroit schools corporal punishment must, according to the rules, be avoided if possible and when resorted to it can be inflicted only with the full knowledge and consent of the principal.

In Milwaukee it is forbidden to shock innocent pupils by the sight of the chastisement of a classmate, and lonely confinement is prohibited. Excessive punishment is forbidden and whatever correction is applied to the body of the miscreant must be reserved for the principal's infliction. Whenever the latter dignitary resorts to such extreme measures of discipline, he must report the fact within the month to the superintendent.

Corporal punishment is allowed in the schools of the capital city and teachers are permitted to inflict it, although the rules state that it must be avoided if possible. All cases must be reported monthly to the principal and, through the latter and the supervising principal, to the superintendent.

Confinement in closets or cruel punishment of any kind

is forbidden by the manual of the Louisville school board. After having been avoided as far as possible, mild corporal punishment may be inflicted after the nature of the offense shall have been fully explained to the miscreant's fellow-pupils.

Written consent from parents is essential before corporal punishment may be inflicted in the Minneapolis schools. The principal alone may resort to such discipline, under these conditions, only after all other means of reform have failed. Parents' consent must be obtained also in Providence, R. I., and corporal punishment is forbidden in that city above the primary grades.

Only to repel violence can such discipline be resorted to by St. Paul teachers. Those of Indianapolis must avoid it as far as possible and inflict it only in the presence of their principal. The latter must immediately report the circumstances to the superintendent.

If a parent or guardian, duly notified by the Kansas City school authorities of needed correction, will administer the necessary punishment, no additional pain shall be inflicted by teachers. If parents or guardians neglect the duty thus imposed upon them, the teacher may then apply chastisement, not in the sight of the school but at the close of the session, in the presence of two other teachers or the superintendent.

Application of the switch or strap is permitted in the Los Angeles schools, but blows from these must not be administered to the head or face. Corporal punishment must be inflicted in the schoolroom, when resorted to at all, according to the Columbus, Ohio, regulations. The pupil's teacher only can apply such punishment, when all other means have failed. The principal must be the judge in special cases. When Cambridge, Mass., pupils persistently violate rules of conduct, the superintendent may give written authority for a teacher to continue the infliction of corporal punishment during the remainder of the school term.

That the teacher's anger may have due time to subside, she must allow a session to intervene, after the offense, before inflicting corporal punishment upon Fall River, Mass., pupils.

A Unique Exhibit.

Commissioner Harris has sent to the Charleston Exposition a unique series of wash drawings depicting the evolution and history of corporal punishment as inflicted in the schools of the world. These were prepared for the Bureau of Education by Felix Mahony, the well-known artist and cartoonist.

The ancient Roman schoolmaster cruelly applied to his unruly pupils a whip whose lash was studded with steel beads which never failed to leave a long-lasting impression both upon body and memory.

In China, Persia and Turkey the ancient "bastinado" is applied even to this day. This instrument is either a lath paddle or stick of bamboo. With it continued blows are struck upon the bare soles of the feet until, very often, the blood issues from beneath the nails of the toes.

In Germany there used to be, in each city, a functionary dubbed "the blue man," whose sole duty was to go from school to school and flog whatever bad children needed corporal punishment. He wore a mask and blue cloak, but none of his victims ever fathomed his personality. Needless to say the mere mention of his nickname caused all little German girls and boys of "those good old days" to tremble in their boots.

Corporal punishment is still allowed in all German schools for boys. Every man and boy of the Kaiser's realm knows well the meaning of the words "naught comma five," written "0.5." In the Fatherland this dread formula stands for a half meter. The meter is the standard measure of Germany, as it will probably be in this country before long, and the comma instead of the period is used by mathematicians of that country to indicate the decimal. The "0.5" therefore is a half-meter stick. It is the scepter wielded by the master of every German school, both for discipline and actual measurement.

School Dungeons.

In Germany the school dungeon is even now a stern reality. The typical prison of this category has an iron-grated window, small stove, two wooden chairs, two oak tables and a narrow wooden bedstead. The prisoner must supply his own bedding. On entering he pays about twenty cents; on leaving, a similar sum. Every day in prison costs him twelve cents; fire and light, twelve cents extra. Even then he must pay his jailer for coffee. Meals may be ordered from outside. Every prisoner must leave his visiting card as a contribution to the archives of the institution. The walls of these prisons are filled with inscriptions scrawled by miscreants. In the celebrated "Career" at Heidelberg—an academic dungeon—a visitor lately read these words: "R. Diergandt—for love—four days."

The Wooden Horse.

I recently unearthed the record of one Hauerle, a Bavarian schoolmaster who conscientiously preserved the statistics of all instances of corporal punishment inflicted by his hands. During his service he applied 911,527 strokes of the cane, 124,000 whacks with the rod, 20,989 blows with the ruler, 10,235 boxes on the ear, 7,905 tugs at the latter organ and a sum total of 1,115,800 blows on the head with his knuckles. He threatened the rod to 1707 children who did not receive it and made 777 kneel upon round, hard beans; 631 upon a sharp-edged piece of wood. Moreover, 5001 were made to ride the "wooden horse." The last-named was a beam of timber set with sharp points upon which each victim was made to sit, astride, sometimes with weights attached to his feet.

The English schoolmaster of today uses the rod almost as sparingly as he did a century ago. Recently a futile attempt was made to pass through Parliament a bill forbidding the infliction of physical pain by teachers, except with the birch rod and upon children below sixteen years.

In some English shires no assistant teacher is allowed to inflict corporal punishment, that honor being reserved

for the head master. Besides flogging, fines and stoppages of pocket money are exacted in some boarding schools for such offenses as lying, profanity, insolence and other moral offense. "Sending to bed" is the most frequent punishment applied in English boarding schools for girls.

Flogging was common in schools for girls and young ladies, even, within the memories of our English grandparents. The flogging outfit for the fair sex included the rattan, the birch, the whip of whalebone and the "punishment blouse." The latter was a short, sleeveless garment, very low in the neck and exposing the shoulders. For some offenses young women were required to disrobe in their schoolroom and to don the punishment blouse previous to being flogged in the presence of their schoolmates. In later days English girls were whipped mostly upon their bare arms and shoulders, although reports show that more undignified forms of flogging were applied in the presence of their classes.

The Winchester Rod.

A rod composed of four apple tree twigs set in a wooden handle is still used in the Winchester school, one of England's most ancient educational institutions. Two members of the junior class are regularly appointed "rod makers," and it is their function to keep this instrument of torture in good repair. While thrashing a miscreant with this celebrated weapon, the master always wears a cap of the mortar-board design. This custom has been continued up to date in Winchester school since before America's discovery.

A block in the form of two steps and a long, bushy switch of birch is the ancient flogging paraphernalia still used in Eton school, England. The victim kneels over the block after appropriately undoing his apparel.

The "Jonathan," or sputula, used in other English schools for boys, is a circular disk of wood perforated in five or six spots about the center and mounted upon



OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN STYLE.

a handle. The perforations, needless to add, create abundant and painful blisters upon the unmentionable area of application.

"Horsing" was a means of punishment in vogue in England as well as in this country until recent years. One miscreant was required to sit astride the bent back of the other while the two were being simultaneously whaled.

The ancient "tams" is still the universal instrument of corporal punishment employed by the Scotch schoolmaster. It is a short, broad, leather strap cut to a fringe at the end of application. In the ancient Scotch schools dried skins of eels, made into switches, were applied to the posterior anatomy of unruly laddies.

Our own old-fashioned methods of school discipline—many still surviving—were mostly importations from the mother country. Dr. Harris's series of drawings graphically depicts, not only the methods dilated upon above, but the good old-fashioned method of "spanking," also head-bumping, book-balancing upon the outstretched arm, ear-twisting, shaking, beating across the knuckles, etc., all of which that distinguished educator would like to be able to conscientiously brand as obsolete.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

MISS PARLOA'S PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.

From this month on the cloth moth begins to make its appearance, depositing its eggs in furs and all kinds of woolen materials, and often in crevices in doors, closets and boxes. It always seeks quiet, dark places. Closets, drawers and boxes should be cleaned now. Take special pains to clean thoroughly each crack and groove. Buy at any of the druggist's a few ounces of the oil of red cedar. With a small brush, such as artists use, apply the oil of cedar to all cracks and grooves in boxes and drawers, and to the tops of doors and baseboards in closets, also around the edges of the floors. Use very little of the oil. There must not be enough to soil anything that comes in contact with the treated surface. This treatment will make closets, boxes, etc., moth-proof for some time, and if closed at once the contents will be perfectly safe through the summer and fall.—April Ladies' Home Journal.



Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

When Friends and Brothers Met.

AT THE battle of Shiloh two Kentucky regiments met in mortal combat. They were the Sixth Regiment of Federal soldiers and the Sixth Regiment of Confederate volunteers. The members of these two regiments came from the same locality, and cousins, friends and brothers found themselves opposed to each other that day.

Sam Grider commanded the Federal regiment, and the Confederates were led by Joe Lewis, as he was then called, but who is now known as Hon. Joseph H. Lewis, judge of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

At the time of the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, Joe Lewis was practicing law in Glasgow. If he was noted for any one thing, it was for his indolence. His practice amounted to little, for the reason that he neglected his business. He was, in fact, what Miss Ophelia would have termed "shiftless."

When war broke out, Joe Lewis woke up. He was all-fire, and at once announced his determination of forming and equipping a regiment to support the Southern cause. Pleased at this unwonted show of energy, his father said: "Go ahead, my boy, and raise the regiment, and I will see to the equipment." The regiment was soon raised, and the old man was good as his word. Those who had known Joe all their lives had little faith in the prowess of his command, but the first engagement strengthened their faith. "Joe has found his place," said they—and he had.

As the regiment moved into action on the field of Shiloh, it met a storm of shot and shell which rapidly thinned its ranks. Lewis had three horses shot from under him in a very short time, and as he struck turf after having lost the third horse, his color-bearer fell at his feet, killed by a ball from the enemy's guns. Lewis grabbed the falling flag and ejaculated: "If I can't ride, by G-d, I can walk," and walk he did. As the line drew near the opposing line, he discovered that he was to be pitted against the Sixth Kentucky Federal Volunteers, composed of old acquaintances and fellow-towners.

"It's the Sixth, boys," he cried, turning to the men whom he was leading. "Don't fire till you can see the blink of their eyes."

About the same time Grider discovered the identity of the approaching Confederates, and his orders were very like to those Lewis had issued. On, steadily on, pressed the two regiments, till it seemed to the men in the ranks that they were simply going to walk over each other; then, almost simultaneously, the two commanders gave the word to fire. Lewis's men were a trifle the quicker, and column after column of the Federal troops went reeling to the earth. The Confederate regiment fared slightly better, but even they were woefully thinned.

Said the Kentuckian who related the circumstance to the writer: "The meeting of Kentucky regiments carried more woe to the homes of Kentucky than all the other battles of the Civil War. It seemed that the very knowledge that friend and brother were opposed to each other spurred the men on to more determined fighting. Neither party felt that they could endure to be worsted by those so closely associated with them, and as the result, comparatively few were left to gloat over victory or mourn over defeat."

Joe Lewis came out of the war without a scratch. Foremost in every fight, he seemed immune from danger. He never lost the energy, however, that the war inspired, and from that time on rose rapidly in his profession.

After the Fight at Pieter's Hill.

ONE of the most vivid stories of suffering on the battlefield in South Africa appears in Blackwood's Magazine in an article signed "Linesman." It describes the scenes following the battle at Pieter's Hill, which was characterized by great gallantry on both sides. The following is an extract:

"All night, and all next day, and all the night after, they lay there. I have talked to an officer who lay with them, an ordinary, gallant English gentleman who lay in hell for forty hours with thirteen wounds on his body, and fifty dying men around him. What he saw, Wiertz himself would hesitate to put upon canvas; what he said no British writer can tell to British people. He used to peer over his stone and watch them dying, expecting death every second himself. Prone forms, which twisted restlessly at the first peep, would be immobile, their last contortion stiffened to dirty marble, when he peeped again. It seemed terribly private, that stony slaughter-ground, deserted by friends and unvisited by foes, a little unhappy world of its own, its inhabitants quietly dying and silently living behind the rocks, with no word for each other, for no one knew whether the pair of legs or the top of the helmet he could see around the corner did not belong to a corpse; and in any case, when hope is dead speech dies also, all but the rumble-dumble delirium, which occasionally murmured from some invisible corner when the sun blazed out next day, stopping and recommencing like the sound of a distant thrashing machine on a dreamy summer's day in Old England. All of which would not be worth telling were it not true, terribly true, and but a fenth part of the terrible truth. Man's agony should be known, or at least guessed at, by a world whose eyes have been filling too long with unreal tears over every 'foppish lamentation' piping from the circulating libraries and the committee-rooms of cranks. Here was something real, my masters. Ye are singularly silent about it, considering how loudly minor woes can make you cackle—the quality of cocoa supplied to your captured enemies, for in-

stance, or the lack of soap and sanitation for their families, who desire a wash but seldom, and drains never."

A Sensitive Regiment.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the English-Boer war.

A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action, during the heat of one battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behavior was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over the colonel of the regiment was summoned before Gen. Roberts.

"What the devil was the matter with your regiment?" asked "Bobs."

"Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steered into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were all in kilts and with bare legs."—[New York Times.]

Carried Their Horses.

PETER MACQUEEN, the well-known Boston lecturer who was with President Roosevelt at Santiago and with Lawton in his last campaign in the Philippines, is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel. Mr. MacQueen has a fund of interesting stories about army life, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the regular army private, whose sense of humor, he declares, is unfailing. The following is one of his favorite stories:

"In the last expedition Gen. Lawton made against Santa Cruz two regiments, the Fourth Cavalry and an Idaho regiment, were sent up the Laguna de Bay in native boats. In the darkness two regiments ran into one another, and great confusion resulted.

"What farmer outfit are you?" yelled the Idaho boys, derisively, at the clumsy cavalry.

"Lawton's Fourth Cavalry," answered the regulars.

"Fine cavalry!" was the answer. "Where are your horses?"

"Here in our knapsacks," replied the cavalry, rattling their cans of 'salt horse.'"—[New York Tribune.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Terrapin for a Pet.

TO MAKE it seem more homelike in mind, if not in fact, a former Baltimorean transplanted to his city last summer a fine diamond-back terrapin, which he placed in an aquarium with a shelving bottom, so that it could choose either water or dry land.

Little Alice, the daughter of the house, soon made quite a pet of "Terry," as the perambulating tidbit was called, and "Terry" soon got to know her laugh and light step. He didn't fancy his prison at all, and quietly submitted to being lifted to the floor, where he would race around at a lively rate. Then he developed a fondness for the kitchen, and would hang persistently around the water pipes, lying quietly, with his head half way out of his shell.

Then, when something that resembled the bugs of his native marshes would peer cautiously between the pipes and the floor, he would snap, and "Terry" would trot merrily around the room with a big cockroach in his mouth, like a dog with a bone. It was Alice that he was looking for, and she knew what he wanted. It was water, for he couldn't swallow his game without it. A saucerful would do, and when it was placed before him in would go "Terry's" head, there was a gulp and one cockroach less. Then he would crane his neck around in a rubbery manner that delighted Alice and trot off to the water pipes again.

When the cold weather came on, "Terry" grew slow and melancholy and dreamed of the deep, warm mud of his native flats. He was seen to be unusually busy in the aquarium one day. He was digging with all his little might, throwing dirt into the water, and soon had a respectable puddle. "Terry" surveyed this with satisfaction, threw in a little more dirt to make the mud thicker, then kicked his way to the bottom, for instinct told him that his brothers of the Chesapeake were going to take their winter nap.

Four long months he slept there. Now and then he was taken out and looked upon as a curiosity, though all except the born Baltimorean pronounced him quite dead, and Alice cried. "Terry" hibernated strangely. His eyes were closed, his head half way out of his shell, his little legs outstretched and sprawling. But they were absolutely stiff, and by not the slightest sign of life did he respond to a jar or the flicking of a finger nail on his head.

With the warm weather of last week there was a stirring of the mud in the aquarium, and one afternoon a pair of bright eyes greeted Alice. "Terry" was quite refreshed after his four months' nap and undeniably hungry. He soon resumed his position at the water pipes, and it was all over with any bug that came within reach of his telescopic neck, for he never failed to hit his mark.—[New York Tribune.]

A Dog That Carried News.

B. T. HARPER of Southbridge, Mass., gives the following interesting experience:

"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago.

It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly; where chickens and turkeys roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening, two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier, asking admission to all appearance. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

"If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

"With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?"—[All About Dogs," by C. H. Lane.]

Hog That Liked the Sea.

A IMMENSE hog, weighing 350 pounds, that had spent his entire life on the deck of a ship at sea and which made nine long voyages, was slaughtered yesterday on the big three-masted schooner Isabella Gill, Capt. Collison, in port discharging lumber from Savannah.

While the vessel was at Sabine Pass, Tex., last January, a man came aboard and offered a suckling pig as bigger than a cat in exchange for a small lot of pork that had been laid on deck. The trade was made. The pig began to thrive on the waste food the steward gave him and soon became an able steaman. He outgrew the chicken coop in which he lived, and made his bunk under the forecastle head. He was known as "Dennis" and always responded to his name when Capt. Collison called him. He enjoyed eating ice cream from a spoon. "Dennis" made trips from Sabine Pass to Cuba, to New York, to Martinique, in the West Indies, to Turks and, to Philadelphia, to Savannah, to Baltimore, to Fernandina and back to Baltimore. He was getting too big to get into his quarters, and for that reason was killed. He weighed 300 pounds after being slaughtered and cleaned, and was hung to the main railings to cool. His length was seven feet.—[Baltimore American.]

He Brought the Handkerchief.

IN HIS entertaining volume, "All About Dogs," which he calls "a book for doggy people," Charles Henry Lane tells a story of a gentleman stopping at a hotel in Boston who privately hid his pocket handkerchief behind the sofa cushion in the coffee-room and left the hotel, accompanied by his dog. After walking for some distance, he suddenly stopped and said to his dog: "I have left my handkerchief at the hotel; go back and fetch it for me," giving no particular directions about it. The dog immediately returned at full speed, and entered the room his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon tables and counters, but it was nowhere to be seen.

It turned out that a friend of his master had discovered it, and, supposing it had been left by mistake, had taken care of it for the owner. But Tiger was not to be foiled. He flew about the room, apparently much excited, in quest of the "lost or stolen." Soon, however, he was on the track. He scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking for it by word of mouth, and was not accustomed to picking pockets, and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him.

But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense. He seized the skirt containing the prize and, furiously tearing it from the coat, hastily made off with it, much to the surprise of the owner. Tiger then overtook his master and restored the lost property.

Dog Called Assistance.

LITTLE Nellie, a faithful Scotch terrier, saved the life of her mistress, Miss Tillie Timmins, early this morning when, by barking vociferously and scratching and clawing at the door, she awakened Mrs. Timmins, who rushed to her daughter's side in the nick of time. Miss Timmins has been a patient sufferer for years, and had not arrived in time death would have been inevitable. Restoratives were applied and the danger was passed. For years the pet has been the true and constant companion of the afflicted woman, and has always been quick to perceive when danger threatened. During the night Miss Timmins attempted to arise and fell helpless to the floor.—[Dayton (O.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Small Boy's Inference.

ALITTLE three-year-old living in one of the suburbs of Los Angeles had an exciting ride a few weeks ago. He was left alone for a moment while his mother ran up the steps to ring the bell at the house of a friend, and during this time a newspaper blown about by the wind startled the unusually reliable horse, which dashed off at a breakneck speed. Bennie clung manfully to the swaying cart as it whirled around corners and grazed the wheels of passing vehicles, the horse made more and more frightened by the ineffectual attempts to stop his progress.

Just as a fatal collision seemed imminent, a man sprang to the horse's head and succeeded in stopping his mad career. The rescuer was a brawny, red-headed Irishman, the hero of many a bar-room brawl, but he had a warm heart beneath his rough exterior, and Bennie cuddled confidingly within the circle of his protecting arm as they drove back to meet the mother hurrying breathlessly down the street.

Bennie's mother is not a religious woman, but the narrow escape of her little son touched the deep well-springs of her heart, and many times that day she caught Bennie in her arms and pressing him closely to her breast exclaimed, "God was good, oh, God was good!" all unconscious of the impression she was making on his infantile mind.

What was her astonishment, therefore, a few days later, when, as they were driving down Main street, Bennie pulled at her sleeve, exclaiming excitedly, "Oh, mama, there is God!" and then, before she could utter a word of remonstrance, he waved his hands toward a figure lurching unsteadily along the sidewalk, and cried, his childish treble ringing clear above the noises of the street: "Good morning, God."

G. T. B.

Where Dr. Barrows Ended the Story.

THE Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin College, who formerly preached to a Chicago congregation, tells a little story concerning an experience of his own that may be worth passing along. It was at the time that Dr. Barrows was making arrangements for the holding of the great congress of religions here. He had an immense correspondence to take care of and found it necessary to employ a stenographer. The young lady was pretty. It is not to be inferred that there are any but pretty lady stenographers, but the one employed by Dr. Barrows was especially comely.

The doctor fitted up a workroom on the third floor of his house, where he and the stenographer toiled hard day after day, undisturbed by callers and well away from the noises of the streets.

The work of preparing for the congress was still going forward on February 14, when the doctor's little son became excited over the sending and receiving of valentines. The boy had been running about the neighborhood and handing love tokens to the children he knew, and many had come to him, when he remembered that he had a father up on the third floor, in addition to the one in heaven. Going to his mother, he proposed that they send up a valentine.

"Well," said Mrs. Barrows, "it is very nice of you to remember father. How would it do for me to write a valentine for him and let you take it up?"

The boy was delighted at the idea, and his mother wrote upon a sheet of paper:

"Please kiss the bearer."

This she placed in an envelope, which was properly sealed and addressed to the doctor. The boy started upstairs with his valentine, but he had been running around a good deal during the morning and his legs were weary. When he had reached the second floor he met the pretty stenographer, who had started out after postage stamps or something, and he asked her if she wouldn't be kind enough to hand the note to his father.

She took the envelope, gave the child a pat on the cheek and ran back upstairs, where—perhaps prompted by feminine curiosity—she waited while Dr. Barrows opened his valentine and read, in his wife's handwriting:

"Please kiss the bearer."

Here is where Dr. Barrows always cuts the story off. —[Chicago Record-Herald.]

His Indian Heirloom.

THE person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned on him on occasions. A wealthy man was once proudly exhibiting to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which he said was 500 years old.

"That's nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than 3000 years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said his host. "That is impossible! Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India? What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table." —[Tit-Bits.]

Told of Prince Henry's Father.

THE coming of Prince Henry to our country reminds me of an interesting incident in the life of his father, "Crown Prince Fritz," as the people loved to call him. It was a pretty story which was told us while stopping in a well-known hotel in Munich:

"One evening, on the coming of the omnibus from the station to the hotel, a gentleman and wife alighted, dressed in a plain but suitable traveling costume, and asked for a room. 'Oh,' said the clerk, 'I am sorry, but

we have not a vacant room in the house except one, and that is just under the roof, and quite plainly furnished; you would not like that, I am sure.' 'Yes,' exclaimed the traveler, 'that will do, for we are tired and can rest almost anywhere.' Reluctantly they were escorted to the little room under the roof. For a whole week they went in and out, taking their meals at the public table, visiting galleries and places of interest, looking into shop windows, and having a genuine good time. But alas! one day a soldier met them on the street and saluted him as the 'Crown Prince of Germany!' 'Our Fritz.' Like the wind the news flew over the city. 'The Crown Prince is here.' 'Where? When did he come—no announcement has been made of the fact. It must be a mistake.' No, they had come incognito, just to lay aside royalty for a little while and do as other people did, having a genuine good time in the plain little room under the roof. 'Oh, Fritz! Our good times are all over; we are found out!' exclaimed the Princess."

Imagine the utter dismay of the proprietor when he found out that he had been entertaining the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany in the little room under the roof! "No apology is needed," said the Prince; "it is just what we wanted." —[Springfield Republican.]

A New Lodge.

WHEN Mayor Ashbridge was Coroner he addressed, one evening, a meeting of the Patriotic Sons of America. At the conclusion of his speech a gray-bearded man, wearing the bronze button of the G.A.R., approached the Coroner and, extending his hand, said:

"Comrade, I am proud to know you. What post do you belong to?"

"Post-mortem!" was the Coroner's quick reply.

"Ah!" continued the veteran, soberly; "what is the number?"

"We have a different number every day," answered the Coroner.

"Strange, strange," said the puzzled veteran, scratching his grizzled head; "but do you know I never heard of that post before? Where do you meet?"

"In the City Hall," was the answer.

"I'll drop in on you some night and sit around your camp fire," quoth the veteran.

"Don't," counseled the Coroner, and as he walked away the veteran remarked to a bystander that Comrade Ashbridge was a very queer brother. —[Philadelphia Times.]

She Ought to Know.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Ruth was seated on the floor, tending to the care of a large family of dolls, one member of which was in rather a dilapidated condition.

"How old is that dolly, Ruth?" inquired a visiting friend.

"She is fifty years old," answered Ruth, gravely.

"Why, Ruthie," exclaimed Sister Margaret, "I don't think she is as ancient as that."

"Margaret," and the large brown eyes were raised in surprise, "I certainly fink I ought to know the ages of my own children."

And Ruthie was right. The doll had been her grandmother's. —[Little Chronicle.]

Spoke Louder Than Words.

ALICE, who was five years old, was often asked, to run errands for her mother. She went very willingly if she could pronounce the name of the article wanted, but she dreaded the laughter which greeted her attempts to pronounce certain words. "Vinegar" was one of the hardest for her. She never would for it if she could help it; but one morning her mother found it absolutely necessary to send her.

On entering the store she handed the jug to the clerk and said:

"Smell the jug and give me a quart." —[Little Chronicle.]

The Outer Part.

IN THE development of the fraction "one-third" in a primary class, imaginary pies, bread and cakes galore had been divided into thirds, and the teacher gave the following problem:

"If Mary found a nest with six eggs in it and on the way to the house broke two of them, what part of her eggs would she break?"

The owner of a sparkling pair of eyes and fluttering hand was given permission to speak, and said:

"The shells would be broken."

The merry ripple that ran around the class showed appreciation of the point. —[Little Chronicle.]

Killed Republican Majority.

IN THE early days out West the administration of justice was not, perhaps, all it should have been. When the Northern Pacific Railroad was in course of construction Samuel Gustine Thompson, the eminent corporation lawyer, went as far as the railroad would take him, in the early days when Jay Cooke was building the Northern Pacific. When he returned he called on Mr. Cooke at his office in Philadelphia. Mr. Cooke asked him to tell him something about the country. "Can it be possible," Mr. Thompson asked him, "that you are putting all your money into a country you have never seen?" Continuing, Mr. Thompson said: "He said it was. I told him this incident: In one of the sparsely-settled districts a man convicted of murder was called up before the judge for sentence. The judge angrily began by saying, 'John Smith, when I ran for office in this district there were seven qualified voters here. Four were Republicans and three were Democrats.' I was a Republican candidate and elected by a majority of one. You have killed that majority, and it is the sentence of the court—"

"Hold on, judge," said the culprit, "I reckon we can fix that. If you will let us go I'll vote the Republican ticket next election."

"Sentence suspended," said the judge, "but if I'm not

re-elected, may God have mercy on your soul." —[Chicago Chronicle.]

He Wanted Water.

MISTER GREENY lived in Tarkington's prairie, some twenty miles from the nearest echo of the sounds from modern progress. He heard of people riding on cars somewhere south of him and he concluded to take a trip. He got on at Dayton, thinking he would reach Beaumont in about two days, and took a seat in the smoker, where some commercial travelers (just drummers when reduced to common parlance) were having fun in their own way. After the train was in motion about two minutes Mr. Greeny, being thirsty, approached the drummers and said:

"Say, you boys seem ter know how ter git along. Can you tell me whar I can get er drink er water?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Chipper, "just reach up and pull that bell cord there and tell the conductor to pass around the water."

Mr. Greeny said "Thanky," as he followed the instructions.

The train stopped.

The conductor yelled to the engineer to know what in the blankety-blank was the matter, and the engineer yelled back that somebody pulled the blankety-blank bell cord. Thereupon he was signaled to go ahead, and when the train got under way again the conductor began investigating. In the smoker he asked in stentorian tones:

"Did anybody in here pull the bell cord?"

Mr. Greeny replied promptly, and in equally loud tones:

"Yes, I did; will you please pass around the water?"

The silence was intense as the conductor explained in detail the uses of the water cooler. —[Galveston News.]

His Hesitation.

DURING one of his tours through the South Sam Jones, the revivalist, saw a colored man who had been to him for spiritual advice sitting in a disconsolate attitude in his melon patch. Accosting him the minister said:

"What is the matter today, Isaac?"

"I'se studyin' 'bout somethin', Mister Jones," was the answer. "I want to be converted and tell the good Lord that I'se sorry for my sins."

"Why don't you do so, then?"

"But if I do that the Lord, he say, 'What yo come here fer sayin' that ter me when you ain't fergib Sam for stealin' that watermillion?'"

"Why don't you forgive Sam?" said Mr. Jones.

"Sam ain't repented, and he's comin' fer mo' tonight, ef I don't watch out. I forgib him the one he done eat up," said Isaac, "but I can't forgib him what he's gwine ter take, so I'm jest studyin'." —[Atlanta Constitution.]

Only Partly Right.

A UNIQUE figure at Palm Beach is "Alligator Joe," a who is well known to all visitors to that part of Florida. He is a famous hunter, and his uncouth but picturesque personality and his jovial and exciting stories of adventure have made him a celebrated character.

Among the guests of the Royal Poinciana there is no more enthusiastic fisherman than Joseph Jefferson, who annually flees from the rigors of our New York climate to spend the winter months in Southern Florida. It is related that one day when he was basking in the sun on the end of the pier extending out in the lake in front of the great hotel, a newly-arrived visitor from the North, a woman who was evidently unfamiliar with this part of Florida and its associations, approached and began to examine the solitary fisherman with great attention. Mr. Jefferson, intent upon his fishing, paid no attention to her, and after a pause she went up to him and said:

"Excuse me, but are you 'Alligator Joe'?"

Mr. Jefferson looked up and his eyes twinkled.

"I confess to the 'Joe,' madam," he said, "but I deny the 'Alligator.'" —[Washington Times.]

Mark Twain and Himself.

MARK TWAIN is so well known by his pseudonym that people frequently address him as Mr. Twain, until his identity has assumed a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde duality, and he doesn't know himself whether he is Mark Twain or Samuel Clemens. It remained for the ever-ingenious office boy to carry the dual identity theory to its utmost development. Mr. Clemens called at a publishing-house, but the man he wanted to see was absent. To make sure that his visit should be reported, and having no card with him, he gave both his names to the office boy. This was the latter's report to his superior:

"Mr. Clemens was here. He said he wanted to see Mark Twain." —[Washington Times.]

Patti's Noble Escort.

IT WAS during one of her great tours through Europe that Baroness Cederstrom—or Mme. Patti, as she was then—the great singer, was due to stop at the town of Bucharest on a certain date. Inclement weather set in while the great diva was at Vienna, and she refused to stir from this latter place. The manager of the Bucharest entertainment was distracted. First he cajoled, then stormed, then raged; but madame was as indifferent as if she were being applauded from a West End gallery.

The manager returned to Bucharest, and set his wits to work. Soon afterward a telegram arrived from Bucharest, stating that a brilliant deputation of Roumanian nobles, with a torchlight procession and military band, was to receive the great singer. She was enchanted on reading the news, and immediately prepared to make the journey.

On her arrival bands were playing, torches flaring, trumpets blowing; and madame was in the highest spirits at being escorted to her hotel by real Roumanian nobles.

What would the great singer have said if she had known that the "real Roumanian nobles" were hired from the street corners at so much an hour for the occasion, and dressed up by the manager? —[Answers.]

THE WILD OYSTER.

INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY LIFE, HOW HE IS CAPTURED, ETC.

By a Special Contributor.

POPULAR fallacy sets down the oyster as the emblem of crass wittlessness and lumpish unprogression. Now by rights the wild oyster—for all his outward plainness—is the most picturesque of all the monsters of the deep. Not from the chafing-dish standpoint alone is he a thing of interest and a joy forever. His career reads like a stirring romance. Of all wild oysters most picturesque is the American. Challenge, if you will, the imputation of nationality to shellfish, the American oyster is, none the less, the personification of Yankee-Docileism. His declaration of independence is made as soon as—I had almost said before—he is born. The effete European oysterling lies coddled within the mantle of its mother until it is of visible size, and can sport a rudimentary shell of its own. But the American, mark you, deserts its happy home for open ocean while it is yet not so much as a finished egg, a mere unfertilized possibility of an oyster.

Fate willing, it meets in the sea the vitalizing principle, and develops with startling rapidity into a dancing slime drop, with distinct views of its own. But Fate often turns down her inexorable thumb, and the rash egglet ceases to be a possibility at all. Were it not for this wasteful provision of nature, in a few seasons the wet sea would become as dry land. For as the ordinarily provident oyster parent presents the world yearly with some sixteen millions of eggs, the best of them achieving a record of sixty millions, it takes but a little figuring to show that if all the offspring survived, the fourth generation of oysters would brim the ocean beds full.

How a Calamity is Averted.

To avert this calamity nature makes life lively and strenuous for the young oyster. Most friendless of all the youngsters of the earth, he is an infant Ishmael from the very egg. Sudden chills strike through the unkindly sea and threaten his tender life. A cold rain sends thousands of luckless oyster babes to an untimely grave. Great mouths gape wide to devour him; any big idle fish, sailing carelessly, open mawed, maygulp down millions of his kind, and thereafter go home with a keen appetite for breakfast. His own mother, who is after all little more than a superior sort of sieve for sea water and its microscopic life, will incontinently swallow him if he comes her way. A hapless atom, he.

The oyster nursing whiskers his way bravely through this sea of troubles. He is now a little two-walled vase of slime, with an exciting stomach, and a little tuft of hair oars to drive him through the water. The wonder is that the undirected young thing knows what to make of himself at all. Scientists are hard put to it to discover wherein he differs from any one of a half dozen other minute sea babies. Nor can their strongest microscopes search out any reason why he should not inadvertently grow up a starfish. But he makes no mistake. He gets his organs proper to a well-bred oyster and builds him a little protecting shell as fast as ever he can.

Spared to days of discretion, he prepares to settle down in life. And here a fresh danger besets him. The choice of a bed is a life and death affair. For even now he is but one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and rather thinner than a sheet of paper. The merest film of slime upon the shell he fastens to, is enough to asphyxiate him, and snuff out his little vital spark. And clean shell surfaces are by no means common in the brackish waters of bays and river mouths. Oyster infants are smothered in their beds each year in myriads.

This final peril of his free-swimming youth evaded, a clean foundation secured, the little oyster cultivates a placid disposition and hardens the shell. But not in unmolested peace. As a delicacy he is much appreciated by the larger sort of fish, who long to crunch his fragile house walls and feast upon his juicy little body. His only protection lies in formidable armor. He builds upon the native oyster bed, where lime from dissolving shells is to be had for the taking, and adds layer to layer for dear life.

But even inside crusted walls of lime, he is not safe. The starfish, that flabby innocent called "devil's fingers," has a pull which avails much on the oyster beds. It wraps its wicked, suckered rays about the luckless bivalves, and patiently pulls, until the oyster inside, fairly tired out in the struggle to hold his house together, capitulates and is sucked into the starfish's greedy stomach. Another enemy, the oyster drill, whose tongue is a rasping file, perforates his thickest shell and eats him out of house and home. Sea worms, with the best intentions in the world, twine their stony folds about his valve and incarcerate him, to die of slow starvation. Barnacles crowd him to death, and in his old age young oysters plant themselves thick upon his shell and smother him beneath them. Altogether, statisticians say, he has but one chance in 1,145,000 of reaching a ripe old age.

Man's Struggle for the Bivalve.

So much for the life of the wild oyster and the losing game he plays. Where he leaves off man takes up the tale. The dredge and the tongs of the jolly oyster man constitute the manifest destiny of a right-minded oyster.

That cant term "jolly" is a ludicrous misfit. Go down to Maryland or Virginia, where the oysters are the thickest and ask the men who know; ask the oyster packers, the attendants at marine hospitals; ask the oyster men themselves, whether oyster fishing is a jolly life, and they will sing you a vigorous chorus of woe. Oyster

dredging, they agree, is the wretchedest business man can put his hand to. The life has all the hardships and most of the dangers of the sailor's, and none of the romantic fascination. To strain all day at a windlass in the teeth of a winter gale, buffeted by cruel gusts of freezing spray; to bend over heaps of rough shells culling the full-sized oysters from among tangled refuse and shells under size; to eat the coarsest of food and live in the closest of quarters—these things do not make up an alluring round. Moreover accidents are all in the day's work. A fouled dredge means a runaway windlass, dealing wicked blows with its whizzing crank. Falls go naturally with icy decks. And the handling of shells dripping with bitter brine produces a peculiarly painful poisoned wound. Fractures and contusions and fearful cases of "oyster-shell hand," together with pneumonia and pleurisy and rheumatism, brought on by exposure, keep the marine hospitals near oyster ports busy.

Tonging the Oysters.

It is consoling to find that tonging oysters is by no means so doleful a pursuit. Down on the eastern shore of Maryland, at the mouth of any tidal river, you may see whole fleets of tongs at work, the white sails of their neat little canoes dotting the blue of the water. With a huge pair of tongs—nothing more nor less than sheers with shafts anywhere from fifteen to thirty feet long, with a pair of slant-toothed rakes interlocked at the nipping end—they claw up a bushel or so of oysters and rubbish from the river bed, rumping it into the boat. The cullboy, seated in the stern, sorts over the mass and throws back the trash and the infant oysters, which it is a legal offense to take. This sort of thing doesn't bring conspicuous wealth to the tongers. But it is a free life, and not altogether an uneasy one. You may tong, if you will, about one hundred and forty days in the year. The rest of the time you may engage in truck farming in a small way. But if nature has not made you industrious, you may live from oyster bed to mouth. Feeding your family on clams and other sea bounty, and tonging in earnest only once in a while. At all events you may live in your own little home on God's blessed earth, and be your own master.

Shucking the Mollusk.

Your oyster grown, and dredged and tonged, there follows the opening of the oyster shell. That is nowhere better to be seen than in Baltimore, where an astounding proportion of the oysters of the globe—a fifth, if I be not mistaken—are handled. Long before you get to the shucking district the oyster begins to make himself conspicuous. Signs offering "Raw Box" and "Extra Selects" and "Oysters in Every Style," speckle the entire route. You alight in a wilderness of oyster shells, swept by keen winds. There is a clean salt smell, a clean rosy smell, a smell of sweet marsh plants. Tall white masts pierce the mist hanging low over the harbor; shapeless elevators loom darkly through it. Before you lies a low red factory, and beside it another, crusted to the roofs with lime, dead white, and belching thick, white smoke from a towering chimney. It is a typical packing plant.

Through a cloud of low-blown steam, heavy with a smothering odor like burning bone, you make your way into the place. From the unloading of living shells from transportation boats at the wharf, to the capping of the last can, you may follow the whole process. Hauled in great bucketfuls from the hold, all dripping with their native slime, the oysters are wheeled in barrows into the shucking shed. Following them you find yourself in a long, low room, dark as a pocket, chill as a tomb, but ringing with the incessant click of wooden hammers and the clink of falling shells. Running the length of the shed, two high desks or forms, partitioned lengthwise, give working room to four long rows of "hands." A rough little wooden pulpit raises each shucker—black men and white women work side by side in the sheds—above the cold and reeking slime of the floors. They serve, too, a more practical purpose. A rapid shucker would soon bury himself waist-high in empty shells were he not continually shovelled out. The pulpit guards his feet from the keen edge of the shovel.

Step near and see what shucking is. It is very simple. Before each worker rises a wooden block with a chisel blade fixed upright in it. Resting the nipping edge of a shell on the blade, the shucker strikes it one quick blow with a wooden mallet, cutting it clean through. A broad-bladed knife is thrust into the gap; one wrench of a practised wrist parts the valves; one scoop of the knife severs the muscle; and long before the breath is out of his body, the oyster finds himself, cold and naked, afloat in a slimy sea of shucked shellfish. The trick is as neatly and easily done as if peanuts, not oysters, were in question. Piece work makes quick work while the world stands.

Under the Hose.

Follow a filled bucket to the next step in the process. Passed through a slide in the wall to another room, the oysters are flopped into a slanting sink, where a hose is turned on them and then they are drawn off by the pully to be measured up. A man in rubber boots seizes a bucketful and flings it with a horrid wet slap against an open meshed screen set at an angle of forty-five degrees. Down they slide, a great slimy flood of pinkish gray, startling as the flesh of pink flesh. Another man in rubber boots sweeps the mass about with a brush; the water drains frankly through to the swimming floor, and the oysters, five gallons at a time, are drawn off to be packed in slant-sided yellow tubs. A scale of ice top prepares them for their journey west. They are sometimes weeks en route. That is the only painful thing about the raw-packing process. It may not be appetizing; few edibles are seen en masse. But it is strictly cleanly. One would prefer to think, however, that oysters went west in their own private shells.

Steaming is a swift process. The shells go direct from the ship's hold into a little iron can which runs on a private track into a rectangular, metal-lined box, which just fits them. That is the steam chest. For some fifteen

minutes the doors are closed and steam hisses through the box. When the door comes open every individual oyster is open, too, gaping vacuously. Run swiftly into the shucking shed, the car is surrounded by a crowd of shuckers, who hang their gallon "cups" on its open sides, and regardless of hot shells, slip the steamed meats loose in a twinkling. A dash of ice water prepares the oysters for the filler's table, where they are rapidly tucked away in bright cans and packed methodically in a big iron crate. When it will hold no more, the crate goes into the process kettle and is impartially steamed, comes out and is lowered into a cooling tub till the cans are ready for handling. Capped in the ordinary way, the cans go whirling up an endless belt to the labeling department.

It is into a landscape of snow and orange that you pass from the fishy air of the packing-house, a desert of powdered shell, diversified by mounds of tin scrap, one mass of rich-red rust. The air is full of a faint jingling, like pebbles rolled under surf. It comes from the shell yard beside the factory, where dirty-white "empties," piled mountain high, are drying. A long line of darkies with laden barrows winds up from the shell scows at the wharf, to the top of the mound, where they let their loads slip, tinkling musically, down the steep sides. Other darkies, powdered white to their eyebrows, disappear with loads of dried shell into the thick lime cloud within the factory, whence issues a mighty sound of grinding.

You stop a foreman to ask what ever they do with so many shells. He is an intelligent foreman. He tells you that up to a decade ago, the question, "What to do with the oyster shell?" was one of the problems of the trade. Something like twelve million tons of shell must have been landed on the shores of Maryland alone, since the oyster business began to flourish, which was within the past century. Ten years ago they gave away their shell, or even paid to have it taken away; now it is a lucrative by-product of the canneries. They don't make shell enough themselves to supply the demand for shell lime, so they buy empties by the scowload. Ground up into chicken feed and fertilizer or into lime for glass works and gas works and for roadbeds, oyster shell is in constant demand. Were it not for the fearful wear on the machinery the lime factory might be the most profitable part of a cannery.

You look past the foreman into the factory, dim with dense white dust, and inquire how long a man may be expected to live in such an atmosphere. The foreman assures you that, far from being unwholesome, the shell mill is a sanatorium for consumptives. Shall we hereafter hear more of lime cure for tuberculosis?

Nature, and man, collaborating against the inoffensive oyster, have at last roused that mild-tempered mollusk to retaliation. He retaliates by quietly dying out. The natural oyster beds of Europe are already exhausted; those of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Delaware are so depleted as practically to be fished out. Even that apparently inexhaustible store in the Chesapeake begins to show marked symptoms of decline. Overfishing is killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

There are two horns to this dilemma. You may, like Rhode Island and Connecticut and New York, proceed to incubate a new goose, substituting for natural beds carefully-sown and tended oyster farms. Or, like Maryland, you may shut your eyes to the fact that the goose is on her last eggs and insist upon expecting an endless supply of marketable eggs. Compare the results of the two policies. New York, with her artificial oyster farms, has nearly doubled her output in the last two decades. Maryland has immensely increased her fishing force, but is getting out something over three million bushels less than she did twenty years ago. She has still indubitably the finest oyster fishery in the world, 350 square miles of natural beds, capable of furnishing a third of the oyster supply of the world. But the size of the shells is already shockingly reduced, the extra selects having dropped in eight years from one in ten to one in sixty.

The wise farm oysters in one of two ways. Either they sow oysters or they sow empty shells. Seed oysters cost more, but they are tough of shell and resist enemies. Whereas, if you sow only shell, you must hope for a "set of spat" young swimming oysters taking kindly to the clean building site you offer. Then you run all the risks of their tender babyhood. The best you can do, the young things will squabble for the best places, and ever so many, too, will settle on each shell. Then as they grow up they push and elbow each other into a highly undesirable spindle shape, which lowers their market value. The careful farmer goes over his acres when his crop is two years old and systematically knocks to pieces the larger bunches so as to give individual oysters room to develop. Treated thus the oyster farm yields goodly profits at the end of the fourth year.

One marvels why this simple style of deep-water farming has not appealed to Maryland. With her enormous area of inland waters, her ideal climate and her comparative immunity from destructive starfish, it would seem that nothing would be easier than for her to develop artificial beds which would absolutely preclude the possibility of a failure in the oyster supply. But Maryland has a drawback which other States know not of. It is her silly oystermen. Maryland knows well enough that there can be but one end to the exhausting fishing going on in her bays. She tries to protect the oyster beds by demanding that all shells less than two and one-half inches long shall be culled out and thrown back upon the beds; by maintaining a fully-armed oyster navy to drive rapacious dredgers with their murderous tools out of shallow bays and sounds where the more innocent tongman has the right of way. But she has not yet succeeded in devising and practicable plan to protect those good friends of the oyster, the private planters. Anybody owning land along the borders of a water course has full right to appropriate five acres of bottom for an oyster farm. But let his carefully-tended crop get big enough to be ripe for market, and some fine day a crew of pirate tongers will swoop down upon his farm and incontinently wipe it out of existence. Their plea is always the same—that the farm really is a natural bed. The feud between the planter and the oystermen is as old as oyster farming, and that goes back 2000 years. Pliny records that when Sergius Orata established his artificial oyster ponds at Baiae, it was at once objected that he was monopolizing public property, and he had to defend himself in court. It would seem that so old a problem might ere this been solved. Until it is, and until the waters of Maryland and Virginia are thrown open for profitable and secure shellfish farming, the silly fishermen will go on jeopardizing the continuity of the priceless oyster stew. MARY BRONSON HARTT.

Baltimore, Md.

THE HOLY FIRE.

THE GREAT CEREMONY PERFORMED IN JERUSALEM AT EASTER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE ceremonies during Easter week in Jerusalem are unique. In no other country are such peculiar sights to be witnessed as in this City of Pilgrimages. Russians, French, Armenians, Kopts, Abyssinians and Syrians, all are attracted to Jerusalem for this festive occasion. They swarm through the town, giving to the streets at times a rainbow-like appearance, with their many-colored garments and curious headgear, and the gay banners in the religious processions of the French; and at others the semblance of some funeral pageant, with the long, solemn processions of the Russians, in their somber and shabby garments, marching through the town, singing harmonious hymns. Some few of the pilgrims are distinguished by rank or wealth, but most

of them are poor, weary mortals who spend their all to visit the sacred places, and whose only recompense for the sacrifice is the realization of their life's dream—to witness the descent of the holy fire over the tomb of Christ in Jerusalem. Here and there are English and American tourists, with field glasses and guide books in hand, led by Arab cicerones.

In the middle of the town stands an antique building, the outward appearance of which hardly seems that of a church. Yet as one looks down on the city from the surrounding hills, the two domes of the edifice stand out as the most prominent cupolas amidst the many domes and minarets in the picturesque panorama of the city.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where all the great services are performed, was built by order of Queen Helena, in 325, over the supposed site of the tomb of Jesus Christ, which she is said to have miraculously discovered. The church and the surrounding convents form the venerable pile of buildings which rises in solemn grandeur toward the north of the city.

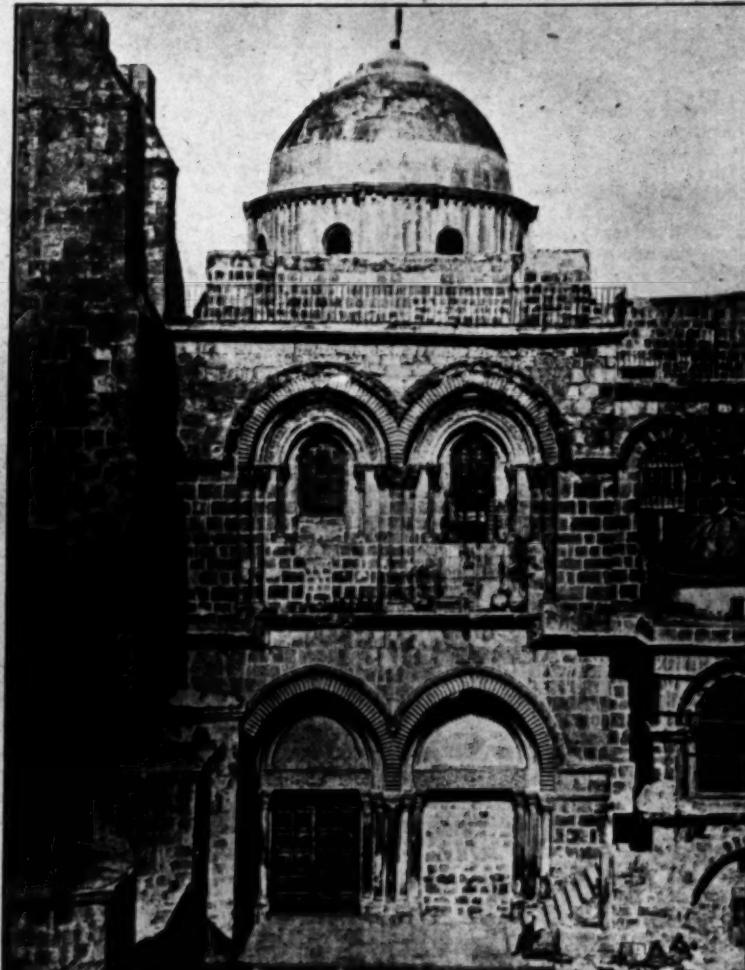
Within the precincts of the church are many altars of different ages and a collection of religious curiosities to which attach many strange traditions from the time of Adam to Christ. Innumerable lamps perpetually shed a

mellow light over the otherwise gloomy and heavily-laden chapels in the interior of the building. For the church consists of numerous small chapels belonging to the various Christian sects who worship there. These sanctuaries vary in magnificence, the Greeks and Latins owning the shrines of greatest splendor. The Armenians also show a rich display beside the poor and unadorned chapels of the Kopts and Syrians.

Each chapel has its own traditions, here the Chapel of the Parting of the Vestments and of the Crown of Thorns, and there the Chapel of the Stone of Unction. There are also many historical relics from Crusader's days. The sacred sites are common to all, the principal ones being Calvary, and the Chapel of the Tomb.

Calvary, the scene of sacred tragedy, is situated above a long flight of steps leading to a dimly-lighted chapel. Three holes show the places where the crosses were inserted, and even the cleft in the rock made by the earthquake is shown here. Every nook in the immense building is filled with chapels and altars. The thousands of pilgrims who prostrate themselves before them believe implicitly in the genuineness of these shrines.

In the center of the large basilica beneath the center



Church of the Holy Sepulcher



Easter Procession
of the
Greek Patriarch



Holy Sepulcher



Panorama of Jerusalem

dome is a small chapel covering the site of the tomb. It contains a marble sarcophagus which is highly polished by the constant kisses of the pilgrims. Forty-five gold and silver lamps hanging from the ceiling are kept alight continually. In this narrow sanctuary a ceaseless stream of pilgrims from every land can be seen filing in and out of the low door, offering candles and kneeling before the empty tomb, kissing it and shedding tears of adoration. In front of it is the Angel's Chapel, where the marble slab is exhibited which the angel rolled away from the tomb at the resurrection.

During Easter week services are perpetually going on within this greatest of churches in Palestine. Franciscan monks can be seen on Good Friday, marching in solemn procession, carrying banners and crucifixes to the various "Stations of the Cross." These are met by Armenian worshippers, whose monotonous drone makes a strange contrast to the deep chanting of the Latins. In the Koptic chapel are dark-faced men, heavily-turbaned, wearing large loose robes, and closely-veiled women squatting on the marble floor. In every corner are pilgrims either devoutly kneeling or else lying on their comfortable beds soundly sleeping while awaiting the hour of their own services. For they do not consider it a sacrifice to eat and even sleep within the sacred edifice, using the church as a temporary home.

At the entrance of the church is a lofty Gothic portal and a beautiful facade from Crusader days, with a double doorway and sculptured friezes, showing a strange combination of Romanesque architecture, surrounded by oriental imagery. On Shrove Tuesday a very interesting ceremony takes place in the large court before the church. The Greek patriarch, in presence of hundreds of pilgrims, washes the feet of twelve priests.

On a Saturday morning preceding Easter, the writer, with some friends, had the unique experience of a lifetime in witnessing the ceremony of "The Holy Fire" within this ancient building. After passing through several narrow, crooked and stony streets, and some steep ascents mostly darkened by high walls and overhanging houses, we came to the "Suk," or bazaar leading to the church. This was lined with soldiers. All around were vendors, sitting cross-legged on the stone pavement, their relics—rosaries, crosses, and curious Greek pictures of saints—spread on a colored mat before them. Every terrace and window and housetop near by was crowded with spectators. Men in bright garments, and women shrouded in white sheets sitting in picturesque groups, shading their eyes from the dazzling sunlight.

From this court we entered by a low-doorway into the basilica. In a deep recess were Turks, smoking and drinking coffee. The rotunda of the church was brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of gorgeous lamps, shedding a bright light on the bended forms of pilgrims muttering prayers, before gilded altars and on the dense mass of Russians wedging their way toward the Chapel of the Tomb, in order to station themselves close to the door of the tomb before the service commenced.

We were led to a gallery running round the rotunda which was already filling with American and English tourists. Above us were balconies in the cupola occupied by Greek ladies who feared the crush below. As we looked down from our height, the Chapel of the Tomb rose in grotesque magnificence, encircled by a sea of thousands of restless heads, some bare and some turbaned. Every niche in the building was filled with pilgrims and visitors. A passage three feet wide was kept open by lines of soldiers with guns in hand. Along this passage a procession of devotees began to rush around the chapel, dancing and shouting furiously. Five or six parties succeeded each other in this wild race, each vying with the others in the number of circuits accomplished.

This strange performance continued for several hours, the enthusiasts now carrying each other erect on their shoulders and now running in phalanx, four or five abreast, group clashing against group in the returning race and even overthrowing one another as the speed increased; now dragging each other along the floor, and now leaping onto one another's backs; their fierce countenances flushed by excitement, and the fire of fanaticism in their eyes, as they beseechingly implored the fire to descend and save them. The pavement soon became strewn with caps and shreds of garments. Loud kyle elisons resounded through the church, intermingled with shouts and applause. The Greeks were soon joined by the Kopts and Armenians, who brought in a new element of confusion in the noise of drums and cymbals. Tawny Arabs, with bare limbs and chests, some with long streaming hair, and others with closely-shaven heads, also appeared in the frantic dance, tossing their arms wildly about, their weird cries and their curious attire presenting a heathenish spectacle rather than one of Christian devotion. Cries arose from all sides, responding to the song of the erratic procession:

"Christ the Son of God has died for us."

"This is the tomb of Jesus Christ."

"God save the Sultan."

Racing round with tremendous rapidity, heedless of trampling over the worshippers, they even grasped hold of a priest and carried him erect triumphantly around the sepulchre.

On each side of the chapel was a round opening from which the fire was to issue forth. Around these openings the people pressed eagerly, so as to receive the flame pure from heaven. A few fortunate persons had bought the privilege of standing close to the tomb. Suddenly the priest who had paid the largest sum appeared, clad in a yellow silk robe. At about 2 o'clock the Pasha arrived, attended by his train, preceded by kavasses with staves to clear the way. Now a procession of bishops and archbishops, gorgeously attired in loose silk vestments of white and gold and gilded miters, and of Greek priests with long black hair twisted in braids under their tall black hats, bearing torches and splendid silken banners, entered, chanting solemnly a beautiful litany, which was almost lost in the persistent shouts of the fanatics. The procession made the circuit three times.

As the "Bishop of the Fire" appeared before the tomb, a hush fell upon the congregation, who waited breathlessly for the great event. On every face was a look of

expectancy, in every heart a silent prayer for the miracle to be vouchsafed. More vehemently than ever they pressed toward the church.

The Kady at last gave the signal. The bishop, taking off his outer vestments, cut the string with which the door of the tomb was fastened, and sealed, and entered in, shutting the door after him. The next moment the whole edifice resounded with the joyful acclamation which burst forth in response to the bishop's announcement that the fire was kindled. The priest nearest to the opening drew out a lighted silver lamp, fashioned to shield the sacred fire. The pilgrims nearest lit their tapers from it, and others received the precious fire from them. Thus from taper to taper the light spread with marvelous rapidity, till, as by a magic wand, the light had passed from north to south and from east to west, to every corner and nook of the great church, from the basilica to the galleries and balconies in the cupola, and the whole building, which had been brilliantly illuminated before, became a very dream of fairy lights. The dome was ablaze with tapers which had been let down to catch fire, and the roof cast a magnificent reflection of gold and red on the animated faces. Looking down we saw a dazzling spectacle of brilliancy. The torches being waved to and fro by the swaying multitude, cast a reflection of myriads of tiny lights in the glittering gold and silver decorations around the church. A resplendent background of gilded figures of saints and angels encircled the throng. The scene was one of victorious triumph, combined with conflict still, for the antagonistic sects extinguished each other's tapers, while endeavoring to keep their own alight and safe from the grasp of others.

Three Armenians in blue gowns rushed off, carrying ten lamps to their churches. Others ran barefoot to the convents and villages for miles around on this meritorious errand.

A universal cry of thanksgiving arose from the thousands of pilgrims assembled, accompanied by fanatical shouts and shrieks which were simply appalling. Bells rang merrily to proclaim the advent of the miracle to all Jerusalem. The bishop emerged from the tomb, holding bundles of tapers, three feet long, with which to light the candles in his own chapel. Between his haste and the tumult of the multitude, anxious to light their tapers from his, he fell, and his long white beard took fire. Being too unnerved to proceed further, he was lifted by pilgrims and carried into his chapel.

We trembled at the scene before us. All that fire in the hands of such a frantic mob!

Presently the pilgrims began extinguishing the lights with their handkerchiefs, which they would henceforth treasure for life. The women, devoutly crossing themselves, pressed the tapers to their bare breasts, and then delighted them, again and again: The men put theirs to their faces and beards, with the supposition that they would not burn like earthly fire!

In former days at this climax, a dove was let loose from the cupola to further mystify the pilgrims by the miraculous descent of the emblem of the Holy Ghost.

One wonders if this strange ceremony is a relic of the fire worship of old. It is a peculiar sight in these days of enlightenment. Or it may be a reminiscence of Arab funeral games round the tombs of ancient chiefs.

Leaving the church, we saw pilgrims daubing pieces of linen with the melting wax. These would then serve as final shrouds and would have the efficacy, through the merits of the celestial fire, to preserve them from the flames of hell.

Now the pilgrims flock to the Jordan to bathe in its sacred waters. After this they feel assured of having won eternal salvation. EVANGELINE BEN-OLIEL.

HOW'S THE WEATHER?

WHAT "FARMER" DUNN THINKS ABOUT CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S CLIMATE.

By a Special Contributor.

WETHER or not a change is taking place in our climate is a question of widespread and increasing interest. This is especially true in the United States, a country of vast extent, obliged to maintain constant intercommunication and dependent largely upon the weather as to the successful outcome of commercial and industrial enterprises.

To answer the question off hand would be to display a degree of ignorance unbecoming those who should be capable of giving an opinion. It is true, nevertheless, that there is a growing belief that climatic change is going on. Those who hold this view draw conclusions mostly from their own memories of past seasons; many have been convinced of change through increased or diminished business interests.

The records kept by the government do not cover a period of sufficient duration to permit the drawing of a conclusive opinion. This would require records lasting a hundred years or more. Some among those interested have unearthed old records kept in the days of our grandfathers and great grandfathers. In a few instances these records go back more than two centuries and form a part of history. And although intermittent in most cases and made in widely separated localities these records must be considered fairly authentic. For no reason can be imagined why the colonial fathers should have made false statements; in fact, they could have had no idea that their entries were to be utilized for purposes of comparison long years after the observers had passed away.

A curious feature of these old weather records is this. They generally refer solely to the extreme coldness of the winters, which began usually in November and lasted until late in March, with snow covering the ground during the entire period. Hardly a mention is made of extreme heat, or any unusual condition pertaining to the summer months.

The Earliest Record.

Mention is found in these ancient records—the earliest dating back to 1607—of cycles of severe cold lasting sev-

eral winters, and again, intermittent cycles of mild weather, and it is noteworthy that the cold in most cases exceeded that prevailing in the same sections of country during recent years. For instance, the winter of 1779-80, in which there was intense and uninterrupted cold from the later part of November till the middle of March with snow covering the ground nearly four feet deep for three consecutive months. Long Island Sound was frozen solid as well as the East and North rivers; traffic was carried on over the ice between New York and New Jersey, and between New Jersey and Staten Island. Troops marched from New Jersey to Staten Island on the ice. There is a record of a severe snowstorm in May, 1607, extending over Long Island.

In 1740-41, the winter was extremely severe. Long Island Sound was frozen over, as it was again in 1779-80, and in the latter winter Chesapeake Bay was also frozen from its head to the mouth of the Potomac. In 1763-64, the Delaware River was frozen solid. On February 7, 1865, an ox roast took place on the Schuylkill River.

In 1784, there is a record in the vicinity of New York City, as follows: February 10, 19 deg. below zero; February 11, 12 below; February 12, 13 below; February 13, 19 below; February 14, 20 below; February 15, 12 below; February 16, 16 below; February 17, 17 below. Yet in the past thirty years the lowest temperature recorded near New York was 6 deg. below. In 1795-96 the Susquehanna River closed on December 6, and the Delaware on December 26.

The winter of 1831-32 was one of great severity throughout all the Atlantic and Gulf States; in many places in Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama the temperature fell to considerably below zero; at Huntsville, Ala., it reached 9 deg. below.

In 1834-35 was another winter of extreme cold in the same districts, as was also the winter of 1855-56, when skating was enjoyed in Southern Alabama. Records made through a long series of years might be quoted in which extreme cold has been recorded beyond question exceeding the lowest temperatures of the same places in the past thirty years.

The Question of Change.

But these figures do not answer the questions? Has there been any change? Is a change taking place at present?

Those who believe that climatic change has taken place and is still going on, hold diverse opinions as to the cause thereof. Some attribute it largely to the cutting of the forests and the extensive drainage of the soil that comes through cultivation. Others hold that the polar ice is leaving the poles and drifting into the waters of the middle latitudes. Others that the great volume of artificial heat generated in the larger cities has a tendency to moderate the cold. But the theory having the strongest hold and which is steadfastly persisted in, is, that the Gulf Stream has changed its course and is running closer to the shores of North America; its warmth being felt over the land. In support of this notion it is held that the Gulf Stream warms the British Isles and that without its influence they would be as cold as Greenland. It is true that the Gulf Stream washes the shores of the British Isles, but does not justify the assertion that the climate of England, being milder than that of New York, although at a more northern latitude, is made so by the waters of the Gulf Stream.

Gulf Stream Theory Wrong.

In fact, this whole Gulf Stream theory is wrong. Even if the Gulf Stream had changed its course and were running closer to our shores than ever before (which is not the case,) this would not in the least solve the problem, for the principal reason that all weather conditions and the prevailing winds travel with the rotation of the earth from west to east. Any change of temperature, due to that stream, then, would be carried to the eastward and its effect lost over the United States.

Furthermore, the scientists say that by the time the Gulf Stream reaches the vicinity of Newfoundland the depth and volume of heated water is no longer sufficient to produce any material effect on the climate. The stream exerts an influence on the temperature of the immediate overlying air, which is very noticeable in crossing, but that modification is lost at a distance of a few miles on either side of the stream.

The general theories of climatic change are thus disposed of, so that nothing but the old records are left. And while they are interesting, they are neither complete nor accurate enough to justify the belief which seems to be so general. As to the records of the last thirty years, they show fluctuation—that some winters have been much colder than others, and some summers much hotter, but in figuring out the amount of heat and cold received at each place, it is found that one just about counterbalances the other, the annual average temperature being confined to a very narrow limit, some years varying therefrom not more than four degrees. However, from a careful investigation and years of study given to this particular subject, I am fully justified in asserting that while the average of heat and cold remains practically the same, a certain change of climate is actually taking place, in that the seasons are blending one into the other more in these later years than in the past, so that it is now most difficult to tell where one leaves off or the other begins; whereas, in former years the outlines of the seasons were far more sharply defined.

E. B. DUNN.

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MUMMY WHEAT.

Popular journals every now and again recount that wheat found in mummy cases has been planted, germinated and grown. Certain wheats of Egyptian origin are known as mummy wheats. The legend will probably live, but it has no veritable basis. M. E. Gain has recently tried extensive experiments with wheat taken from Egyptian tombs and finds that no cereals there found will reproduce their kind. The embryos of such grains are completely dead, although the reserve material is perfectly fit to nourish them were they alive. —*New York Sun.*

HEIR TO A HOLD-UP.

By P. C. Bicknell.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER FOUR.—A TRAMP'S FUNERAL.

In BITTER disappointment and disgust I threw the letter aside. I had thought the treasure within my grasp when it was snatched out of my sight. What good was the letter without the key? Already, even while reading, I had been commencing to build air castles, and dreaming sweet dreams, only to have them rudely shattered in the end. Too well I knew that the entire plain for many miles was covered thick with giant cactus, standing six to ten feet apart. I could not find that row of four marked ones, nor the other one to use as a hind sight, in a lifetime. They had been marked nine years ago; and now—so I thought—only the faintest scars would remain. Even should I be lucky enough to find the row of four, how could I hope to find the rear one? Curley's legacy had slipped from my grasp. Evidently the second letter, giving the key, was lost. Perhaps Curley had not taken it from the dead man's pocket. Or, perhaps—yes! that was it!—I had not taken it from Curley's pocket. But no! He had only mentioned having one letter. I reached for the letter again, and examined it closely. In turning it over my eye caught some faint pencil marks on the inch of space below the signature. The words were somewhat blurred; but I made them out thus: "Switch stand west end of siding. 23 steps N.W. to first mark, then 20 steps N.W. to second mark."

I puzzled over it only a moment, and then—hurrah! It was as plain as day. The imaginary line that led to the treasure began at the very switch-stand where poor Curley met his death! Even now, his body was lying there, as if to mark the spot! The instructions were simple enough. Twenty-three steps northwest from that switch-stand I should find the first marked cactus; and twenty steps more in the same direction should bring me to the row of four, of which I must pick out the third from the right to aim by. How I should have enjoyed verifying it at once! But there was other work that must be first attended to. Poor Curley's body was lying there all alone in the morning sunlight, and it must have a decent burial before anything else could be thought of.

I curbed my impatience, and killed a little of the time by sitting at the table and sketching a map of the position of the buried treasure, according to the instructions in the letter. Then I went over to the station, and risked a storm of scientific abuse (for all the boys were very late risers, in those doce far niente days) by waking up the agent, and reporting the fatality of the previous night.

We did not wait for the formality of sending to Phoenix—thirty miles distant—for the coroner; but we went up the track together, taking the baggage truck, and moved the body into the freighthouse, where it would be out of the sun. I told the agent the whole story—omitting, of course, any mention of the buried treasure, for to divulge the boy's secret would be an unpardonable breach of confidence. He agreed with me that the unfortunate waif should have a proper funeral. I also mentioned that a friend of his was to come on the noon freight train, and suggested that the funeral be postponed till one o'clock that afternoon.

We all boarded at the hotel, and took our meals at the same table, and when we met, at breakfast, and the agent announced Curley's funeral for one o'clock p.m., it made quite a sensation, as it was a total surprise to everyone. Of course they clamored for the particulars, and I had to relate my experience of the night before. The occasion brought forth a speech from our Western Union operator to the effect that "although the unfortunate occurrence is deeply regretted by our sympathizing population, nevertheless, our valued friend, the forwarding agent—bowing at me—deserves the thanks of the community, for his enterprise in midnight rambles. This charming habit has led to a discovery that would afford us an opportunity of showing our respect for the deceased in a fitting manner, and at the same time preserve us from that dread though aristocratic fate—death from 'on-we'."

All arrangements for the funeral were made then and there. The stage agent promised to send his two Mexicans to dig the grave immediately after breakfast; and he also agreed to furnish a wagon and driver for the hearse, and to have an antiquated stage coach hitched up with six horses, for the mourners. I took it upon myself to furnish the coffin, and before noon, I had made a good one out of some old machinery packing cases I had on hand.

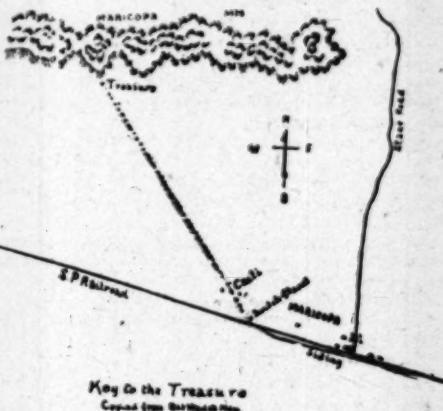
Everything was ready when No. 4 rolled in, shortly after noon, and we were all on the platform awaiting our expected break-beam passenger. But though we looked through the caboose, and carefully examined all the brake beams, no "Shorty Red" turned up. His absence was soon accounted for. On questioning the conductor, we learned that on leaving Yuma, his train had run over a hobo who had been riding on the brakes, and had backed up, and left him on the platform of the station. He was alive, but not expected to live half an hour, when the train left.

As we could not keep the remains any longer in that hot climate, the funeral procession started at once, from the door of the hotel. A baggage wagon, bearing the coffin draped in black and driven by a Mexican, led the way, and then followed the dilapidated stage coach, drawn by six horses, a Mexican driving and the two Chinamen on top, with the rest of the population—six of us—inside. It must not be thought that there was any unseemly levity connected with the funeral. On the contrary, it was extremely solemn; especially so to me. I

could not keep my mind from dwelling on the fatal circumstances connected with the letter I carried in my inside pocket, for, so far, it had acted like a deadly weapon to each man who had had anything to do with it. It had been written by a dying man; Bob, the person to whom it was addressed, was cut to pieces by the train near Sacramento; Curley, the next to secure the unfortunate letter, was done to death by the same means, and Shorty, his friend, who had merely read it over, lay dying or possibly dead, at Yuma.

I am not constitutionally superstitious, and it would have taken a good many more warnings than these to have induced me to part with the rosy hopes that letter had awakened, but it certainly did look as though the trouble was "up to me." However, I was perfectly willing to chance it. There are troubles and troubles, but I could not, just then, think of any worse one than being "broke."

There were no formalities of any kind at the grave. We could not scare up a Bible or prayer book in the camp. The telegraph operator called attention to the fact as we were lowering the body into the grave, and also made a few remarks to the effect that the Power that had called this soul away was doubtless able to take care of it, without any suggestions from us. A sentiment in which we all concurred. As the gravel began falling on the rude pine box, we turned away and walked back to the hotel, leaving the vehicles to return later, for the drivers were also the grave diggers. I have omitted to state that I had painted with a marking brush, a smooth pine board, with the single name "Curley," with the date of his death below it. The small cemetery was rather less than a mile north of the handful of wooden buildings that constituted Maricopa. It was out among the thorn bushes and the cactus plants, and contained some ten or twelve rock-piled graves, the



silent occupants of which had many of them died with the proverbial "boots on."

It does seem strange, but it is nevertheless very true, that the birth of nearly all of the centers of growing civilization in the West is followed by the inauguration of a little cemetery in which several of these booted gentlemen are taking their well-earned rest. On the frontier they call it "planting" a man, when they bury him, especially if his friends have omitted to remove his boots before the ceremony.

CHAPTER FIVE.—THE TREASURE.

On our return I accompanied the railroad agent to his office, and desired him to ask the Yuma agent, on the wire, about the hobo who had been injured by No. 4 that morning. The answer came that he had died an hour after the train left, and during a few moments of consciousness had given his name as Shorty Red, and said he had no "folks." I astonished the agent somewhat by sending word to have him buried in the regular cemetery at my expense, and explained that he had been Curley's only friend, and that I had taken quite a liking to the poor boy during our short acquaintance. This reminded me of Curley's pocketbook, and taking it from my pocket, I found the five-dollar bill that he had mentioned and handed it to the agent to forward to Yuma, telling him that it would be a good idea to let Curley's own money pay the expense of his friend's burial.

When I had reached the privacy of my own office, I again examined the pocketbook, for I had seen therein a folded slip of paper that had awakened my curiosity.

It proved to be the map mentioned by Curley, and in all important points was identical with the one I had sketched after reading the description in Bat Wade's letter.

Now that I was the only living man who knew of the existence of the buried treasure, and consequently the sole heir to it, I seriously asked myself if I had a moral right to claim it as my own.

There was certainly a strong presumption that it was the money taken from the stage on that cloudy night in 1879, but who could prove it? Should I turn it over to the authorities it would remain in their hands, for they would never give it up without absolute proof, and such proof was impossible.

The law will imprison or even hang a man on circumstantial evidence, but it will never give up money on any such evidence. It seemed to me that I had a better right to that treasure than anyone else.

In fact my claim came direct from a man who, though he may have stolen the money, had paid for it by incurring the prescribed penalty.

He had paid for it with nine long years of imprisonment, with death at the end of those weary years. Enough! I decided that it was mine. I would go the very next day and reconnoiter the ground.

I was something of a prospector myself in those days,

and frequently took long walks out into the desert and into the nearest mountains. So when I told the boys that evening that I was going prospecting on the morrow, and tried to persuade one of them to accompany me, they only laughed at me, as I knew they would, and

I did not dream of any ulterior motives. Next morning when

I started down toward the switch-stand, at the very earliest sign of dawn, I well knew that there was not an eye open in the little camp of Maricopa, and that there would probably be no one awake until long after sunrise. As I neared the end of the long siding three hundred feet or more west of the station platform, the eastern sky was paling behind me, and the moon hung flat and white, close to the western horizon, almost touching the desert. All that delicious, almost trembling sense of anticipation rushed over me, that I used to feel, when, a boy, back in the "Old States," I would crawl up to the edge of some favorite trout pool at the same hour of the morning, to drop my fly on the dark riffle.

I had brought no compass, for the letter had made no mention of one, so on reaching the switch-stand I merely strode off in a northwest direction, counting twenty-three steps. The tall, gaunt forms of the giant cacti seemed to my wrought-up imagination to be crowding round me in silent disapproval of my purpose, but little cared I so long as there was no human eye to watch me. I found the marked cactus without the slightest difficulty; in fact, it was the very first one I came to at the end of the twenty-three steps. The scar was as large as my hand. The tough, green bark, or rather skin, of these cacti is almost exactly like parchment in consistency. When cut or wounded in any way, it scabs over and leaves a gray scar, which increases in size with the slow growth of the plant—a fact I had forgotten when thinking over it the day before. Consequently the remainder of my work was easy. Impaling a square of white paper on one of the numerous bunches of thorns that adorned the great green pillar, so as to identify it among its numerous kindred, I went back to the switch-stand and from it, aimed past the white mark to get my direction. I saw now why Bat Wade had taken three points of sight, when it would have seemed that two would have been sufficient to give the line. There was a slight swell on the desert where the first-marked cactus stood, hardly enough to be called a hill, but sufficient to hide the base of the distant foothills from the view of anyone standing at the switch-stand. But on reaching the cactus the view was uninterrupted, and, taking the requisite twenty steps, I had no trouble in finding the row of four. They stood at different distances apart—say from four to ten feet—and all showed large scars on the south-side. Counting the third from the east, I impaled a second square of white paper, and went back to the first cactus to take aim.

Yes, there was the black bush mentioned in the letter, which I knew to be a large mesquite tree, somewhat larger, perhaps, than when the writer of the letter had seen it nine years before.

Up to this time I had hardly dared allow myself believe in the truth of the letter. It is so easy for bad news, and so hard for good news to be true. But now, since everything had corresponded so correctly, I felt an excitement growing on me that I did not try to restrain, and with a long, swinging trot, I started for that benignant "black bush." The distance was about six miles—possibly a little more—and before I had covered two of them I was forced to curb my impatience and settle down to a walk, for the sun was now blazing in the sky, and I was drenched with perspiration. While yet at a distance of a hundred yards or more, I recognized the "large flat rock" south of the tree, and as I drew nearer, the very site of the old camp fire was plainly indicated by one or two charred ends of logs, and even by whitish marks of ashes, that the two or three rains Arizona had perhaps enjoyed during those nine years had not been able to obliterate, or rather, had beaten into the ground. To those who have always lived in lands visited by frequent rains, it might seem impossible that traces of a solitary camp could be visible after so many years; but such is the well-known fact in the dry southwest.

There was little doubt that this was the exact spot where the fire had been, but I made sure by pacing off the distance, and found it was just ten feet from the rock. Heated and out of breath as I was, I plied the pick and shovel so well that in a few minutes I uncovered the bottom of the camp kettle, which he had buried bottom side up in order to prevent the entrance of moisture. A moment more and I had pulled out the barley sack and turned its contents onto the ground, thinking of that other man who had once done the same, and instinctively looking over my shoulder as I did so, to see if anyone were watching me from behind some boulder, though I knew it was impossible for anyone to be there at that hour, for there had been no rain for several months, and it is only during wet seasons that prospectors traverse that dry, dreary range.

There they were—the five narrow bundles wrapped in brown paper and sealed with red wax, just as described in the letter. I was disappointed in the size of the parcels, for they were so far from bulky that, had I been wearing a coat, I could easily have concealed all five of them in my two inside pockets without making a very noticeable bulge. But one hasty glance at the ends that had been torn open, reassured me, for I saw that there were \$500 bills in each package—I had no desire to examine my prize in so open a locality, even though it was almost a certainty that there was no human being within six miles of me. It was not necessary to take any chances. One does not pick up such a windfall every day, and I determined to curb my impatience, and put off the treat of counting over those greenbacks till the proper time.

My own quarters in Maricopa were at the west end of the settlement, the length of a city block from the station, with no houses intervening. I had no difficulty in reaching it without meeting anyone, and I did not care who should see me from a little distance with my pick and shovel, canteen and sack over my shoulder. It would merely be thought that I was returning from one of my frequent, short prospect trips. In less than two and a half hours I was back in my own room and the bundles were safely transferred from the old barley sack to my trunk. Then, though bursting with impatience to count the money and be alone by myself to properly realize my good fortune, I sauntered carelessly over to

the station and whiled away the two hours before lunch time in chafing or being chafed, as usual after my return from one of my "prospect trips."

During hot weather the first half of our afternoon was always devoted to siesta, and from two o'clock until four it was safe to say that everyone in the little community was fast asleep. Then it was that locking myself in my room, regardless of the heat—for what was a little thing like heat on such an occasion?—I drew down the curtains, lit the lamp and gave myself up to the pleasurable excitement of examining my "find." Picture me then, with chair drawn up to the side of the bed, sorting out greenbacks of every denomination from \$50 to \$500, like a man playing solitaire with two or three decks of cards; greenbacks were strewn upon the bed quilt thicker than the "leaves on the brooks of Vallombrosa." Each of the five packages was carelessly marked in pencil with the figures "5000," but I had not considered that the marks had any reference to the contents, for that would make them foot up \$25,000, instead of \$14,000, which was supposed to be the amount taken from the stage. Judge then, of my agreeable surprise to find, after counting them over and over again, that each of those little bundles contained exactly \$5000, in denominations of \$50, \$100 and \$500! There were five of "five hundred," twenty of "one hundred," and ten of "fifty" in each bundle. None of them were brand new, but I was glad they showed signs of usage, for had they been too fresh looking I should have been afraid they were the work of counterfeiters. I was also well pleased that the amount differed from that said to have been taken from the stage, for this made it still more uncertain that this windfall was the result of that robbery.

Should the subsequent history of that treasure ever be written, it would relate how I started soon after, for Mexico; how I invested in a coffee plantation on the Tuxpan River in the Tierra Caliente; how though no one ever claimed the money on account of former ownership, very many people in very many ways, tried to get as much of it as they could away from me—some of them even losing their lives in the attempt—and how they kept on trying as long as there was any of it left.

RECRUITS IN THE NAVY. HOW THEY ARE ENLISTED AND HOW TRAINED FOR THEIR DUTIES.

By a Special Contributor.

AN HOUR almost any day spent in the naval recruiting rendezvous on lower Market street, near the water front, in San Francisco, will be interesting. With the great expansion of the United States navy, there is an increasing demand for sailor boys.

San Francisco's recruiting rendezvous is typical of many stations along our Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. While the academy at Annapolis and War College at Newport train American youths for naval order givers, the recruiting stations procure the brawn, heart and courage that are the nation's reliance in days of struggle. The man behind the gun, in these days of scientific warfare, is a person to be reckoned with.

While there is endless red tape about entering the offices of the higher authorities of the Navy Department, the door of the recruiting office swings wide open. One goes up unkempt stairs, past paper signs on the walls: "Wanted, Men for the Navy of the United States," etc., into a room in which there are a few chairs, a bench and a table littered with papers and writing material. Very likely there may be a half-dozen men in the office sitting about, and always an officer of the navy, dressed scrupulously in bright uniform. There are little rooms leading off from this for use in examining applicants for Uncle Sam's service.

Oh, it is a very easy thing to get into the navy, providing you have a good constitution, hard muscles and average character.

However, if one has any thinking to do concerning enlistment in the navy, he should do it all before he goes into the recruiting officer's office and signs his name in any of the blank books. The moment the recruit puts his signature there, Uncle Samuel does all the thinking for him. You will do well to think assiduously, my patriotic friend, before you apply at a naval rendezvous—that is, while you walk the streets penniless, while you dig in the ground, work at the forge, carry brick and mortar, or idle at home on the farm—but when you have signed Uncle Sam's naval rolls, that emblematic old gentlemen starts your pay at a few cents a day, will feed and house you and will do all your pondering for you.

Among the sturdy young men who came to enlist in the navy one morning, was a chap whom we shall call Job Budd—a happy bright-eyed, short but well-built man of twenty-three years. There were several applicants for enlistment in the office when Joe arrived. He was told to be seated. Three of the applicants had not come up to the physical requirements of the service, and with a curt, "You're not wanted, sir," by the lieutenant, each man snatched his hat and went out and down the stairs still a free man.

At length the lieutenant approached Joe Budd. "What do you want to enlist for?" said the officer.

"To be seaman; I've served some at sea."

"Where were you born?"

"In New York, but I've lived most of my life in Los Angeles."

"Can you prove it?" said the officer, while he looked the lad over and over.

"Very easily."

"Go in there and take your examination," said the lieutenant, after a moment's deliberation.

Then Joe went into an adjoining department, where he stripped to the skin, was weighed, measured,

thumped, made to show his teeth, read letters across the room, name colors and let the surgeon record every identifying mark and certify that he was up to the unrelenting standard of almost perfect physical manhood that measures every last man that rides the sea in a man-of-war.

When Joe came out another man asked him rapidly a lot of questions to test his knowledge of primary things aboard ship. "What's a topgallant m'st?" "What's the opposite of east by south?" A minute of such questioning and Joe sat down and reeved a purchase and tied strange knots that bind where the salt spray flies and then he picked up a marlin spike and spliced two cable ends with a mastery that backed up his account of his sea experiences.

A clerk came in from another room with a bundle of papers. They were the enlistment papers of the eight men who had applied for admission to the navy that morning. Joe Budd's was among them. The lieutenant called out, "All hands come to the table," and the eight men on the bench went meekly forward, hat in hand. In a monotone the clerk perfunctorily read aloud the long detailed articles of agreement between the United States and the enlisted man in the naval service. Each man listened as seriously as if to his death sentence. When the reading finished, the clerk said: "Joseph Budd will sign first. Put your name there." The lad signed laboriously.

"Now sign here in this book, and also in this book."

"I didn't get that quite on the line," says Budd, apologetically, as the job ended in the register so full of ruled columns.

"That's all right, Budd. You belong to Uncle Sam now, and you've got a day's pay coming to you," says the clerk. "But here at 3 o'clock to go to Mare Island."

And so a bunch of eight defenders were added to our naval force and so the rapid, decisive routine of acceptance and rejection of men went on throughout the day.

Seamen and coal passers are quickly examined and accepted or rejected at the rendezvous. The navy wants skilled labor these days. It wants machinists, boilermakers, blacksmiths, etc., for the fighting machine of today is a big machine shop, supplied with everything but big shop machinery. And it wants engineers and firemen as well as seamen and coal heavers.

An engineer is at the rendezvous to examine skilled laborers and when they pass this and the rigid medical examinations they are sent to the shops at Mare Island for another examination by foremen and engineers there, for Uncle Sam wants none but masters of trades. Of course the skilled labor enlisted is all for ships. The men in the navy-yard shops are merely hired as civilians.

The government steamer left for Mare Island at 4 p.m., and twenty men were marched from the rendezvous to board her, some within an hour after passing an examination. At the wharf a middle-aged little woman had a chance to give Joe Budd a tearful hug. Eighteen hours later Joe was trussed out in his uniform on the receiving ship at the navy yard and lined up with a squad of recruits in front of the drill sergeant.

The next morning Joe was given a suit of blue clothes, consisting of a shirt or jumper, and trousers, two suits of white duck overalls, two suits of light-blue underwear, one knitted cap for common wear and a typical, flat-topped sailor cap for shore wear, socks, shoes, a black silk necktie, white tape for lacing up the shirt, a knife, brown canvas leggings for dress wear, a hammock to sleep in, two blankets, a mattress cover and a clothes bag.

For three months Joseph Budd was drilled thrice a day in a thousand and one movements for developing the seaman's muscles, his dexterity with cutlass and fire-arm. It became tedious after a while, and the other recruits murmured, but that did no good. The drill master had heard similar complaints for years. Finally, Joe Budd was transferred to a battleship, and became a man behind the guns in the service of his country.

The first thing a man-of-war recruit learns is to jump to the scream of the bo'sun's mate's pipe and the bray of the marine "windjammer's" bugle. The bugler gets in his work first, for this musician trumpets all hands forward awake at 5 o'clock in the morning. A hammock is a comfortable, cosy affair to sleep in at 5 o'clock on a bleak, chill morning. But when the "windjammer's" notes die away, the already-up bo'sun's mate lets out a couple of shrill blasts on his pipe, followed by the roar, "All hands on deck!" From the time "all hands" is sounded, the men are allowed six minutes to scramble out of their hammocks, dress themselves, lash their hammocks and stow them away in the hammock nettings. The man who lags and is ten seconds behind schedule time for this performance is spotted by the chief master-at-arms—and he does not go ashore on liberty with his shipmates for a while.

The hammocks stowed, the officer of the deck (in his bare feet, generally, like the men forward, and therefore not quite so gallant and dignified looking as he appears when you go aboard on your visit) nods to the watchful bo'sun's mate, and the word, "Wash down," is passed on. Then the jumps below begin to thump, and for a solid hour, "green seas" pour over the decks. The scrubbing, mauling of gear, rubbing of anything and everything rubable, are prodigious. Every man has a cleaning station, and it is his business to get that station as clean as washed wool. If he does not get it clean, he is sent to "the mast," when his slouchiness is corrected by the inspecting officer. Every cranny and corner of a man-of-war is numbered, for cleaning purposes, from the to'gallant fo'c'sle to the after engine-room, and every man-of-war's man has a number to correspond to his cleaning station. While the men on deck are whitening the decks and scouring the guns and uncoupling and restowing loose gear, the black gang below are polishing up their intricate machinery stations, cleaning fire and boiler-rooms and washing out bilges. At 7 o'clock the bo'sun's mate gets another nod from the officer of the deck; then he gives his pipe a bit of a wind and growls, "Knock off!" The men quit work where they stand and wash themselves for breakfast. The galley cooks get breakfast ready while the rest of the crew

forward are cleaning. When "mess gear" is "piped" the mess cooks' strikers (generally apprentice boys) pull down the swinging tables, and the pannikin-served meals are on the tables in a jiffy. The bluejackets are hungry, of course. The food is substantial, but the recruit must become accustomed to the way it is served.

The average man-of-war man regards his breakfast as only a foundation for a smoke—the best smoke of the day. On American men-of-war there is an open lantern, called the "smoking lamp," hanging, as a rule, at the break of the fo'c'sle. The corporal of the marine guard lights and extinguishes this lamp, in accordance with directions from the officer of the deck. When the smoking lamp is aglow the man-of-war's man may smoke himself black in the face. So the sailor bolts his breakfast for the sake of his first morning smoke—for he has to crowd his breakfast, the smoke and the somewhat elaborate "policing" of himself and dressing up for quarters within the space of an hour. "Quarters," which is the first roll-call of the day on a war vessel, is sounded in the United States navy at 8:30 a.m. The men forward, bluejackets and marines, don't put on their best uniforms for ordinary quarters, but they must look neat and clean to stand their division officer's inspection.

The chief petty officers attached to divisions, above and below, call the roll and report to the division officers, who in turn report to the executive officer. Finally the executive officer reports to the commanding officer, who stands at the cabin door. In port there are always men reported "absent ashore without leave"—"liberty breakers," these men (who suffer for it upon their return) are called. The man who is aboard the ship and misses quarters is haled to the stick by the chief master-at-arms, and the derelict is in luck if he does not get a dose of "extra duty" for his remissness.

Immediately upon the dismissal of men from quarters, the marine and ship's buglers in unison sound "drill call." There is a round of drills to fit all hands, in all the ship's departments, for every day in the week. Often several different drills are in progress on the same deck. All of the men join in the setting-up exercises—calisthenics of a sort by no means adapted to kindergartens. Most of the men come in for single-stick drill—rather antiquated drill this, when it is considered how remote the probability is of modern men-of-war getting sufficiently close together for cutlass to be of use. All hands also have to master the use of the rifle. When a man-of-war is tied up at a navy yard every one gets a daily dose of battalion drill in infantry formation ashore in the yard on the marines' parade ground. The other drills aboard ship are too numerous to be specified—drills with the great guns; knotting and splicing, which means a mastery of all knots used on shipboard; exercise with scientific instruments; "arm and away," a hurry affair, requiring extreme alertness in manning the boats; "repelling boarders," another antiquated but exceedingly athletic drill; "abandon ship," when all hands hastily provision the boats and sheer off in them, often in midocean, when the sea is smooth; "collision quarters," a lightning-like closing of the doors of the water-tight compartments; "fire quarters," a hustling bit of hose-stretching work; target practice, with rifles and revolvers, and drills a-plenty, besides, too technical to be referred to here.

The drills of the morning ordinarily last for an hour and a half, or until 10 o'clock, when the men are dismissed to indulge in another smoke. After half an hour's smoking, "Turn to" is sounded, and the men put finishing touches to their cleaning work of the morning. "Knock off!" is sounded at 11:45, when they wash up for dinner. About five minutes before this meal, the men begin to form the beer line. The chief master-at-arms at the main mast serves out beer (for which the men pay the bumboatsmen).

At 1 o'clock "Turn to" goes again, and then for three or four hours the men forward put in the heavy work of the day. The chief bo'sun's mate always knows where to find work for the bluejackets. There is always a paymaster's store-room to be "broken out" and restowed; always a magazine that needs overhauling; always ashes to be hauled up on elevators from the fire-rooms, anchors to be repainted, ammunition boxes to be red-leaded, ship's sides to be scraped or scrubbed to a dazzling whiteness—in brief, the bo'sun's mate of a modern man-of-war is never at a loss for ideas, and one of the requirements of his rate is that he must always be able to find labor for four times the number of the ship's company.

When the men finally "knock off" at 4 or 5 o'clock, the only remaining duty is the call to evening's quarters about sundown. The mess-gear for supper is piped, and when the meal is over all hands shift into the slouchiest clothes they possess in their dirty bags, and settle down for an evening of comfort. The studious go to the library, but the library is never overcrowded with men. There is always too much going on on the deck to make reading or letter-writing possible, except for serious men. The bluejackets and marines who possess musical instruments bring them out of their dirty bags, and all hands among the musicians play different tunes at one and the same time in close proximity to each other, the singers—also singing different ballads, as a rule—at no very great distance away. The boxers baste each other with the gloves on the main deck, the jig dancers form their especial parties of admirers, the yarn spinners gather their clientele about them, and from immediately after supper until "hammocks" is sounded at 7:30 o'clock—when the sleepy men may turn in if they so elect—there is life and movement on deck. The men must remain a bit quiet after hammocks. After "pipe down" is sounded—"pipe down" being the taps of the army—all lights, except the standing ones, are extinguished, and the man-of-war day officially ends at 9:30 p.m.

STANLEY RAYMOND.

The American slang word which has opened the doors of popularity to Prince Henry in the United States bids fair to attain a vogue here. Yesterday one might have heard Londoners struggling with the monosyllable, which, in nine cases out of ten, they pronounced "kinch." The exotic should be more tenderly treated, as its first letter is soft and sibilant, Americans pronouncing it "sinch."—[London Express.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A. P. B., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I am taking the liberty of asking a few more questions in regard to draping my large front windows. No pair of curtains, of course, will be adequate for the space unless a portion of them is cut off and sewed together for a sort of flounce. Will that look well? Did you mean that I should get Irish point for all my windows when you suggested matching them? There are only two windows in the front parlor and I have two sets of curtains for them, but thought something different might be in better taste for the hall and stair landing windows. What would be pretty in color and quality for dining-room carpet with the yellow walls you advise, and what shade of yellow did you mean? What do you like for frescoe decoration in dining-room? Your suggestions for the parlor are lovely, as carpets are to be the same in parlor and library, would it not be better to finish and decorate them alike? Do tell me what to use to upholster my window seats, of which there are so many. Do you like anything on a stair landing in the line of furniture? What sort of a drapery will I hang at the latticed window at foot of stairs, and would you like the light on the newel post shaded with a colored globe or clear?"

I am so very sorry that I cannot give you accurate information about draping your large window. If you will send me a diagram of it I can help you. Perhaps you will excuse me when I tell you that I open from seventy-five to one hundred letters on this subject a week. They come from all parts of the United States and I naturally confuse them after having replied to

a friend's some design in the corners of doorways, but would like to know as soon as possible how I shall curtain window, the drawing of which I inclose and description."

Fit your middle window with your Irish point and matching the net, hang curtains slightly full and straight over the little side windows. Do not use a cover on your square piano. The polished rosewood will be highly ornamental in your music room. I like the idea of the vases on mats much better. If you would make two mats of some beautifully-colored and rather faded-looking brocade, and having these twelve or eighteen inches square, bind them with gold galloon, you would have a fine effect. A cut-glass vase with roses in it would show up beautifully on such a mat, laid on the polished wood. I hope you can curtain your doorways with tapestry which has foliage and shadows against a pale blue sky-looking background. There is nothing prettier than this stuff for a music room, the treatment would then be French rather than Oriental, but it would be charming.

Suggestions for a Two-story House.

M. R. F., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I write to ask your advice in regard to tinting the rooms of a six-room, two-story house, that is just being finished for me, the floor plan of which I inclose, all to be finished in yellow pine. I would like your suggestions in furnishing the hall and parlor or living-room, as I have to get nearly all new for them. Have only one mahogany rocker and two black walnut upholstered ones for the parlor and cherry hall rack with seat and circular glass and two velvet-rugs, with rich brown colorings, for hall. The floor in parlor is finished two feet around. I do not want the cost of furnishings, including large rug for parlor, to cost over \$100. For the dining-room I have a very nice heavy black walnut table and sideboard, light tan Brussels rug with dashes of brown and green, lace curtains enough for all windows, but fear they are too

of flowers in the middle of it. I would far rather have my furniture on plainer lines and be able to put in the accessories which give an air of coziness and comfort, such as pretty plants in Chinese jars on low stands, a low, broad footstool, a tea table with a pretty little chair beside it, and some good prints grouped on the walls, than to furnish with handsome articles of which I could not have enough to give the look of completeness which is absolutely necessary to coziness of effect. Your family portraits should certainly adorn your parlor walls. They will probably look well against a wall of tapestry blue. Net curtains would curtain your hall windows prettily, *café-au-lait* or cream color."

A Pretty Cottage at Tropico.

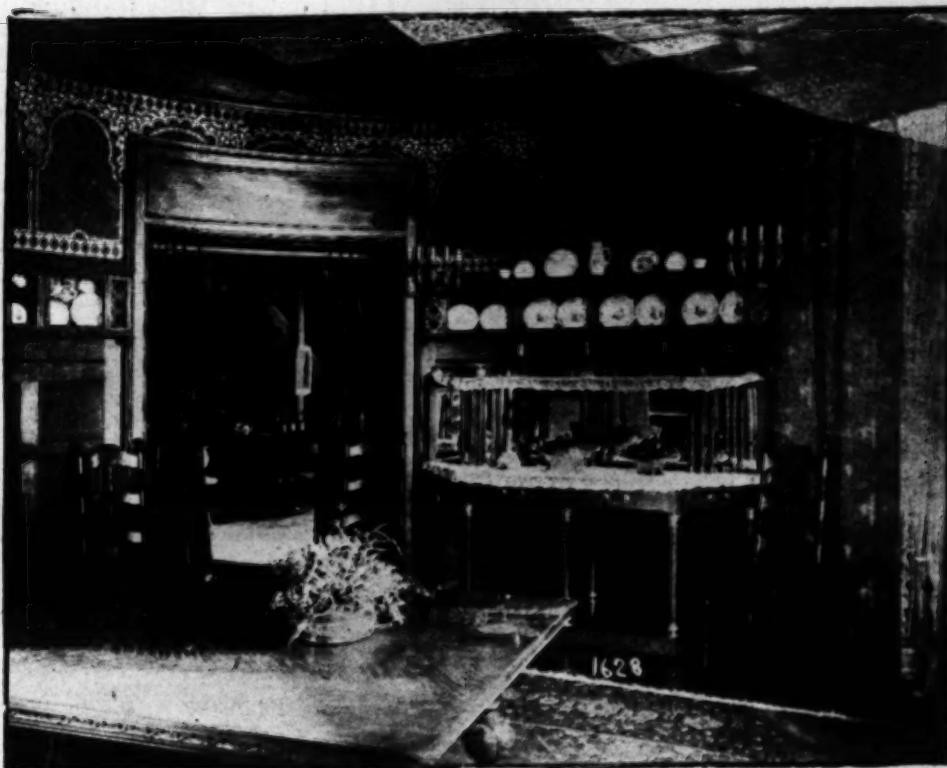
M. RS. W. A. T. writes: "I have been greatly interested in your articles on artistic home furnishings, and would be greatly pleased to have your advice on the color scheme for our rooms. From the rough sketch I have made you can see how the rooms are situated and how they open together. The house is now being built, a seven-room cottage. The living-rooms are on the north side and as we have an eight-foot porch both east and north, we want to plan to make them bright and cheerful. The windows are very large and low in the parlor and library, and in the dining-room the opening on the north porch is a French window, as I wanted a side entrance, and am in doubt what to do with it. There are no doors on the north side in the rooms, as I wish to use curtains instead. What would you suggest for these? There are double openings between parlor, library and dining-room. Would you have double openings from parlor and library into the reception hall, or would it make too much space? I tremble a little in regard to this hall, it is so long. Will have a seat built in the corner at the end. The hall will be lighted with a plate-glass door entire length, with side lights. The inside finish is Oregon pine. The walls are to be finished with gray plaster for papering. I have a carpet that could be used for hall, red with shades of tan, Brussels; must buy all others. Have an entire dining-room set of golden oak, chairs leather-seated; sideboard, china closet, etc. I have four pieces for parlor of mahogany, upholstered in old rose. Several willow chairs, large oak rocker, leather-seated, and a large leather-seated mahogany rocker; large oak bookcase and small desk of same wood; large carved oak library table; couch a sort of gray, with a tinge of pink; oak piano. Should the three living rooms be papered alike, and should the hall be furnished as a reception room or treated as a hall? I have a handsome oak hall hat rack. In the bedrooms I must use my old sets for the present, which are oak, with the exception of one, which I have had painted a cream white for our little girl, 10 years of age. This will be the middle bedroom, I occupying the last one, and the front one being the guest chamber. The house is shingled on the outside and is to be painted a moss green with yellow trimmings. Should my shades be yellow or green?"

I think you will obviate much of the difficulty that you anticipate in your long hall by cutting the double openings into parlor and library. This will change the effect here and give you just the spacious effect which is desirable. Paper your hall with plain ingrain or cartridge paper in golden oak, ceiling the same, and use two handsome chairs of Flemish oak on either side of your hat rack, set flat against the wall. Hangings of amber-colored silk would look well in scarfs at your front door and side lights. These would not interfere with the flat plaster of net with Battenberg centerpiece if you desire also to use these here. I cannot tell you to use simple dotted muslin at this front door although it would be pretty, refined and "cottagey," for anything to be successful must be harmonious, and such simple treatment would not lead well into your parlor, with its mahogany furniture upholstered with old rose. You must aspire to something a little more dignified. Your parlor papered with a white and gold paper having pink roses on it, and a plain pink ceiling, would be charming. Your library, for which I would reserve all of my leather furniture, could then be done in a cold green. This would lead well from the rose-walled room. Your dining-room in creamy yellow beyond would also look well. Use white dotted muslin ruffled with three-inch ruffles of plain white organdy at windows in here, and at French window hang one on each long sash, fastening your little brass rods at top and bottom of glass, and drawing back in the middle with a white cotton cord and tassel. I do not like a figured ceiling in a dining-room, and think the effect is prettier when walls and ceiling are all in one plain tone. There is another scheme, though, that you may fancy. You could paper the side walls with stripes of yellow and white or, better still, with two tones of yellow, having a plain yellow over the ceiling and down to picture mold. This, with the white muslin curtains, would give you a delightful room. As your furniture for this room is golden oak, you could emphasize the coloring by using a rug on the floor of dull blue. At all bedroom windows use flowered chintz or cretonne over white muslin. Different schemes of color for these rooms would be pretty in green, pink, and blue, in light tones. The muslin curtains next to glass could then be uniform, and the effect would be extremely pretty from the outside of house. Or if you want one red and white room (a most serviceable and cheerful color to use,) hang plain red twilled sateen at windows over the muslin and use red and white roses on the walls.

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PORK.

While the East is still the center of culture, it is important to note the fact that many of Chicago's wealthiest men owe their fortunes to the pen.—[Detroit Free Press]



A MOORISH DINING-ROOM.

them. I now suppose that my idea was that you should curtain all of your windows with Irish point if you used it at all. That is for all windows in this room. I would like Arabian net better for hall and stair landing—this with a handsome border if you can afford it. Jonquil yellow is pretty for a dining-room and a Brussels rug in soft, old blue and white with border of plain blue would look well on the floor. I do not remember whether your dining-room was to be papered or have plain walls, but I do not like frescoing, even the most expensive. The dining-room suggestion I have made to another correspondent this week, of striped paper in two tones of yellow, with plain yellow ceiling and frieze, would make an extremely stylish room. I believe I would decorate parlor and library alike under the circumstances. I like velour for upholstering window seats. It seldom fades and wears finely and, with figured or embroidered cushions, is effective. I like a carved teakwood stool immensely on a landing, if there is room for it to hold a small palm here. I think I told you to use thin silk at your latticed window. An amber glass globe would light your hall well. Red is often a little too strong, and green or blue lights always objectionable.

Decorating a Music-room.

F. A. W., LOS ANGELES, writes: "Would like to ask you about draping my window in music room; wish all the drapings Oriental; woodwork in the room is sugar pine, floor is walnut, with inlaid oak border polished; piano, rosewood case; music case, sugar pine; cabinet organ of oak. I wish to know if I need a cover for square piano and what to use—or will pretty mats with photos and vases with flowers do? I have not bought the door drapings yet. One double door leads into the reception hall and the other double door into the dining-room. I may ask you later about these doors, for we might have

long and heavy. Would they look in keeping with a modern furnished house? If not, will get new. How shall I dress window seat, long window by door in hall, and at stair landing? Where hang family portraits?" I have given so many color schemes complete for parlors, dining-rooms, and halls, that it seems an unnecessary repetition to make out for you such a scheme, when there may be some excellent reason why you could not use just the colors I suggest. When one has carpets, rugs or certain pieces of furniture which must be made to harmonize through the medium of the wall coloring, I feel that I can often be of real assistance in suggesting the color. Or if one has some special idea to convey in the furnishing of a room I can also help, her to accomplish this satisfactorily. I will say in a general way, however, that I like strong, rich colors for the lower floor, all things being equal, and delicate tones for upstairs chambers. Plain colors in halls are usually more dignified and acceptable, and the parlor, if papered, can suggest colonialism by its white and gold paper, or a flowery and cosy effect with roses, while the library looks well with tapestry paper on its walls. If these rooms are merely calcimined, old rose, or dull blue are usually the best selections for parlors, while crimson or green or soft golden tan looks well in the library. A tan-colored hall would go well with your brown velvet rugs. I think a few well-chosen pieces of dark wood for your parlor would be in good taste, if mingled with two or three wicker chairs, a Morris chair of wicker, upholstered with flowered chintz, is handsome and effective. If you cannot afford a mahogany small table you will find a well-made wicker one pretty enough for all purposes and, with a cover of fine Mexican drawn-work on white linen, this makes a charming tea table. I know of nothing else which makes so pretty a feature, in a room as a well-arranged tea table, with a crystal vase

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Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

A Trick of the Imagination.

A READER sends the following: My room at Robie Hall, Stanford University, faces north, and is decidedly cold in the early morning, a fact which has discouraged me in rising with the lark. Yesterday, however, at 6 a.m. I got up and shiveringly dressed myself, preparatory to study.

The building is heated by steam, and I had been assured a number of times by "French Marie" that the heat would be turned on in a few days. I was beginning to doubt her veracity, when all-of-a-sudden I heard a noise as of "mighty rushing waters" and of machinery being put into active operation; my keen ear also caught the sound of steam coming up the pipes at a great rate, and I could see the heat emanating from the radiator, and feel the temperature running up to blood heat, in a miraculously short time. I moved over to the window and raised it, then sat down again to my books, feeling quite delighted that I could now study in perfect comfort.

Pretty soon the rising bell rang; my roommate pulled herself out of bed and began her usual morning grumble about its being so "awfully cold." Seeing me sitting by the window, she asked if "I was trying to freeze myself." "Oh, no, the steam is turned on, and I am roasting," I answered in a gleeful tone. By this time my friend had reached the radiator, and, with outstretched hands, was testing the truthfulness of my statement. "You unprincipled story-teller; this thing is as cold as a refrigerator!" she exclaimed. And so it was. The above-mentioned noises were only another variety of the workings of the cold-water pipes leading to our wash-basin.

It took me after breakfast exactly half an hour to thaw myself out!

F. B. C.

A Baby Found First Diamond.

HOWARD HENSMAN, in his new biography of Cecil Rhodes, tells the following story of the first diamond found in South Africa:

In 1867 diamonds had been discovered in the region to the north of the Orange River. This discovery was made accidentally. A Boer farmer one day saw a native child gleefully playing with a small pebble that glittered and coruscated in the sun with unusual brilliance. He took the stone from the child, examined it, and carried it home with him. He could have had but little idea of what the stone really was, for, probably, the only time he had ever heard of diamonds was when he read the Old Testament; but a Boer has always a keen eye for business, and, thinking that the stone might have some commercial value, the farmer showed it to a British trader named O'Reilly. O'Reilly seems to have recognized the stone immediately as a diamond, and bought it of the Boer—after considerable haggling—for £20. Next he submitted it to Dr. Atherstone of Grahamstown—an authority on mineralogy—who unhesitatingly declared it to be a diamond of the purest water. The diamond was then shown to Sir Philip Woodhouse, high commissioner of the Cape, and was bought by him from O'Reilly for £500.

Just Like Finding It.

A CERTAIN young man employed by a corporation which "pays off" monthly, recently found himself in a very distressing condition financially. No, he couldn't blame Frank Andrews, for he believes that the safest way to avoid getting "stuck" is to spend your money—and he does. He is very fastidious in his tastes, and sometimes it seems a long time between salary days.

The other morning he woke up to find that his personal assets amounted to just \$2—and he hadn't a meal ticket to his name. Now, \$2 don't go very far, and as the young man is averse to the habit of borrowing, he was in a quandary as to how to make the amount last during the remainder of the month. Smoking was of no avail, so he went back to bed and tried to dream a dream of Midaslike nature. But it was no use. When he awoke, the stern proposition of limited assets and many necessities still stared him in the face.

It was Sunday, and he thought he couldn't better employ his time than by going through his old correspondence and destroying some of the letters that had accumulated. He had torn several envelopes into bits and thrown the pieces into the waste basket, when he came upon a letter addressed in his mother's handwriting. Filial reverence restrained him from destroying that letter. He was about to throw it aside, when he thought he would read it again. Blowing upon the slit side of the envelope, he espied some postage stamps. Then he blew again, and, lo, there appeared before his surprised vision a new, crisp \$10 bill.

The young man scratched his head in perplexity. Gradually memory returned. He had placed that bill in the envelope months ago, because it was such a nice new-looking affair, and had forgotten all about it. He felt so good about the find that he actually went to church and dropped a quarter into the collection plate.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Waited Sixty Years.

THE death of Miss Kittie Miller closed the last chapter of one of the tragedies of life. In her youth she was beautiful and accomplished. She was engaged in the old country to a young man. While dressed in her wedding garments, waiting for the bridegroom, word came that he had married another. The shock unstrung her mind.

Every month she would don her wedding dress and wait for her expected lover. The dress is amber-colored silk with a long front, peaked waist, plaited and

corded, with bell sleeves and skirt hanging oddly on account of the straight width. The bonnet is of white silk trimmed with satin ribbon, with stiff lace matching the dress.

Miss Miller was nearly 80 years old, and for nearly sixty years cherished this wedding gown in patient expectancy of her young lover.—[Brockville (Ont.) Correspondence New York World.]

A Mystery Solved.

A MYSTERY of more than forty years' standing is revived by the finding in this village of the skeleton of a man firmly fastened in the wall of Stephen Van Demark's house. The wall had apparently been built about the body, and the plaster closely and carefully set around it, so that it was as well protected as if it were in a hermetically-sealed coffin. The skeleton was standing upright.

The older residents of the village recall the strange disappearance forty years ago of Louis Schwartz, a Jewish peddler. Schwartz came here during the early days of the Civil War. He had a large stock of rings, watches and other jewelry, and he did a good business. He put up at a tavern, and exposed his wares without the least worry as to possible consequences. The peddler went out one morning as usual and never returned. When his continued absence began to cause anxiety at the hotel it was found that he left in his room a half-finished letter to a relative in Germany and the larger part of his stock of jewelry. Everything looked just as though the peddler had stepped out of the room expecting to return in a few minutes and finish the letter.

Search was made all over this part of Steuben county for the missing man, but not a trace of him was found. It was about this time that the Fox sisters and their "rappings" were agitating the people in and about Palmyra, and it was suggested that the spirits might lead to the detection of the murderer of Schwartz. A man and a woman versed in spiritualistic seances were engaged, and a number of "sittings" were had, but although the assurance was held forth by them that they were hot upon the trail of the murderer, the Spiritualists never succeeded in placing the law's hands upon the guilty one.

The people who occupied the Van Demark premises at the time of the murder have long since passed away, and there is no one living here now who even remembers their name, as a great many families have moved in and out. A ring on one of the bony fingers of the skeleton with the letter "S" upon it seems to offer strong evidence that the remains are those of the missing Jewish peddler.—[South Troutsbury (N. Y.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

A Will Written on the Sole of a Shoe.

A FISHERMAN in a New England town was fatally injured by a rock falling upon him as he was walking at the base of a cliff. When found he was dead, but clutched in one hand was one of his shoes, upon which he had written: "To whom it may concern: All my estate, including my deposit in the bank, I leave to my grandson, Walter Mahlon, providing he does not marry before the age of 25; but in case of his marriage before that time the above mentioned to be used for the State for charitable purposes."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Fortune in an Earthquake.

THE luck of some men would make them rich, even if it had to cause a convulsion of nature to bring about the result desired. Luck of this sort is traveling around in the wake of P. T. Farnsworth of Salt Lake City.

Mr. Farnsworth is not a poor man. He could not be if he wanted to. He owned a large share of this world's goods a month ago, and was reasonably satisfied to have things go on as they were. His luck was not satisfied, though. It had given much to him, but most of what it had given was in the ordinary, everyday, commonplace way. It had a star play—an astonisher—up its sleeve, and the other day it shook that out. Utah trembled with the shock of it, and now envious Utahans are saying that "Farnsworth can make even the earth cough up."

The star play was an earthquake, and it presented to Mr. Farnsworth an additional fortune, which he coolly estimates at "a million or so."

Mr. Farnsworth owned a worked-out mine in Beaver county, Utah. The mine had made several millionaires in the early days of gold mining in Utah, but some years ago the lead played out to a stringer, and finally was lost altogether. It was then that the Rob Roy, as the mine was named, fell into the possession of Mr. Farnsworth. He prospected the claim from end to end, but did not find lead. Then his friends began to say that Farnsworth's luck had gone back on him at last, and that he was sending good money after bad in the Rob Roy. Mr. Farnsworth only smiled and remarked that he wasn't through with the Rob Roy yet.

Then the earthquake came along. Salt Lake City felt the shock. "Guess that's the bottom dropping out of Rob Roy," Mr. Farnsworth said to his secretary, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Later in the day he received a dispatch from his mine manager notifying him that the lower workings of the mine had been "opened up" by the earthquake and that the lost lead had been disclosed. Mr. Farnsworth hurried out to the mine and found that this was strictly true. The lead had been split by a "horse" of granite, and it had run off at a right angle from the chute of ore which had made millionaires of the first owners. A little drifting on the vein showed that it opened out to a width of five feet and that it was highly mineralized.

Samples taken clear across the face of the ledge averaged six ounces in gold and 110 ounces in silver to the ton, giving the ore a value of about \$200 a ton. Some picked samples assayed as high as \$1000 in gold to the ton.

Ever since then workmen have been busy developing the lead. The pay streak holds out well, and there is every indication that Mr. Farnsworth's cool estimate of "a million or so" is the actual value of the mine.

Now there are mean persons in Salt Lake who say that if it rained diamonds nobody except Farnsworth would be able to pick up anything but hailstones.—[New York Press.]

Child Claimed by Three Mothers.

THE chief magistrate in the canton of Berne has been called upon to give judgment in a most complicated case, which suggests the problem submitted to King Solomon about twenty-nine centuries ago.

A tailor named Meier, who married a Swiss girl three years ago, threatened to divorce her because they had no family. At the end of last year he went to Germany on business. A few months afterward he received a letter from his wife with the good tidings of the birth of a child.

The father was overjoyed, and prepared to return to Berne. The child, however, died soon after its birth, and the poor wife was afraid to tell her husband. So she determined to advertise for a newly-born child. Forty-eight hours afterward a woman called on Mme. Meier with a baby, and a bargain was struck transferring the child.

The husband paid his wife a flying visit, saw the newborn babe, and returned to Germany a happy man.

A little while ago the real mother of the child appeared, and, having repaid the money which she had received, demanded her child. In this dilemma Mme. Meier again advertised, this time for a little girl 6 months old, of whom a detailed description was given.

To her great joy a woman appeared with an infant so like her own that any observer would have taken the two children for twins. Again a bargain was struck, and Mme. Meier had arranged everything to return her first adopted child to its mother when this child caught cold and died.

The real mother of No. 1 then turned up and refused to take Mme. Meier's word, although the death certificate was shown her, and she claimed baby No. 2, which she swore was her own. To make matters still more complicated, the mother of No. 2 baby now came upon the scene and claimed her child.

Neither promises nor threats had any effect on the two women, who both claimed the same baby.

In despair, Mme. Meier wrote to her husband in Germany, making a clean breast of the matter and telling him what a terrible predicament she was in.

The husband arrived home on the following day, and refused to believe his wife's story; had everything packed up, and took his wife and the child off to Germany with him.

At the instigation of her husband, Mme. Meier has now put in a claim for the child also, and the magistrate, therefore, has the herculean task before him of deciding to which of the three "mothers" the child belongs.—[Geneva Dispatch, New York Journal.]

Love Letters Astray.

"LETTERS carelessly placed between the pages of the latest novels no longer excite the comment of veteran librarians," said the tried assistant. "In fact, almost everything in the way of loose personal property somehow or other strays into the libraries of the land to afflict and torment those in charge."

"Ask me what I haven't found in the books people bring back. Then the question will be much simpler. I have found everything. Love letters are common. Scarcely a day goes by but what we find two or three."

"Pensive maidens read the historical novels with their love missives in their hands, for comparison, I suppose. Anyway, when the books are returned we find the letters between the pages."

"These we never attempt to return to the owner for the reason that librarians haven't the heart to read them. Love letters, except in a breach of promise suit, are valueless, anyway. So we toss them into the waste basket."

"If the letters are stamped and ready for mailing we always hand them to the representatives of Uncle Sam. Most libraries have now established an incidental fund and really go so far as to mail the letters when they have no stamps affixed."

"Checks are frequently discovered nestling between the newly-cut pages of the latest novels. The names on these make it easy to find the owners. It is simply a question of a few postage stamps and considerable patience."

"Not long ago 'Richard Carvel' was returned on schedule time. One of the librarians hastily looked it through before shelving it to see if the volume was in good condition."

"It was, there was no doubt about it. But carefully pinned to page 101 was a \$100 bill. The library authorities spent \$5 in advertising, but strange to say the real owner was never discovered."

"Photographs, curls of hair, ribbons, souvenirs and wedding invitations are very common. These go to swell the motley collection of the librarian."—[New York Sun.]

The western millionaire's family came to New York and settled at one of the Fifth-avenue hotels for the winter. It was one of the youngest members of the family that wrote home an enthusiastic description of the luxuries of the hotel. "And we have such a lovely porcelain bathtub," she wrote, "that I can scarcely wait until Saturday night to get into it."—[New York Sun.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

POLITICAL SCIENCE.

The Empire of the Czar.

THE deep international interest which attaches to Russia in view of the Czar's advance on India, the future of Manchuria, the possibilities of a Franco-Russian alliance and many other features of diplomatic relation with the powers is constantly heightened by reports of general political discontent throughout Russia. The propaganda of revolution is asserted to be extending, and the concessions made to the students are found to be insufficient to quell the unrest. The Budget of the Empire for 1902, issued by the Minister of Finance, M. de Witte, puts a different face upon the matter.

The Russians have had some hard times, but the Finance Minister states that "it would be a great mistake to attribute the misfortunes of individual districts to the whole of Russia."

The future of Russia lies in the fact that her population is largely agricultural, yet the recent harvests are said to have been very poor, and these facts, under the domination of autocracy, have led to conditions in wide contrast to a democratic form of government. American readers who have formed their impressions of Russia by the popular translations of the day, as represented by Lomonosoff, Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky, and others, will read with interest a work on "Russian Political Institutions," by Maxime Kovalevsky, formerly professor of public law in the University of Moscow, who is now connected with the University of Chicago, through his appointment as an incumbent of the recently-founded lectureship on Russian institutions. It is the lectures thus given, that are now offered to the public in book form.

Prof. Kovalevsky's work treats of the making of Russia, its complex ethnology, its early political struggles, its old Muscovite institutions, under the first dynasty, and the three first Romanoffs, the reforms of Peter the Great, Catherine II, the various reforms of Alexander II, and the present position of Poland and Finland in the Russian Empire. A chapter of great interest is devoted to the period of Alexander II, the liberal Czar whose assassination has connected his name with that of our own Lincoln in the great epic of emancipation.

Hitherto English and American students of Russian political economy have been obliged to consult the well-known work by Mackenzie Wallace, or the French treatise by Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, "The Empire of the Czars." Neither of these authors dealt with the history of the evolution of Russian politics. Prof. Gradovsky and also Prof. Korkounov have written voluminous works on Russian politics, but they are said to be too technical for popular translation. Other authors are quoted who have created an important literature regarding the theme, but the difficulty of summarizing the huge mass of facts has been intelligently met by Prof. Kovalevsky. The book shows that Russia's experience in the past has done little in rooting from her soil that despotic power common to all eastern monarchies. In Russia this power has merely changed its appearance—"the single head of the monarch has taken on the hundred arms of Briareus. A bureaucracy with its power centered in one head—a bureaucracy, such as plagued the European continent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—is the present form of the Russian government. The turning point of Russian internal development came with those restrictions to which this bureaucracy had to submit, when Alexander II created its local government. The reaction which inevitably ensued had, of course, but one purpose: To retain the rule of bureaucracy, and hinder Russia from a further remodeling, this time of her central institutions, on the same plan of self-government." Prof. Kovalevsky has no doubt that "the difficulties which Russia has to undergo, and which arise from her present internal conditions have no other cause than the interruption of the evolution already begun in favor of a constitutional monarchy. The only loser in this case will be, of course, bureaucracy."

The reader of the history of early Russia is told of the "Kourgans"—a great number of earthen tumuli—which are the treasures of Russian archeology. It is expected that these tumuli will solve many problems of the early movements of the Aryan and non-Aryan people, and their penetration of Western Europe. Some interesting philological conjectures are offered, and pages of retrospect concerning the origin of the Slavs, who are thought to have migrated to Russia from the Carpathian Mountains.

The reign of Peter the Great is said to have been the turning point of Russian history. He remodeled the Russian army, created a Russian navy, and changed his country's financial and civil administration. An exhaustive chapter concerns the reforms of Catherine II, who borrowed many of her ideals from Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," although, being an autocrat, Catherine failed to create any organic change, and at her death Russia lacked political organization.

Some interesting accounts are given of the influence of La Harpe upon Alexander I, who was imbued with the theories of the encyclopedists, and those of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Gen. Schilder's recent biography of Alexander is said to introduce Alexander's letters to La Harpe. In these letters he expressed the desire of elaborating a liberal constitution for the empire, while he retired to a peaceful life. The republican predilections of La Harpe had given place to new ideals of a strong personal government, inspired by justice and freedom, when he visited Russia. The history of Russian serfdom is a most interesting portion of the book, and the methods by which Alexander II secured the loosening of the bonds, bring the reader to the close of the Crimean war. The

emancipation of the serfs follows a long series of dramatic events, which the author has described with a concise statement of the question.

Prof. Kovalevsky considers the present system of government and his view shows many remedial needs. "The subjects of the Czar are not allowed a habeas corpus act in the Anglo-American sense, nor the right of free meeting or collective petitions, the last, with an exception in favor of the assemblies of the nobles, who enjoy the right of addressing written demands to the Emperor, provided, of course, that these demands contain nothing against the fundamental laws of the empire. Recent events have clearly established the fact that Russian gentlemen, and even ladies, are not exempted from the most brutal attacks on the part of the police and Cossacks, in case they should wish to demonstrate their good feelings toward prosecuted students, even in a quiet, peaceful way. It is also evident to anyone who has read the humble petition to the Czar attributed to Prof. Milukov—and heard that for this act alone the professor has been imprisoned—that no right of petitioning exists in Russia. If you add to the want of personal liberty the intolerable position created for the press, the practice of opening private correspondence and interfering with the choice of books and newspapers one wishes to read, and lastly, the difficulties created in the way of natural propaganda by every sincere believer of his creed, you will see that the one-headed bureaucracy has deprived the people not only of their political rights, but also of the enjoyment of that amount of freedom which was accorded Englishmen even by the Magna

sight of the city, still how beautiful, carries our thoughts to her ancient glory and onward to the New Jerusalem.

From Gethsemane we come again to the brow of the Mount of Olives, and for two hours let our eyes and thoughts roam back and forth over the city. The centuries of its history passed in review. Out of the blue two clear and contrasting places stand out, strangely separated, yet no less strangely united—the rock of Moriah under the Mosque of Omar, and the hill outside the city wall where the cross of Jesus stood. The rock under the mosque belongs to a dead past. The hope of the future is bound to the hill where Christ was once offered, who, by His uplifting will, drew all men to Himself.

"What if the old buildings are gone? What if the gorges are filled up with the wrecks of centuries?—here He walked; the outline of these changeless hills He saw; on this holy hill He lifted His eyes to heaven. Nearest still to Him we felt ourselves when we walked through the Via Dolorosa."

On Easter day Dr. Babcock writes: "The real Easter is the power of Christ's resurrection that raises our spirits to heavenly places, and fills our lives on earth with the joy and peace, the victory and love of the spirit of the risen Christ."

A chapter full of sacred memories tells the events of the Savior's Galilean ministry and gives a first view of the sea of "blue Galilee, shaped like a harp encircled with mountains, into which flows the Jordan. The borders of the lake are glorious with pink oleanders, some of them like little trees and all in full tilt of blossom."

Dr. Babcock's accounts of college, mission and hospital work in Egypt and Palestine are inspiring. At Robert College, on the Bosphorus, his party saw the wonderful institution which, under the Stars and Stripes, is filling the East with light.

He gives some interesting accounts of the vigilance of the spy system. He states that "a chemistry was refused admission because the eyes of the censor fell on the term H2O, which to his cryptic suspicions meant that Hamid II amounted to nothing."

The letters are illustrated from photographs of Dr. Babcock. Aside from their geographical and literary interest the work is a valuable gift to the work of missions and a tribute to the men who are showing the Oriental world an integral human development it has known nothing about. The college at Beyrouth is said to crown the Christian work of Presbyterian missions in Syria, and commands the admiration of friend and foe. Dr. Babcock addressed the students in the chapel, and one can hardly read unmoved of his hope as he thought of the part these men from Egypt, Algeria and Greece, from Arabia, Asia Minor and Persia are to play in the future time. From Beyrouth and Robert College the eastern world is imbibing the Christian ideals of America. [Letters from Egypt and Palestine. By Maltbie Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.]

FICTION.

A Story of the Cross.

The needed vacation had been given the young Scotch minister after a time of devoted and loving service when the wave of British cholera had passed over Enochuk. It had left him worn from his toils. When Easter came he had reached Jerusalem. The great tragedy was being enacted in the minds of men. With bated breath and awe and adoration the young minister knelt at Calvary and gave God thanks—"He loved me and gave Himself for me!" And as he knelt he lifted up his voice and sang:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

The young minister had been drawn close to the cross by the force of his father's life and the memory of a comrade's death. He and David Scott had started their course together. Scott had confided to his friend on his last visit: "It is a grand work, Anderson, a task for the gods. The joy it brings is deep, and the hope of the Christ inspiring. When the sight of a congregation awes me, and I am overwhelmed by their needs, their sins and sorrows, and know that no philosophy, no theology can help them much, consolation and hope come only from the cross."

They went out together to visit a boy sick with fever. Scott took the little burning hand, stroked the hot brow, prayed a silent prayer as he smiled on the child, went home, sickened and died, and the young minister followed his body to the grave. When the oaken case was lowered a shower of snow covered it, but the sun illuminated the lily-cross that lay on the coffin. The young minister beheld it in a vision from the grave, and vowed fidelity to the cross. He glorified his creed in his self-sacrificing life. When it came time to write his first sermon, the vision eluded him, and he wandered along sunless by-paths. Passages from Dorner, Renan, John Stuart Mill came smiling. George Eliot offered an illustration and Browning a poem, but the fine phrases and polished periods left him in despair.

He went out into the night where the air was cool and still. A strange peace entered his soul. He announced his text with a trembling voice, "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

The sermon was a series of visions. It showed Him despised, forsaken, taking up the burden and crying "Follow Me."

He drew aside the curtains of the centuries and showed a great multitude, each carrying a cross marked and stained, men, women and children, rich and fair and



THE LATE REV. MALTBIE D. BAB COCK, D.D.

Charta and which Americans enjoyed years before the establishment of their great federation."

"The Past and Present Position of Poland in the Russian Empire" discloses some influences contrary to the democratic ideas of this time. The author expresses the hope that the Polish Diet may yet have the power to reform antiquated institutions. The writer commends the liberal rule of Alexander II, where the autonomy of the universities "meant the freedom of public thought from any other guidance than that of knowledge and scientific philosophy." This came to an end with the accession of Alexander III, when the professors eliminated from their lectures everything but the statement of facts, and the students began to search for theories themselves. The book is ably written, and while in the main for the student and the scholar, the popular interest in Russia at this time will make the work one of universal interest.

Prof. Kovalevsky is a member of the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg; he was lecturer at the University of Brussels, and is a member of the Sociological Institute of Paris. He is the author of a number of works of political and sociological quality.

The present volume is equipped with maps, and will be found of special value as a work of reference.

[*Russian Political Institutions. The Growth and Development of These Institutions from the Beginnings of Russian History to the Present Time.* By Maxime Kovalevsky. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. Price, \$1.50 net. Postpaid, \$1.60.]

TRAVELS.

Pictures of the East.

At this time, when the thought of the Christian world is engaged with the great festival of Easter, the letters from Egypt and Palestine, sent by the late Dr. M. D. Babcock, to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, will have a double value. Of Jerusalem, he says: "It may be a different looking city, but yet it is the same Jerusalem. . . . More than Rome—more than Greece—the center of light for the whole earth, the scene of its own shame, and the world's sure hope and salvation. Back from its present degradation, the outward

great, poor and weak and lame, coming after Him. We saw them light up the Dark Ages, pass through the fires of the martyrs, and sing on the moors of the Covenanters till hearts burned with chivalry for the cross. It was not a great sermon, or a learned, and might have been torn to pieces by the sermon critics, but it was a living and moving sermon."

The other chapters of this charming book are compiled from the testimonies of the men and women of Enochdhu, who, in their complex lives, come under the shadow of the cross. The impression of the varied characterizations is not one of remoteness; they are familiar and distinct figures, and of exceptional conception and execution. There is the shepherd who lived his solitary life 1500 feet above the level of the Kirk-yard, but turned to the light on the altar for warmth. "Through Great Tribulation" tells of the death of little Colin, and the man who lost and regained his faith by the christenings of sorrow. "The Mathematician's Love Story" is a chronicle of Angus Smith, who delighted in symbols and was a source of amusement and pride to every boy in the glen; "The Maker of Men," the study of the old schoolmaster. Of the latter one reads:

"The curriculum of his school was never certain, but whatever the course, a fitting education was sure. The strength of it lay in the dominie's love of nature and man, the classics and philosophy. Into the mysteries of life and thought he led us with a firm and steady step, trusting us beyond our years and sowing for our manhood. He cast a spell around the name of God and led our spirits into the knowledge of a Presence in the Great Unknown."

The following quotation of the charm of sea life is shown in a new phase:

"In the north of Europe, there are deer, which, once in their lifetime, must drink of the sea. You can watch them as they graze in the fields, lift their heads and look toward the north, and move a few paces forward. And the shepherds, keeping watch, know that the thirst has risen within them. One by one they toss their heads in the air, and gaze northward, and move toward the sea. Slowly at first, one begins to run, then another and another, till the whole flock sets off, panting and longing, straight for the salt sea. On, on, till their trot becomes a gallop, and their gallop a breakneck pace. On, regardless of hunger and danger. On, o'er hill and dale, past stream and flood, till they come to the sea. Then they take one long, deep draught of the salt water, and are satisfied. It is no use holding them back; they would only pine and die. To the sea they must go, once the thirst has risen within them."

The author evinces classic taste, and the story of the literary man with his pen full of Celtic color and lofty fancy; the boy, Tarn Glen, who, to win the sympathy of Mirren Gray, told stories of himself; the boy who named the propositions in Euclid after the flowers in her garden, are parts of the bright characterizations.

The story cannot fail to win, by its contrasts of pathos and humor and its pure sentiment.

[Love in Its Tenderness. Idylls of Enochdhu. By J. R. Aitken. D. Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents.]

A Country Heroine.

This story deals with both country and city life. The opening events are associated with a seaport village, where Hester Blair and her lover, John Cary, are introduced; also a Yankee named "Slack." The heroine is attracted to a prospectively wealthy young man from the city and is led to a clandestine marriage. Fortunately a village girl was secretly present and picked up the marriage certificate which fell from the bride's hand as she passed down the church aisle. The church having been destroyed by fire, the finding of the certificate cleared the mystery. The death of the young husband had left Hester alone, but "Slack," her loyal protector, did his utmost in her defense. Among the misfortunes of poor Hester, a villain appeared, who did not hesitate to use the tongue of slander against her, and doubled the difficulties of her work as a music teacher. The return of her old sweetheart proved opportune, and the concluding events of the story will interest those who have followed the fortunes of the heroine. While the novel lacks literary quality and portions of the plot are melodramatic, the sentiment is altruistic and will hold the attention of the average reader.

[Hester Blair. By William Henry Carson. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Nature and Character.

The faith that the unfoldings of the spirit may be gained in the knowledge of nature, as seen in the woods and fields, is taught in this story. While the narration is at times somewhat tame, the problem of the influence of love and religion is shown in diverse lives, and that genius is relatively a small gift compared with powers of consecration for the betterment of mankind.

[The Grace of Orders. By N. B. Winstons. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

POETRY.

Recent Production.

This volume of poems is one of varied themes. They include the legend of "Norda," "The Spectral Guard," and various others. Probably the best representative selection of the book is an apostrophe to Mount San Antonio of this State. The book is not wanting in diversity of theme and earnest quality.

[Norda and Other Poems. By Abraham H. Bates. The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.]

Sunbeam Cups.

A booklet, with decorated cover and marginal illustration, dedicated to "the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West," pays lyrical tribute to the State flower of California. The bright little brochure is adorned with typical vistas of sea and shore. The text confides

many fancies of the biography of these golden cups of Flora. The publication is a dainty souvenir.

[Poppy Book. By M. Starling. Illustrated by F. E. Duvall. Lang-Chappel Co., Los Angeles.]

Old Romance.

This booklet comes from San Diego. It is a story in verse of ancient mission days and the romance of Fressilla, the basket weaver. The production has the merit of striving to preserve local tradition and comes in a typical decorated cover.

[A Lyric of the Sage Brush. By Flora Hazelton Bailey.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Little Giant.

No life of Stephen A. Douglas has been written since the Civil War and the three lives published about the time of his death were of the nature of campaign biographies. No estimate has therefore been made from the point of a later generation.

Stephen A. Douglas was born in Brandon, Vt., April 23, 1813. His father, a physician, died the same year; his mother made her home with a bachelor brother, and the boy's early years were passed in "the simplicity, and the serious-mindedness of rural New England." After his years of study in Canandaigua, N. Y., and broken in health, Douglas made his way to Illinois, and "confident, purposeful and good-humored," he succeeded by those stepping-stones familiar to American youths. During his career in Illinois, Douglas and Lincoln lived in the atmosphere of that everyday relation peculiar to small communities. Of this meteoric character, Mr. Brown states of the men of his time, "Their set speeches were impressive, but in the quick fire, the question-and-answer, the give-and-take of a free discussion, Douglas was master of them all."

The book is well written and gives an important view of the men and measures of his time. The author says in conclusion: "If he had lived he never could have got a hold like Lincoln's on his kind. His place is secure among the venturesome, strong, self-reliant men who, in various ages and countries, have for a time hastened, or stayed, or diverted from its channel, the great stream of affairs. But for all his splendid energy and his brilliant parts, for all the charm of his bold assault on fortune and his dauntless bearing in adversity, we cannot turn from him to his rival, but with changed and softened eyes. For Lincoln indeed is one of the few men eminent in politics whom we admit into the hidden places of our thought, and there released from that coarse clay which imprisoned him, we companion him forever with the gentle and heroic of older lands." The book contains the portrait of Douglas.

Douglas's prophetic view of California is remembered in the fact that in the Senate he came to contemplate a time when the Pacific would cease to be a barrier, when our "interests, duty and even safety might impel us onward to the islands of the sea." "A more thorough-going expansionist it would be hard to find among eminent Americans of this time."

Douglas's relation to the bill to admit California as a State (1849-50) leads to an interesting chapter on "The Great Question" of California's free State Constitution. The chapter brings many renowned statesmen to the front and cannot fail to interest the reader.

[Stephen Arnold Douglas. By William Garrett Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, New York. Price, 65 cents net. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

NEW MAGAZINE.

The Patriotic Review for March contains a fine portrait of Edward Everett Hale, D.D., the eminent citizen and author who, on April 3, 1902, will celebrate his eightieth birthday. The number has a varied table of contents. It is devoted to the work of the great patriotic societies who are upholding the traditions of the flag. The Review deserves the support of all who watch the movements of our gallant army and navy.

The Literary Digest for March 15 calls attention to a "French View of the Literary Movement in the United States," as portrayed by a French critic in *La Revue (Paris)*. The author says of the United States: "In applied science, it is the boldest and most triumphant of inventors; in mechanics and machinery, the most advanced of constructors; in pedagogy, the most zealous of innovators, filling itself from superannuated methods and giving its most careful attention to the most modern conception of instruction and education, and the American 'go ahead' is also shown in its literature."

The New Idea for April, a woman's magazine, contains a variety of colored plates of new fashions in gowns and millinery, designs in embroidery, and bright sketches, romances and lyrics of Easter, and the new season. The number is especially interesting for its designs in needle-work.

The New Centaur, published by the New Centaur Publishing Company, New York, contains a sketch on "The War Steed of the Future," by Will M. Clemens, which is indorsed by Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles. Robert Barr, Clinton Scollard, Rodney Blake and others are on the list of contributors. The magazine is issued in the interest of automobiling.

Frank Leslie's Monthly for April begins a new novel by William McLeod Raine, whose first attempt at novel writing is entitled "Aileen MacLeod." Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, is the subject of a character sketch. Some full-page drawings by Charles Livingstone Bull, who made a hit with drawings of animals in the Century Magazine, are contributed to the April number of Leslie's Monthly.

An outline of the career of Cecil Rhodes, the late Colossus of South Africa, is given in the Little Chronicle of the issue for March.

The Century for April contains "The Plains Across," by Noah Brooks, which is illustrated by Frederic Remington, with typical pictures of the pioneer journey. "At the Sign of the Carboy" is a chronicle of bottles by

Emma Carleton. Hugues LeRoux tells of "New Trails in Abyssinia." T. W. Rhys Davids of "Recent Discoveries Concerning the Buddha." Henry C. Rowland describes "The Seamy Side of the Philippines."

"European Expansion in Asia," by Maj. F. E. Young-husband; "Victor Hugo," by Havelock Ellis; "Mrs. Gallop's Bacon," by Andrews Lang, and "The Great Canals of the World," by George A. Angus, are leading sketches of Littell's Living Age for March 22. The issue devotes a page to the recent death of an eminent historian, Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner. The painstaking character of Dr. Gardiner was described by Frederic Harrison, who said of him that he took two years of the nineteenth century to write of one year of the seventeenth.

The April issue of Success contains up-to-date information and attractive variety. "Inventions Awaiting the Touch of Genius," by Franklin J. Forbes; "Humor is an Element of Life," by Justin McCarthy; "The Meaning of Prince Henry's Visit," by William T. Stead, and "The Song of the Wounded Falcon," by Maxim Gorky, are features of the number.

The Literary Digest for March 22 contains sketches concerning "The American Author Abroad," "The Victoria Memorial," "The Power of the Periodical," and presents a variety of themes of general interest.

The April number of the Ladies' Home Journal presents "The President's Daughter," by Clifford Howard. Helen Keller writes "The Story of My Life," and gives some charming glimpses of her wonderful mental power. "Easter Carols in a New York Belfry," by Leigh Mitchell Hodges; "Why the Birds Come and Go," by Neitzel Blanchau, and Mr. Mable's "Literary Talks," are features of the issue.

The April Pilgrim is especially devoted to the forthcoming biennial conference of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, to be held at Los Angeles. The articles specially bearing upon this, are: "Los Angeles, the Convention City," a lavishly-illustrated article, by Edith M. Haerly; "The Federation of Woman's Clubs," by its present president, Mrs. Rebecca Douglas Lowe; "Twenty-five Years a Clubwoman," by Rev. Celia P. Woolley; "Notable American Clubwomen," by Bertha Damaris Knobe.

The Hesperian, a western quarterly magazine, contains reviews of recent books, accounts of educational and scientific progress. It is published in St. Louis.

Collier's Weekly for March 22 contains a sketch on "Prince Henry's Tour of the States;" Gen. Frederick Funston tells of "Guerrilla Warfare in the Philippines." Themes of popular interest include a sketch on "Recent Changes Affecting Appointments to the United States Naval Academy."

Harper's Bazar is made pictorially attractive with illustrations of new fashions and questions concerning domestic rule. "Diantha's Garden and Mine," by C. Van Cortlandt Mathews, H. W. Faulkner's "In Pursuit of Music in Leipzig," and contributions by Margaret De hand, Frank Dempster Sherman, and others, are features of the issue.

Clara E. Hamilton writes in the Independent of May 20 of "A Woman's View of Chinese Exclusion." The paper was sent from Los Angeles. Julian W. Richards ably defends the Speaker of the House in a sketch on "Speaker Henderson and His Critics." Poultney Bigelow tells of "Personal Notes Among Our Universities." Dr. Daniel C. Gilman describes "The Carnegie Institution." Mme. Judith Gautier, a celebrated French dramatic author, who is a Chinese scholar, introduces "A Celebrated Poetess of China."

The Saturday Evening Post for March 15 contains Senator Beveridge's able sketch on "The War Cry of German Empire in the East;" Lloyd Osbourne writes a pathetic story of "The Faces of the Little Children;" Hamlin Garland, Nixon Waterman and Horace Craig are on the list of contributors. The last named tells some clever secrets of "Weather-wise Animals."

The publishers of Youth's Companion enjoyed a visit from one of their seventy-five-year subscribers, R. W. Peabody of Chicago, who has been spending a few weeks in New England. Mr. Peabody is 91 years old. The letter in which he sent his original subscription was one of the first he wrote. The growth of the Companion itself from the first small four-page issues to the great family paper of the present is merely typical of the growth of the country during Mr. Peabody's lifetime.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Richard Burton's "Forces in Fiction" is announced among the March publications of Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"Should Chinese Laborers be Excluded?" is the theme of Prof. Gunton's thirteenth lecture before the Institute of Social Economics. He answers in the affirmative.

"Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year," by Prof. H. G. Moule, is among the new books announced by Fleming H. Revell Company.

R. H. Russell, New York, promises a series of entertaining new books. "In the Fog," by Richard Harding Davis, is said to be a clever bit of fantastic invention.

Dr. Bliss Perry, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, in his address at the recent founders' day of the University of California, discussed the expression of American feeling in literature with special reference to the period since the Spanish War. Charles G. D. Roberts's new book, "The Kindred of the Wild; a Book of Animal Life," will be published in May by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The third of Cole's wood-engravers of Old Spanish Masters in the Century appears as a frontispiece of the April number. The subject is the "Head of a Young Man," by Velasquez.

Benjamin Kidd's new book on "The Principles of Western Civilization" has run into its sixth thousand within a month of its publication.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for March publication "The Master of Caxton," by Hildegard Brooks, author of "Without a Warrant."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "New Samaria," is to appear in Lippincott's Magazine, which will also publish "A New Heloise," by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.



The Development of the Great Southwest.



IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information concerning important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Granite.

THE Tulare Register has the following, in regard to a stone quarry in that county:

The Rocky Point Granite Works, located three and a half miles east of Exeter, are proving to be a very successful enterprise. Messrs. Griffith and Owen, the proprietors, commenced operations in 1889 and give employment most of the time to eight or ten men. At present they are working on several large orders from Visalia. They have removed their polished from Visalia to Exeter, have installed a five horse power electric motor from the Mount Whitney Power Company. Messrs. Griffith & Owen expect their business to soon justify the railroad company in laying a track to the granite works, as all the stone at the present time has to be trucked to the railroad.

Placer Gold in Arizona.

FOLLOWING is from the Phoenix Gazette:

In Cochise county, at the foot of the great Chiricahua range of mountains, a very important discovery of placer gold has been made within the past few weeks. The gold-bearing gravel extends along the foothills a distance of five miles, and down toward Sulphur Springs Valley for three miles. The gold is coarse placer gold, of high grade, running over \$18 per ounce at the mint. It resembles the best placer gold of California and looks as if it had been washed a long distance. But little work has been done, only a few openings, and none of those in the main washes, where a placer miner would look for the greatest results. In one place a small trench of about fifty feet in length, two feet wide and eighteen inches deep, has been run in one of the depressions or small gulches on the hillside from which nearly \$1000 of beautiful, bright gold has been taken out by panning. The hills surrounding the gulches are all prospected.

A Big Reservoir.

THE Fullerton News recently gave the following particulars in regard to the Yorba reservoir enterprise:

The Yorba reservoir site recently purchased by the company, together with the right-of-way for the outlet ditch, contains about eighty-one and a quarter acres, the property line being located four feet vertically above the high-water line, except near the ends of the dam, where some additional land was taken, from which the material for making the dam will be taken. The price paid was \$62.50 per acre.

The height of the proposed dam is forty-four feet. This will impound, with the water at the forty-foot level, 51,392,762 cubic feet, or allowing 20 per cent. for loss by evaporation and seepage, will furnish a stream of 793 miner's inches for sixty days, twelve hours per day. The reservoir will be filled mainly from the Cajon canal, which is distant only about twelve hundred feet from the upper end of the reservoir, and will be connected with it by a cement ditch or pipe.

The outlet pipe will be placed in the hill near the east end of the dam. It will be built in the bottom of a cement arch, considerably larger than the outlet pipe, which can be used as a sluiceway for cleaning the reservoir whenever necessary. After leaving the reservoir, the ditch will follow the foothill westward for a distance, thence by a pipe line across Yorba's land to the railroad at Richfield, and thence following the railroad to a connection with the Anaheim ditch. A connection may be made some time in the future from a convenient point on this line with the South Branch ditch at Crowther's corner, and the ditch will be built of 2000 inches' capacity to this point.

The new Anaheim ditch will be extended from its present terminus, at the head of the flume east of Yorba, to the reservoir entering it at about the eighteen-foot level, which corresponds to about one-sixth of the capacity.

There will be little or no drainage into the reservoir, except from the adjacent hills, and the only filling of the reservoir will be from the silt in the water, a most desirable condition.

Improvements on a Big Ranch.

IN REGARD to the projected improvements on the Hope ranch, near Santa Barbara, the Press of that place says:

President George Crocker of the Pacific Improvement Company, owners of Hope ranch, was in the city yesterday with Horace G. Platt, attorney for the company. Messrs. Crocker and Platt, with J. K. Harrington, the local representative of the company, yesterday drove over the property and inspected the tunnel in San Roque Cañon, from which the water supply is received. After the party returned to the Arlington in the afternoon, Mr. Crocker talked freely to a Press reporter concerning the plans of the company with reference to Hope ranch.

"We are satisfied that the water supply is abundant," said Mr. Crocker, "and we have decided to proceed at once with the construction of a 2,000,000 reservoir for the distributing system. Mr. Harrington will also make surveys at once for the drives to surround the lake and to extend to various parts of the ranch. Just as soon as

this is done the property will be placed on the market in tracts to suit. There will be this condition: Land will not be sold for speculation, but buyers must agree to build. No saloons will be allowed on the property.

"Water is now running into the lake. We will probably have water to sell to the Goleta ranchers for irrigation. "What about the electric railway?" We are not building electric railways; we would be glad to see the Santa Barbara line extended to the ranch and it will probably be as soon as there is business for it.

"No, a hotel is not contemplated at this time. We will wait and see what the new hotel at Burton Mound does for the town."

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Another Boulevard.

ANOTHER boulevard is projected, this time to run along the coast, between Redondo and San Pedro. The Santa Ana Herald suggests an extension of this boulevard farther south. It says:

"Steps are being taken by the Redondo Board of Trade toward the early construction of a boulevard between Redondo and San Pedro via the coast line.

The Redondo Board of Trade will give a banquet at the Redondo Hotel on the evening of May 3, at which this project will be discussed. Arrangements have been made to survey the line and have estimates given of the cost. When this is done, committees from Redondo, San Pedro and Los Angeles will be appointed to formulate some plan for raising the necessary money to build the boulevard.

"Why not extend this enterprise on to Long Beach and then across the country to Santa Ana and on to Laguna Beach, one of the most picturesque coast resorts in the State?"

New Railroads.

F RANCIS J. TORRANCE recently gave the following information to an exchange regarding railroad development in the Southwest:

"The building of our two roads, the Santa Fé Central and the Albuquerque and Eastern, will mean much to El Paso. It will furnish a feeder to a rich country to the Rock Island route and to El Paso, and will offer a direct connection with Denver and Salt Lake.

"The road taps the Rock Island at Torrance, a station named after me, about seventy-three miles down from Santa Rosa. From there the run is about one hundred and twenty-five miles over to Santa Fé.

"At the point where the Santa Fé Central, as it is called, runs through Moriarity's ranch, it is tapped by the line from Albuquerque, the Albuquerque and Eastern, which thus gives direct connection to that city with the East.

"We have coal lands along the road which we shall open up and develop; there are mineral lands as well; and timber lands. At several points we shall build sawmills. We have bought outright a salt lake a mile square, which is located some sixty miles north of our connection with the Rock Island. We shall erect works and prepare the salt for market. The supply seems unaffected by the amount taken out.

"We shall run a branch to the San Pedro mines, about forty miles south of Santa Fé. We expect to have the road complete and running by fall. Our final delivery, and fifty miles of rails is set for August, but there is usually a delay in getting such supplies here. We have made complete purchases of ties, rails, and equipment. Our rail order calls for 14,000 tons of first-class quality seventy-pound rails. We have ordered also five eighty-ton first-grade locomotives."

It was stated by one of the party in a position to know that there was no doubt of the immediate broad-gauging of the Denver and Rio Grande, thus giving to El Paso complete broad-gauge connection through to Denver and Salt Lake.

Opening for Smelter.

THE Albuquerque Citizen thinks there is a good opening for a smelter at that place. The Citizen says:

"It is true that the number of dividend-paying mining companies in New Mexico at present is limited, but the number of mines that could produce largely under improved conditions of transportation is considerable, and as a whole but few Western States or Territories surpass us in the low cost of extraction, the mining of the ore. Whereas, the scarcity of water, at and near the mines, in a good many places, does not afford us the chance to mill the low-grade or complex ores on the spot, there is at least the saving of expensive pumping. To bring such ore to the water requires railroad branches—narrow, broad-gauge or tram lines. Ore bodies which await such transportation in New Mexico would be regarded as great bonanzas in Colorado, where nearly every dump has a railroad at the foot of it. Then there is a very low tariff from Colorado to Missouri River points, whereas the haul from New Mexico requires the pull of cars over two ranges, the Glorieta and the Raton, before a Colorado point can be reached. Zinc ore or zinc concentrates are hauled from Leadville to New Orleans or Galveston at a lower tariff than we can ship to Colorado. The Santa Fé can get to said seaports from here only in a very roundabout way. This, of course, cannot be helped at present. Nor do we consider the rates on ore from New Mexico to Colorado excessive. Since the formation of the trust, ore from Northern Arizona and Northern New Mexico goes to Colorado, and everything south of Albuquerque to El Paso. Now, what we should like to see is the abandonment by the Santa Fé of the cheap haul of ore over the two ranges to Colorado or the shipment of the same to El Paso, and the centralization of the smelting of New Mexico and Northern Ari-

zona ores at Albuquerque, with freight rates that would pay the road handsomely and yet enable us to compete. The Citizen proposes to institute a thorough examination of the producing capacity of the various mining sections of the Territory and what is required to make such capacity available. Our friends in the south of the Territory, Deming and Silver City, will gladly give us the preference where they do not require the ore for their own works. Silver City will always be a good point for the reduction of the copper ores of the vicinity, and Deming will become quite an ore market with the new mines being tapped by the Deming-Bisbee line. We would expect to get a share of the ore, though not in copper. The Organs will give us ore. So will the Magdalenas. What the Santa Fé carries to El Paso she will probably not handle again in the form of bullion. The fact is the New Mexico ores can be reduced cheaper in New Mexico than anywhere else, and we claim the most central location on the lines of the Santa Fé; coking coal is near, steam and other coal in plenty. For all these indisputable facts the Citizen will call for a smelter until we have one, and not only that but also a refining attachment, so that we can help other plants to separate their precious metal from the lead and send their pigs to the St. Louis market and make pipe or other articles of lead manufacture at home. It will require money, money, money, but it will make money, money, money, for the miner, the smelter, the merchant, the manufacturer, the foundry, the workman, and the railroad.

"El Paso gets its coke and coal also from the Santa Fé, although Beaumont oil may break into that business. As such coal and coke pass by Albuquerque it is undeniable that Albuquerque is a better smelting point for ores that now go by or through. The old story of the railroads preferring a long haul is only conditionally true. We do not believe the Santa Fé ever made a dollar on the haul of ore at a low rate over the Raton and Glorieta ranges. Just as copper ores tributary to Las Vegas can be most economically reduced at Las Vegas, so can and will be treated nearer at home the mineral products of Central and Southern New Mexico. The Santa Fé must know as well as we that a healthy mind can only dwell in a healthy body; that the prosperity of the railroad is dependent upon the prosperity of this great realm which she may justly call her own, so dependent are we upon her.

"We ask the management to give this matter the consideration which it deserves. Our Territory received a great blow in the demonetization of silver, as the ruins of so many formerly prosperous mining towns plainly demonstrate. They are not seen from the passenger cars, but they are there all the same. And now the manipulations of the trust propose to doom to penury our lead mines. Only a few days ago the El Paso Times published an interview with Mr. Earle, the manager of the trust at El Paso, in which it was stated how much ore had been contracted there, chiefly lead ore, which is smelted in bond, so as to compel our miners to compete with the labor of Old Mexico. These are all facts, solemn truths. Let us all act in unison and change the state of affairs for the better. If New Mexico pulls as one man we shall draw the wagon out of the mud. If not, we shall stick. There is no other choice."

Briquettes.

THE following information regarding a new briquette plant at Gallup, N. M., is from the Mining and Engineering Journal:

"About fifty men are employed in the construction work and the placing of machinery for the new briquette plant at Gallup, N. M., for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The briquette plant has been experimented with in a small way for some time, but the managers confess they do not thoroughly understand how to secure the best results, and as a consequence they are spending neither time nor money to make this plant perfect. They term this an experimental plant, and in the event they succeed putting it on a paying basis, they expect to place in that vicinity a plant which will cost \$50,000. When the present structure is complete and the machinery adjusted they will have expended over \$40,000, and to keep this sized plant in operation it will require about one hundred men working an eight-hour day in the mine and twenty-five men in the building.

"The object of the company is to utilize the slack coal that is screened at the mine, and should the amount of slack be insufficient for the constant operation of the plant, large coal can be used to profitable advantage. It has been claimed the by-products—carbon, gas, ammonia, and a small amount of benzine—will more than pay the cost of the operation of the plant, and the briquette, which are 3-inch cubes, will be in great demand when once on the market. The engineers of the Santa Fé Pacific are running surveys for a new spur from the main line to the works. About four hundred tons of slack will be reduced to briquettes each day during the experimental campaign."

Moving a Smelter.

A REPORT from Bisbee, Ariz., states that the Copper Queen Company has decided to move its smelting plant from that city to Douglas, the new town on the Mexican border, about twenty-five miles southeast of Bisbee. The Los Angeles Mining Review says:

"The new plant at Douglas will have a capacity of 1500 tons of ore a day, which is considerably greater than the plant at Bisbee. The plans are already drawn, and Walter Douglas has started for New York with them to close up contracts for machinery needed. Though work on the new plant has been begun at once, it will take fully eighteen months for the change to be accomplished. The works will be located about a mile west of Douglas, at a point where an abundant supply of water can be obtained by shallow wells, and where the company is drilling in the hope of securing an artesian flow.

"The removal of the smelting plant from Bisbee to Douglas means that about eight hundred of the men now employed by the company at Bisbee will be transferred to the new plant at Douglas when it is completed."

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

Medical Ethics and Advertising.

IN WRITING recently to a Los Angeles physician, on a matter of business, the editor of this department referred to the curious interpretation of medical ethics which forbids physicians to advertise in the papers, beyond a professional card, while at the same time it permits them to obtain as much free advertising as they can secure, by having their names prominently published in connection with the treatment of notable persons, or attendance at accidents, and which also winks at the widespread practice of taking commissions from druggists and manufacturers of drugs and patent foods. In reply, this physician wrote as follows:

"This matter of advertising undoubtedly has two sides to it, and I am frank to admit that I look at the matter in somewhat the same way you do. I think that the physician should have the same right to advertise in the press that any other business man has. Legally he, of course, does have this right, but there is a sentiment against it. What is this sentiment, and how did it originate?

"Physicians who have established themselves in communities, and have secured large and lucrative practices, naturally do not need to use press advertising, and they are the ones who especially labor to establish sentiment against a method which might permit a younger practitioner to rise rapidly to the top. The old and successful practitioner finds it to his advantage to impress the fact that there is no short road to the top, and that the only way to get there is through the strictest observation of 'professional ethics' on part of the younger practitioner. This same principle has held in many other professions, in the past, and is still retained, to a greater or less extent, at present. Thus, in the universities throughout the world, there has been a tendency to impress upon the student just entering college the fact that he is a freshman, and that he doesn't amount to much, nor can amount to much until increased age and hard work have advanced him to the position of an upper classman. Even in the business world, until recently, men have been advanced because of their length of service, and not because of their ability. It is but comparatively recently that we find young men holding executive positions. At the present time we are seeing this change in progress in the army and navy, and I hope that before many years it will begin to revolutionize the medical world.

"This rut which the medical profession has fallen into is a product of evolution, just as a lady's garb at the present time is a like product. None of us think that the present styles in ladies' clothing are most conducive to health. The corset and other tight clothing, and even the skirt, hamper the freedom and grace of the woman. Notwithstanding this, however, it is extremely difficult for a refined and gentle woman to adopt clothing entirely different from that in vogue, in order that she may secure the desired freedom.

"Evolution moves slowly, and I don't know that there is any need of hurrying it, or rather attempting to hurry it, with revolutionary measures, for it is very doubtful whether any good is accomplished by such means. On the other hand, it is not advisable to sit idly by, in the hope that these matters may automatically adjust themselves in due time.

"Who is to blame for the conditions which we find in the medical world? I admit that the doctors are, first of all, but public opinion has been so shaped by these same doctors, for years and years, that there is a very large percentage of people who look upon these matters, especially the advertising, in exactly the same way that the doctors do. In the minds of a great many common sense people, one would place himself among the quacks by introducing even a proper advertisement into the press. We can't afford to have such a thing happen.

"Public opinion has got to change in these matters, and through the reorganized public opinion we can very properly reach the medical world and force a change there. This, in my judgment, cannot be accomplished at once, but will take a long time. Your department in The Times is aiding in the good work, and other good work is being done in many localities.

"If I should insert a display advertisement in the press I would immediately be classed as a quack, and any influence in the right direction in this matter would be lost. I find it much better to lead public sentiment than to 'buck' it in the direction in which you think it should go. The best way of securing a new law is not by breaking the old one. This, it seems to me, applies to the unwritten 'laws' of public opinion. If one enters the advertising field, he is patronized principally by those who desire to get well quickly and cheaply, and the conscientious physician cannot begin to compete in price with the ordinary medical advertiser.

"I deplore, as you do, the tendency of medical men to jump for free advertising, whenever opportunity offers, but that is not the fault of the individual, for most of them would be glad to pay for the advertising, if they were permitted to do so. Here, again, the fault is with public opinion. Then we must also remember that medical men are not the only ones who jump for free advertising.

"In summing up, knowing that advertising is done to secure business, let us ask ourselves: Does it accomplish its purpose? In answer to this, we must admit that it does not do what the physician intended that it should. Instead of appealing to every member of the community,

as a plain, correct statement from a conscientious man, it is classed by many as 'quack advertising,' and its value is to that extent lost.

"The matter, it appears to me, rests entirely upon ways and means for changing public opinion. If I thought I could aid in changing the general sentiment by advertising, I would advertise, but at present I do not think it the best method."

A Scrub Doctor.

A PROPOS of the question of "medical ethics," referred to elsewhere on this page, a somewhat remarkable instance of what the average person would term grossly unprofessional conduct was reported recently from Europe. A Dr. Caulet is—or was—the attending physician to the Queen of Servia. Some time ago he reported the Queen to be pregnant. It appears that he was mistaken. This, of course, was humiliating to Dr. Caulet, and, in order to justify himself in making the false diagnosis, he caused to be published in newspapers a detailed account of the examination he had made, publishing details that should never have been made public. All of this for the sake of shielding himself from deserved rebuking.

Comment upon this case appears to be superfluous. Doubtless, Dr. Caulet is one of those who would be shocked at the idea of advertising in the papers.

Why Jolts May Be Injurious.

DR. R. D. EMERY, osteopath, writes the following. "Some time ago mention was made in these columns of an article written to emphasize the fact that injurious results might be produced by the jolts, jars and strains which one sustains when jumping from moving cars. It is impossible for the individual to continually guard himself against slight accidents (if accidents they may be designated) of this kind, and even if it were possible it is very doubtful whether it would be advisable. We find that the human organism has some of its most important properties, e. g., its hardiness, force, and rigidity, developed through opposition and conflict. In fact, we can hardly imagine what an individual would be like if he could move through life in such sweet harmony and rhythm that he would never have to physically exert himself to overcome material opposition. In those cases which we observe from time to time, where the lack of opposition is noticeable, we also observe the lack of physical force just as we observe the little force of character in the man who has never had to strive to overcome forbidding obstacles.

"Thus, ordinary jolts, jars and strains are beneficial, when they come as a part of the continual strife for existence, for they develop our harder physical qualities. But, on the other hand, they may be injurious unless proper precautions are taken to guard against bad effects.

"In order to understand what we must do to guard against such injuries, we must first understand what the injuries are and how they may be produced. To illustrate what the injury might be, we will take the following case: A man is going downstairs in the dark, and thinks that he has reached the bottom, while actually there is still another step. He starts to walk away, as though on a level floor, and finds his advancing foot suddenly and unexpectedly sinking. He makes an effort to save himself and in so doing he wrenches his back. The wrench is caused by the sudden muscular contraction, together with the sudden jerk of the body, produced by the complete resistance offered to the descending foot by the floor. At the point when the effect is specially manifested the muscles, tendons and bones are displaced enough so that they bring pressure to bear on the nerves of the region. The pressure starts nerve impulses (or, to speak from the basis of the new electrical theories, contact causes the separation of negative ions,) which pass to the motor terminat and produce muscular contraction in the region. This increases blood pressure in the area and the pressure causes an exudation of the fluid parts of blood and white blood corpuscles into the tissues surrounding the blood vessels. This material presses upon the surrounding tissues and causes irritation of the nerves, which results in increased muscular contraction, which latter hinders the blood from taking up the exuded products. We have started in this way a point of irritation which may continue indefinitely. The irritation affects not only a local area, but, on account of the close association of all parts of the nervous system, the results may be far reaching, affecting heart, lungs, liver, pancreas, stomach, or other organs or tissues.

"Injuries of this character usually affect the back close to the spinal column, for two reasons, (1) because the blood supply to the region is large and nerves are found in abundance as they leave the spinal canal, and (2) the muscles of the back are not brought into as systematic action in the average individual as are the muscles of other regions of the body. Upon this last fact it seems to me depends the prevention and cure of large numbers of nervous and organic troubles, which undoubtedly result from causes a common illustration of which I have above cited.

"To illustrate: We find that if a man is leading an active out-of-door life and constantly exercising all portions of his body he suffers but slight and temporary inconvenience from such a wrench as that above mentioned, but the individual who lives a sedentary indoor life may suffer from such a condition for months or even years. Why is this? The solution is very simple. We have seen from the foregoing that chronic muscular contraction was produced by impulses from nerves which were irritated by exudations in the tissues immediately surrounding the blood vessels. This contraction caused irritation which may have produced both local and remote effects. By voluntarily exercising those chronically-contracted muscles the contraction is partially relieved, the circulation is stimulated, the exudation is absorbed, the irritation and first muscular contraction disappear and the part is well."

"Proper voluntary exercise of the muscles of back will produce this result in the majority of cases, and if people in general would pay more attention to systematic exercise of the muscles of the trunk, much of the dis-

ease resulting from conditions analogous to the case mentioned above (and the number of such is far in excess of what is generally supposed) would be avoided. We cannot possibly overestimate the importance of this exercise of the body proper. There are some cases, where the exudation is large or where the condition has existed for so long a time that it has become thoroughly chronic, in which voluntary exercise benefits extremely slowly. In such cases, the logical procedure is for the individual, while in a passive state, to have the muscles mechanically, osteopathically relaxed, and the circulation stimulated.

R. D. EMERY."

Alcohol Not a Food.

THE following, on this much-discussed subject, is from the *Medical Record*:

"The well-known Viennese clinician, Prof. Max Kassowitz, asserts that the dogma concerning the nourishing and strengthening character of alcohol is one of the fatal errors of science. He holds the view that the majority of physicians take up an inconsistent position with regard to the use of alcohol, for the reason that while they are well aware of its dangerous and poisonous qualities, they nevertheless contribute to making permanent the false ideas concerning the value and effects of alcohol which are so generally disseminated. Kassowitz explains these inconsistencies on the ground that the teaching which considers alcohol a food, because it is burned in the organism, has held its ground in spite of many disregarded newer investigations which have shown its indefensibility. He is, therefore, of the opinion that the assumption ascribing food properties to alcohol based on simple theoretical consideration is a grave scientific error, the removal of which is the most important preliminary condition to an effectual battle against alcoholism."

Food Affects People Differently.

FARMERS' Bulletin No. 142, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, is entitled "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," being written by Dr. W. O. Atwater, the special agent in charge of nutrition investigations. Dr. Atwater refers as follows to the different effects produced by foods on different persons:

"Different persons are differently constituted with respect to the chemical changes which their food undergoes, and the effect produced, so that it may be literally true that 'one man's meat is another man's poison.' Milk is for most people a very wholesome, digestible, and nutritious food, but there are persons who are made ill by drinking it, and they should avoid milk. The writer knows a boy who is made seriously ill by eating eggs. A small piece of sweet cake, in which eggs have been used, will cause him trouble. The sickness is nature's evidence that eggs are for him an unfit article of food. Some persons have to avoid strawberries. Indeed, cases in which the most wholesome kinds of food are hurtful to individual persons are, unfortunately, numerous. Every man must learn from his own experience what food agrees with him, and what does not."

How to Handle Naughty School Children

THERE is a general belief that school work in this country imposes too much of a task on the children. An examination of the physical condition of a number of children goes far to confirm the truth of this theory. Among other things, it has been suggested that school hours, being long enough, it is not proper to keep children in after hours, as a punishment. A correspondent wrote to the *Healthy Home*, asking what plan could be adopted instead of this, to punish lazy or unruly pupils. In reply, that publication says:

"No better plan can be suggested than that used by George T. Angell, when he was a struggling student and teacher. He told the boys that every one who had behaved well should be dismissed every morning and every afternoon a quarter of an hour ahead of time, giving them half an hour every day for outdoor sports. It worked splendidly, and he never had a single complaint from father, mother, or school committee."

Christian Science and Surgery.

FOLLOWING is from Mrs. Eddy's *Christian Science handbook*, "Science and Health" (fifty-first edition,) page 400:

"Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of Mind, it is better to leave the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon, while you confine yourself chiefly to mental reconstruction, and the prevention of inflammation or protracted confinement. Christian Science is always the most skillful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing which will be last demonstrated. However, it is but just to say that the author has already in her possession well-authenticated records of the cure, by herself and others, through mental surgery alone, of dislocated hip joints and spinal vertebrae.

"The time approaches when mortal mind will forsake its corporeal, structural and material basis, when immortal Mind, and its formations, will be apprehended in Science, and material thought will not interfere with spiritual facts. Man is indestructible and eternal. Some time it will be learned that Mind constructs the body, and with its own materials. Hence no breakage or dislocation can really occur. You say that accidents, injuries, and diseases kill man; but this is not true. The life of the body is Mind. The material body manifests only what mortal mind admits, whether it be a broken bone, disease, or sin."

Dissipation by Machinery.

DISSIPATION by Machinery" is the title of a recent article, whose theme holds that the sensation of dissipation is a natural instinct, but that instead of turning to absinthe or opium, as of old, the modern young man goes in for airships and electrical devices. Airships and automobiles are certainly better than absinthe and cocktails.

ANDIRON TALES.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE TROLLEY CLOUD.

AS I STATED at the end of the last chapter, the travelers Tom and his companions encountered upon the Trolley Cloud were a wonderful lot. In the first place the whole situation was strange. Here was, in fact, a perfect car, made of what at a distance looked to be nothing but a fleecy bit of vapor. It had seats and signs—indeed, the advertising signs alone were enough to occupy the mind of any person seeing them for the first time to the exclusion of all else, what with the big painted placard at the end, saying:

FOR POLAR BEARS GO
TO ARCTICS
Fifty-seven Varieties. No
Home Complete With-
out Them.

And another showing a picture of Potted Town, in which all the inhabitants lived on canned food and things that came in jars, reading:

This the famous Potted Town,
Where everything is done up brown,
We live on lobsters tinned, and beans,
And freshly caught and oiled sardines;
On ham and eggs done up in jars,
And caramels that come in bars,
Come buy a lot in Potted Town,
And join the throngs we do up brown.
A corner lot for fifty cents—
A bargain that is just immense.
An inner lot for forty-nine
For residence is just divine.
If in a year you do not find
That we are suited to your mind
We'll give you fifteen cents in gold,
And take back all the lots we've sold,
If, when in other hands you go
You'll recommend Soapolio.

"Who on earth wants a Polar Bear at home?" ejaculated Tom as he read the first.

"I do," growled a deep bass voice at his side, and the little traveler, turning to see who it was that had spoken, was surprised and really startled to find himself seated next to a shaggy-coated beast of that precise kind. "I do," repeated the Polar Bear, "and if anybody says I don't I'll chew him up," and then he opened his mouth and glared at Tom as if to warn the young man from pursuing the subject further.

"So would I," put in Righty. "So would I if all Polar Bears were like you."

The Bear was apparently pleased by the compliment and, with a satisfied wink at Righty, folded his fore legs over his chest and went to sleep.

"I think I'll buy one of those lots in Potted Town," said a Kangaroo who sat opposite to Tom.

"You couldn't raise the money," growled a Flamingo who sat at the far end of the car. "Thirty cents is your measure."

"Let him alone, Flammey," said an Ostrich who was crowded uncomfortably in between the Kangaroo and an old gentleman with one eye and a green beard who, Tom learned later, was a leading citizen of Saturn. "He can't help it if he's poor."

"Thank you, Mr. Ostrich," said the Kangaroo, with a sob. "I was very much hurt by the Flamingo's remark. I have 19,627 children, and it keeps me jumping all the time to support them."

"I apologize," said the Flamingo. "My observations were most unjust. You do not look like 30 cents at all, as I perceive at a second glance. As I look at you more closely you look like a \$1.39 marked down to 72. But why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

"Is there a lady on the car who wants it?" asked the Kangaroo, standing up, and peering anxiously about him.

"No, of course not," said the Flamingo, "but what difference does that make? A true gentleman is polite whether there are ladies present or not."

The Polar Bear opened his eyes and leaning forward glared at the Flamingo.

"You don't seem to be over anxious about yourself," he growled. "Why don't you give up your seat to the imaginary lady?"

"Because Mr. Bear," the Flamingo returned, "it would not be polite. The seat I occupy is extremely uncomfortable, thanks to the crowding of the Hippopotamus on my left and the indulgence in peanuts of the Monkey, on my right. By sitting down where I am, I am making a personal sacrifice."

"There'll be a free fight in a minute," said the Poker anxiously. "I think we'd better get out."

"You won't do anything of the sort," said the Conductor. "Nobody leaves this car until we get there."

"Get where?" demanded the Poker.

"Anywhere," returned the Conductor. "Fares, please."

"But we've all paid," said the Flamingo.

"Somebody hasn't," replied the Conductor. "There are twenty-two on this car and I've collected only twenty-one fares. I don't know who is the deadhead. Therefore, you must all pay. It is better that there should be twenty-one lawsuits for a total damage of \$1.25 than that this company should lose a nickel. Juries disagree, fares, please."

"I decline to pay a second time," cried the Monkey.

"And I—and I," came from all parts of the car; from Lefty and Righty, from Tom, the Flamingo, the Hippopotamus and the Polar Bear.

"Very well," said the Conductor, calmly. "I don't

care. It isn't my money that's lost, but I'll tell you one thing, this car doesn't stop until you've all paid up!"

"What?" cried the Polar Bear. "I want to get off at the toboggan slide."

"So do I—so do I," cried everybody.

"No doubt," said the Conductor; "but that's your business, not mine. Double your speed, Moty," he added, calling forward to the Motorman. "These people want to get off. Of course, gentlemen and fellow-beasts," he continued, "I can't keep you from getting off, but this car is traveling at the rate of four miles a minute, and if you try it you do so at your own risk. Fares, please."

"It's an outrage!" said the Flamingo.

"I'm going to jump," said the Kangaroo.

"I think we'd better sit still, Tom," whispered Righty. "It would be smitherens if we tried to get off the car going at this rate."

"Don't mind me," said Tom. "I'm having a bally time. This is quite as good fun as oscillating, I guess."

"Excuse me, sir," said the Conductor, in reply to the Kangaroo, "but I must ask your name and address. I cannot prevent you from jumping, but I'm required by the rules of the company to find out all about you before letting you commit suicide. We need the information in case your heirs sue the company. Married?"

"Yes," said the Kangaroo. "Sixteen times."

"Any children?" queried the Conductor.

"I have already said so," sobbed the Kangaroo; "19,627 of them."

"Boys or girls?" asked the Conductor kindly.

"Neither," replied the Kangaroo.

"What?" cried the Conductor.

"Kangaroos, every one of 'em," sobbed the unhappy passenger.

"Oh, I see," said the Conductor. "What is your business?"

"Jumping," replied the Kangaroo.

"No," said the Monkey. "I'm only plain smart. I'm not pretty."

"Everybody's talking about you? I presume," answered the Conductor.

"Not yet, but they will be," returned the Monkey, with a grin.

"When?" demanded the Conductor.

"When my tail is published," retorted the Monkey, with a grin.

"Humph!" jeered the Conductor. "Great tail that."

"No," said the Monkey, "not very great, but it has a swing about it—"

"Say," interrupted the Hippopotamus, "I've got an idea. Somebody hasn't paid his fare, eh?"

"That's the point," said the Conductor.

"And unless he owns up we've all got to go on in this car forever?"

"You have," replied the Conductor, firmly.

"Well, let's be sensible about it," said the Hippopotamus. "We're all honest—at least I am—and I've paid once, and I admit I'm riding cheap considering my weight. But who hasn't paid? Tom, did you pay?"

"I paid for our whole party," put in Righty.

"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "Did you pay, Moak?"

"Yes, I did," said the Monkey. "I paid for me and old Polar Bear."

"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "Has the Flamingo paid?"

"I gave him a promissory note for my fare," said the Flamingo.

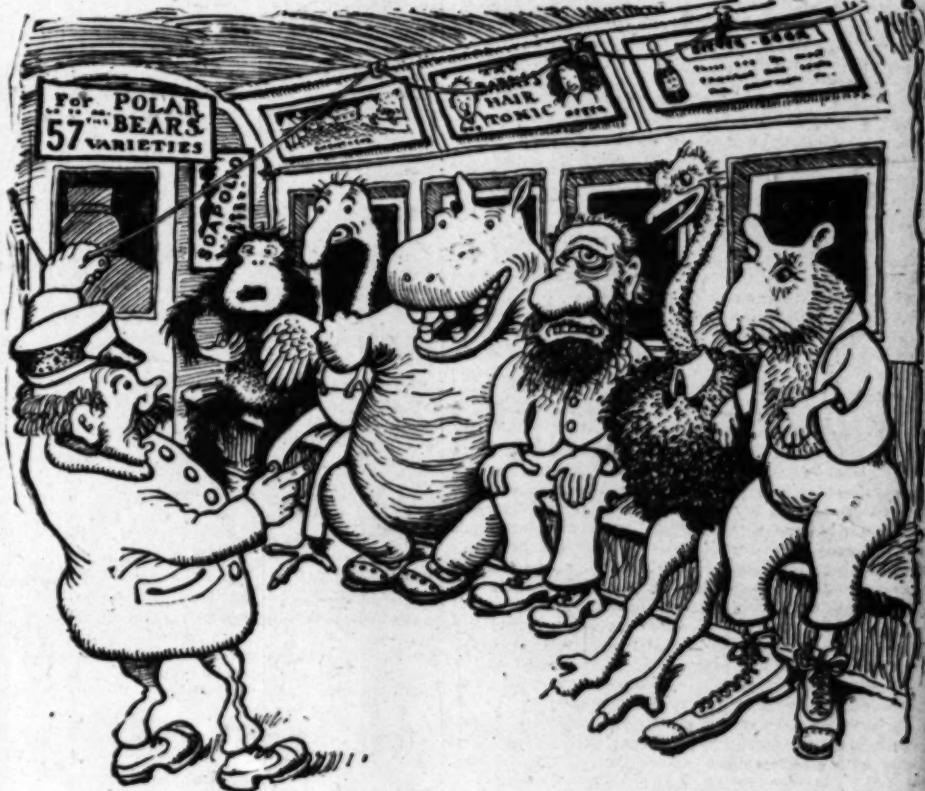
"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "And now for the main question. Conductor, have you paid your fare?"

"I?" cried the Conductor.

"Yes, you!" roared the Hippopotamus. "Have you paid your fare?"

"But—" the Conductor began.

"I won't but," returned the Hippo. "I'm a Hippopotamus, I am. Not a goat. Have you paid your fare?"



"THIS CAR DOESN'T STOP UNTIL YOU'RE ALL PAID UP."

"Business address?" demanded the Conductor.

"Number 28 Australia," was the reply.

"Home address?" questioned the Conductor.

"Number 37 Melbourne," said the Kangaroo. "Melbourne is in Australia, you know," he added.

"Made your will?" put in the Conductor, suddenly.

"What has that got to do with it?" cried the Kangaroo, angrily, but with a nervous start.

"We cannot permit you to jump unless you've made a will," said the Conductor, politely. "You see, when you jump you leave the car, and we don't know whom you leave the car to until we have read your will. You might leave it to Tom or to Righty, or to the poetic Poker—or to old Shaggy over there"—pointing to the Polar Bear. "Inasmuch as it's our car we have a right to know to whom you leave it."

"I guess I'll stay where I am," said the Kangaroo meekly, very much overcome by the Conductor's logic.

"That's the answer," returned the Conductor. "You seem to be a very sensible sort of Kangaroo. Fare, please!" And the Kangaroo diving down into his pocket produced a five-cent piece, which he handed over to the Conductor without further comment.

"Anybody else think of jumping off?" asked the Conductor, pleasantly, turning about and glancing over the other occupants of the car.

"I might," said the Monkey, placidly.

"Oh, indeed," said the Conductor, walking along the car to where the Monkey sat. "You might think of jumping off, eh?"

"Yes," said the Monkey.

"Do you know where you would land?"

"Yes," said the Monkey.

"Where?" demanded the Conductor.

"On my feet," said the Monkey. "Where else?"

The Conductor was apparently much put out.

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?" he said.

"Of course I haven't returned the Conductor, "he said.

"That's it!" returned the Hippopotamus. "That's the whole point. He's the one that's shy, and because we won't consent to pay his fare out of our own pockets he's going to hold us up. I move we squash him."

"But I say," roared the Conductor.

"Oh, pay your fare and shut up," growled the Polar Bear. "You began the row. What's the use."

"Hear 'em quoting my poem," whispered the Poker to Tom.

"I've taken his number," said the Flamingo. "It's eight billion and seven. He's trying to beat his way."

"Pay up, pay up," came from all parts of the car, and before he knew it Tom found himself in the midst of an angry group surrounding the Conductor, insisting that he should pay his fare.

"Who are you that you should ride free?" demanded the Flamingo. "The idea of servants of the company having greater privileges than the patrons of the road!"

"If you don't pay up right away," roared the Polar Bear, "I'll squeeze you to death."

"And I'll sit on you," put in the Hippopotamus.

"I haven't the money," cried the Conductor, now thoroughly frightened.

"Borrow it from the company," said the Polar Bear, "and ring it up."

This the Conductor did, and a moment later, having reached the station, rang the bell, and the car stopped.

"All out!" he cried, and the whole party descended.

"Who paid his fare, anyhow?" asked the Flamingo.

"I didn't," said the Monkey.

"No more did I," said the Hippopotamus. "The Kangaroo did, though. Didn't you Kangy?"

"Only once," said the Kangaroo, "and that was the second time."

"Let's get away from this crowd," said the Flamingo.

"They're not honest."

"Right you are," said the Polar Bear. "They're a very

bad lot. Come along; let's get aboard the toboggan, and leave 'em behind."

Whereupon Tom and his companions, accompanied by the Polar Bear, stepped aboard the waiting Onocycle, and were soon speeding down the upper incline of the Crescent Moon.

[To be continued.]

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GRIP'S EASTER ANTHEM.

A TIMELY LITTLE STORY OF HOW A RUNAWAY DOG FOUND A RUNAWAY BOY.

By a Special Contributor.

"Mother, couldn't you go tell Mr. Rollins that I just can't sing today? He ought not to expect a boy to sing that has had his dog stolen. I know he's been stolen, for he never missed coming to his breakfast before, and I've been all over the place hunting for him."

In spite of her sympathy, mother smiled. "I don't think Mr. Rollins would excuse you," she said. "You know this is Easter Sunday, and everybody will be out to church. You have been rehearsing the music for months, and the voice of even the smallest choir boy will be needed."

"Well, I know I can't even remember the words. All I can think of is 'Grip is stolen! Grip is stolen!' and I shall want to be out hunting for him every minute."

"Come, now," interposed father, "brace up and get ready for church, quick. If Grip doesn't put in an appearance before night I'll advertise for him tomorrow, and then if he isn't returned, I'll get you a new dog."

"A new dog!" cried Ralph. "Do you suppose I want a new dog? It's just because he's Grip that I want him. Why, he's all the brother I've had since—Oh, mother, I didn't mean—"

Ralph had had a big brother a year ago. Grip had belonged to Ralph and Rob together. But Rob had quarreled with father about spending money, had called father a "stingy old thing," and had said that he was most a man and would earn his own money, and never take another cent from father; then he had run away in the night. They had not heard from him since.

Mother laughed to hide the sorrow in her eyes, and said: "You might as well talk of getting Ralph a new mother if I were stolen, as to talk of getting a new dog in Grip's place. Mightn't he, Ralph?"

"Well, I could stand a new dog a little better than I could a new mother," Ralph replied seriously.

It all ended in Ralph's going to church. It was the largest Episcopal church in the little suburban city, and today it was crowded. Even the aisles had to be filled with chairs to accommodate all who came.

Ralph was a very sober little choir boy. He could not forget Grip for an instant. When the choir rose to render the anthem he felt like shouting out, "If I only knew Grip was safe! Oh, Grip, Grip, Grip!" instead of the joyful, ringing words of the Easter music.

As they sang, Ralph did not notice a queer, convulsive ripple among the people who sat in the center aisle. Men reached down as if to grasp something and then straightened up again with very red faces. Suddenly Ralph caught a glimpse of something that made him stop in the middle of a word, transfixed with mingled horror and delight. There, right in front of him, was Grip, rascally little terrier that he was, looking up at Ralph with an irreverent grin! He had wriggled through under the chairs in the center and emerged triumphant and panting, ready to join in the service.

The music seemed to fascinate the wicked little dog. Before anyone could stir, he pricked up one ear and joined in the chorus, "Bow, wow, wow, o-o-oo, wow, bow, wow, wo, oo oo!" he sang cheerfully, making fearful discord in the glorious Easter anthem.

These men on the front seat stooped at the same time to pick him up, and in doing so bumped their heads together with great emphasis, and missed the slippery little dog, who vanished behind Ralph's skirt, where he remained perfectly still and hidden with his head pressed close against his little master's knee.

"Quiet, Grip," whispered Ralph, and the horrified congregation settled back with a sigh of relief, while the ruffled choir went on with the anthem. Ralph joined in with new spirit, for, in spite of Grip's disgraceful performance, his precious little playfellow was safely snuggled up against him.

Through the rest of the service Grip took a nap under the seat, and his snores were only audible to the anxious little choir boy to whom he belonged, and who sat with flushed face, very attentive to the Easter sermon.

Even the recessional did not waken Grip, but just as Ralph was disappearing in the very rear of the singing procession he rushed after him with a short, sharp bark that somewhat spoiled the effect of the reechoing music, and quite scandalized the kneeling people.

Grip could hardly wait for Ralph to remove his vestments. He danced about him, pulling at his coat vigorously. Ralph gave him a ferocious hug and then was forced to turn and apologize to the fuming and irate choirmaster.

"He doesn't know any better, indeed he doesn't. I couldn't help it, sir; he's only a dog," was all Ralph could say to the little man, who thought the boy and dog had conspired to spoil his music.

"Where have you been all this morning, Grip?" Ralph asked, when they were finally outdoors.

"Wow, wow; I'll show you!" barked Grip, scampering off behind the church.

"Here, come back here, sir, we're going home!" called Ralph. He whistled and scolded, but no Grip appeared, though he could hear him barking lustily just around the corner of the church. Ralph went after him, and there, sitting on a step, with his head in his hands, and Grip's forelegs almost around his neck, sat Rob!

"Oh, Rob, Rob!" cried Ralph, flinging himself on his big brother, while Grip danced around them both, kissing them and barking a queer, little, laughing bark.

"Well, Kidger," said Rob at length, "didn't want to see me, did you?"

For answer Ralph only hugged him harder. They had been such chums until Rob went away.

"You'd better be getting home to dinner, Kid," said

Rob, hoarsely. "Mother never liked to have anyone keep Sunday dinner waiting."

"She won't scold when she sees you!" and Grip barked "No, no, of course not!" and kissed Rob affectionately across the nose.

Rob laughed shamefacedly. "I'm not going home today, Kid, and you'd better not say anything about me there. Look at here," and he stretched out his arm. "Same old suit I wore away, but I've got a steady place now, and when I get a new suit I'm coming home to call. I just sort of had to come in today to see if you were all alive and kicking."

"Well, I guess you're not going back without coming home to dinner. We're going to have broiled chicken and ice cream all different colors and—Where did you stay last night?" he asked suddenly.

"Out in the shed with Grip. He caught me looking in our window at you all, and I had to muzzle him to keep him quiet. We went off early in the morning and he's been tagging me around, all the time, until we went past the church, there he scooted in before I had a chance to stop him."

Ralph had been thinking hard. "Say," he asked, "is your job in New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, why don't you board at home and go in and out every day, like John Rogers?"

Rob's face suddenly lighted up. "Do you think dad would like it? If—if I told him I was sorry?"

"Like it?" said Ralph. "You just come home and see!"

"Yep, yep!" barked Grip joyously.

Father and mother were looking out of the window when they saw the three coming down the street. The joyful little dog, the little boy with the shining face, and the big boy with the white face and the halting step. Mother screamed and rushed to the door, but father took long strides past her and went out to meet his big boy, whom he folded in his arms. Then mother had her turn. And Grip was the only hero among them, for all the rest were crying.

"I know now," said Ralph, as they sat at dinner, "what Grip sang in church this morning. It was his Easter anthem, and it went like this: 'Bow, wow, wow, I've found him! Bow, wow, wow, I've found him!' That was it, wasn't it, Grip?"

Grip winked solemnly, looking very wise, and modestly scratched his right ear. MABEL EATON.

SULU FABLES.

By Capt. Celwyn E. Hampton, U.S.A.

II.—HOW THE PLANDUC OUTWITTED FOES.

One morning the Planduc waked up before any of the other animals, and, thinking it a good chance to play a joke on the rest, he scraped a fish, and, taking the scales, he pasted one over each of the eyes of all his sleeping companions. Then he cried out:

"Wake up! Wake up, everybody! Dog, Bull, Rat, everybody wake up and get out of this! There comes a big lot of boats. Don't you see the sails? Let us get out of this quick!"

They all jumped up, and, looking out to sea, said, "Yes, yes, there are the sails!" And all turned and ran into the jungle as hard as they could go. But, as the Monkey was running among the trees, scarcely able to see where he was going, one of the scales was knocked off his eye. Seeing at once that something was wrong, he pulled off the other one. As soon as he saw what it was, he cried out:

"Stop! We are running away from nothing. We have let ourselves be made fools of by the Planduc, the miserable scoundrel!"

They were all very angry, and, after taking off the scales, gathered about to discuss what they should do. The Monkey, being jealous of the Planduc's acuteness, especially inveigled against him. Finally they decided to avenge themselves by catching the Planduc and killing him.

The Planduc overheard their talk, and said to himself, "I see their pride is hurt, and they are in earnest. Now, I will have to make good use of my wits indeed if I save myself." So he ran into the jungle, where he found a huge Snake, who agreed to befriend him on the promise of a good meal. He sat down behind the Snake, cautioning the latter to keep perfectly quiet. When the Planduc's former friends at last found him, they cried out:

"Ah! here you are, scoundrel. Now we will pay you thoroughly for your rascality."

"I don't understand you," said the Planduc. "I am a quiet person, and have never, so far as I know, offended anyone."

"Don't pretend ignorance. We couldn't help knowing you, after having been befooled by you for so long."

"I assure you this is a great mistake," protested the Planduc. "I am a trusted servant of our lord, the Sultan, may Allah guard him! and have been employed by him for twenty years past in watching this beautiful and costly belt you see here."

Thereupon they fell to admiring the belt, asking to be allowed to take it in their hands, or even to touch it.

"Oh, no, never!" said the Planduc. "It would cost me my life. If the Sultan learned that I had allowed anyone to touch it, he would certainly kill me."

Nevertheless, they continued to importune him, vowing that not a word should ever reach the Sultan's ears.

"Well, well," said the Planduc, "I can scarcely resist the entreaties of those who love our master, and are as loyal to him as myself. None shall ever touch the belt, with my consent and knowledge, but I will walk away for a few minutes, during which I shall not see any of you, or what goes on."

He did so, and, as soon as his back was turned, they all began a mad scramble to lay hold of the belt. Of course the largest and strongest were in the lead, and the Snake rose up and killed the Bull, the Carabao, the

Horse, and many others, only the small ones in the rear escaping.

When they had recovered from their fright, they took counsel together and resolved to hunt the Planduc again. This time they vowed he should not escape with his life. When the Planduc heard this he hunted up a tree in which was a wild bees' nest, and sat down demurely at its foot. When the others came up they cried out:

"Aha, liar and murderer! We will kill you now, and you cannot escape us."

"Listen to me one moment, before you do anything rash," said the Planduc. "I have heard of your trouble, and the shameful manner in which you have been deceived by an imposter, whom the Sultan is now hunting, and to whom complete vengeance will certainly be dealt out. I am, indeed, a faithful servant of His Supreme Highness, to whom has been intrusted the safety of the great state gong, which is concealed in this tree. It is a most precious possession, is studded with gold and jewels, and its sound is the most ravishing imaginable."

"A fine story, truly," said they all, grown wise by experience, "but that will not save you."

"Perhaps, however, we are mistaken. If you are telling the truth, show us the gong, so that we may feel certain."

"Oh, impossible! The Sultan has commanded me to let no one touch it, or even see it. He lives not far away, and if, by accident, the gong should be touched, he would hear it and would send soldiers who would kill me."

"Only let us see it, and we promise that not a sound shall be made," said they, their curiosity now becoming greater than their desire for proof of the Planduc's identity.

"I could never allow it, with my knowledge," said he, "but, if you will not otherwise believe me, I will turn my back and walk away from here a little way. I shall not be responsible for what happens in the meantime."

He did so, and they all rushed to see the gong. Whereupon the bees flew out and stung them frightfully, pursuing them, and hanging to them, and stinging them in the eyes, until they were all quite blind.

Some days afterward they all met, having been able to find each other only by their cries, and were bewailing their blindness, and the fact that it prevented them from doing any work, and from finding their accustomed food. While they were thus talking, the Planduc came upon them.

"Planduc," they said, "we are all blind, and can no longer see, either to work or to find food and drink, and it is through you we are in this condition. We know you are wise, and, if you will restore to us our eyesight, we will forgive all the wrongs you have done us."

"No," said the Planduc, "you have unjustly persecuted me, and tried to take my life for something that was meant for no harm. Now, you deserve your punishment, and the situation suits me very well, for you will no longer be my rivals in the search for food."

Eventually, all of them perished, and this is said to have given the Planduc an advantageous start, and to have made them so flourishing and plentiful.

PIGEON FLOCK WORTH \$20,000.

Pigeons worth more than their weight in gold are to be seen fluttering about the well-appointed lofts of G. W. Eckert, at Allentown, Pa.

One must needs be an enthusiast to pay out 200 good dollars for a bird weighing about fourteen ounces, and the bird must have points of rare excellence to command such a price.

Yet many of George Eckert's "owl pigeons" are valued at that figure, and men well versed in the lore of the cult say they are well worth the price.

Mr. Eckert's lofts are probably the most elaborate in the country, and they are inhabited by 250 of the finest birds in the world.

It is estimated that the aggregate value of Mr. Eckert's pigeons is \$20,000.

The home of these birds is a veritable pigeon palace, and there are only a few in the world that can compare with it in comfort. It is a three-story structure, 24x30 feet in dimensions, with cement floors. It is kept warm in winter by a hot water apparatus. There is running water in each compartment, and the whole interior is kept as clean as a lady's parlor. The young birds are housed on the first floor, which is provided with feed boxes and bath troughs. On the second floor there is an operating room, with medicine chests for sick birds, surgical instruments, etc. The old birds are also housed on this floor, the white Africa owls being separated from the colored birds by wire screens. Their compartments are also provided with drinking fountains, bathtubs and other comforts of a modern pigeon house. The nesting boxes, each with the number and pedigree of the bird occupants, are on this floor.

The Chinese Owl pigeons are housed on the third floor, and here also is the pigeon hospital, where the sick birds are treated by an experienced doctor. A systematic inspection of the lofts is made regularly several times a day. The sick are given special attention, young birds neglected are provided with foster parents, and in many other ways Mr. Eckert and his assistants are kept busy.

—[Philadelphia North American.]

FARMER SPEARS'S HORSELESS PLOW.

There is a farmer living in the Calabooze neighborhood, four miles from this place, named Elihu Spears, who, instead of making his horses and oxen pull the plow when he breaks the soil, works his wife and daughters under a yoke, with his wife in the lead. He has good horses, but says they were not made to work, but to ride. With the oxen he hauls saw logs cut by his wife and daughters. He has already commenced turning the soil for his corn crop. He does not drive "the team" himself, but he keeps a colored employé, who does the driving. He furnishes his wife and daughters with the best of clothing and they attend church.—[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

SOME COMING STYLES.

PRETTY "GARDEN-PARTY" GOWN AND AN ATTRACTIVE WASH DRESS.
From a Special Correspondent.

HERE are no two ways about it, what is known as the "wash gown" will be the rose in the summer garden of fashion. The so-called wash frocks at present on exhibition in the shops make surprising claims, the most radiant flower tints being warranted to withstand the ordeal of the tub. Whether this is true or not, we know by experience that they will clean divinely, and in this event there will be no need to remove the flowered ribbons, the rich laces, embroideries and black velvets, with which so many of them are decked.

Perhaps the most delightful of these costumes are certain simple gowns, made of light-weight linens in pale solid colors. These run to deep yellow, and gray and white laces, put on generally in transparencies and helped out with tiny tuckings, in narrow clusters. The simple blouse bodice may fasten either at the front or back, but the preferred sleeve is always elbow length. The trimmings of many skirts still suggest the graduated flounce, and some waists show belts of lace, ribbon or embroidery, sewed to the garment in the old-fashioned way. But let one of these adorable little gowns speak for itself.

Wash Gown of Ecru Linen.

A queen rose in the rosebud garden of summer frocks is made of these materials. The front of the gored skirt is in two sections, a plain-shaped flounce, outlined top and bottom with yellow lace transparencies, meeting the tucks of the upper portion. The back breadths of

mended for heads that find most millinery too heavy. Its sole trimmings are a bias of black velvet under the brim, and a soft fall of white ostrich feathers at the right side.

Spring Fashions for Children.

A pleasing simplicity has crept into the modes for children. There are still fuzzy, elegant costumes for small girls of all ages, but preferred styles are taut and trim, so to speak, leaning rather to fine needlework than elaborate effects. In the way of combinations, black is a frequent note in the gayest little rigs, and maidens from six up will be permitted to wear all black frocks. India pongee and taffeta will be the most stylish textures for these, white gauze and cape collars in delicately tinted mulls relieving their somberness.

The school clothes the children's outfitters are showing include sailor suits for both boys and girls. Contrasting sailor collars and nautical-looking ties begay these, and all the shields of the little suits sport nautical emblems in blue and red. For the boys' suits white and blue duck, and brown linen are favorite materials, the most juvenile of the little trousers ending just below the knee. Black or white socks will cover a limited section of sunburnt legs, and black patent-leather shoes and a sailor hat of varnished leather—white or black—will complete the outfit.

NJNA FITCH.

NURSERY WALLS.

HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO CULTIVATE A TASTE FOR ART AMONG CHILDREN.

By a Special Contributor.

When a child is just too old to have a picture of a pink baby and a blue cat on the walls of its room, and yet too young to indicate its own tastes, there comes a time when the whole house should be regarded as storehouse from which to draw for the fit wall decoration of the nursery.



the skirt, which are gathered simply into the belt, are without the tucks of the front, the flounce also ending at its seams.

On the bodice, the clusters of tucks outline a yoke front and back—where it is buttoned—singeing ones shaping the tops of the elbow sleeves, which finish with a fall of lace. Elsewhere the lace employed on the corsage is in the shape of round medallions, placed over the tucked yoke at scattered intervals. Belt and bow at the back of the stock apple-green taffeta ribbon.

Suitable and elegant accessories with this costume are a white silk parasol with chiffon ruffles, black lace mitts, and a "shepherdess hat." A shape of pale yellow straw, this is trimmed with scant flounces of white lace, stiff rosettes of white ribbon, and clusters of shaded cherries.

Garden Party Dress.

That ever-becoming and always-bewitching combination, black and white, distinguishes the toilette of the second photograph. It is another ready-made creation of uncommon excellence, an imported gown having been copied—at one-third the original's cost—to produce the elegance here flowering. "Copy gowns," these delicious imitators of French perfection are called, so don't forget to ask for them if you want to save money.

As for a minute description of it, surely the photograph speaks more eloquently than words. So suffice it that all the solid outlinings are of black velvet ribbon—the narrower bars of the skirt panels and vest—applied to gores of white chiffon; the whole skirt falling loosely over the white silk petticoat. A round yoke and odd cuffs of imitation Renaissance lace are handsome features of the bodice, whose slight pouching is outlined by a dip of the girdle.

The black "paper-chip" hat—that brittle, fragile chip that weighs no more than a feather—is warmly recom-

mended for heads that find most millinery too heavy. Its sole trimmings are a bias of black velvet under the brim, and a soft fall of white ostrich feathers at the right side.

There ought to be first a Sistine Madonna. If you can, let this not be a small picture. Let it hang well down from the molding by a long wire, so that if they like, the children may climb upon a chair, and, as half of them will, talk to the child and touch the glass over the little face and hands. Then there are children by Van Dyke, a copy of Guido Reni's Aurora, etc., etc. Studies in animal life, such as the Landseer and Rosa Bonheur pictures, or any others to teach love and care of animals, are especially to be commended.

The casts afford a variety of subjects to delight a child. The Della Robia studies, the Donatello Laughing Boy, the St. John, the Singing Boys, and bits of friezes to be hung above the door and in shadowed corners. Teach the child the value of the dark frames against the drab or olive background, and how a dark corner is lightened by a bit of white plaster. Study the pictures and casts for which they most care, and add to the sort which most appeals to them. Encourage their comments and questions, tell them stories about the characters in the pictures, and little by little teach them the artists and something about them. All this can be done at night, when story time comes, and the children will never know that they are having the most important lesson of the day.

As the children grow a few years older nearly everything that is best in drawing and sculpture may be introduced. There can be no objection in the world to the Winged Victory and the Venus de Milo, and the Apollo, and if the children's tastes have been prepared earlier by the studies on the walls, these will serve to convey some of the greatest lessons in morals, if a wise intelligence can shape the teaching.

At the scrap-book age there can be no greater aid to this sort of study than the penny prints of good pictures, a few cents' worth of which will keep children busy and amused for any number of rainy forenoons, and association with which will be of life-long benefit. Also, in the back of magazines, and in art catalogues and advertisements may be found quantities of little half-tones of the very best pictures and if the children are given these to cut out and arrange they will soon learn the names and some rude sort of classification. A game can easily be instituted which shall permit the placing of these pictures in scrap books only when their names shall have been learned, and something about them can be repeated. It will not be long before the name of the artist spoken to the children will bring at once to their lips the names of the artists' pictures, and the name of one picture will recall to them both artist's name and the titles of his other works. The moment all this is made work, and called lessons, much of its value is gone. It must all be absorbed; it must all come to the children by contact, and quite unconsciously. Four or five years' attention to this sort of art education will send a child to school equipped with an invaluable store of knowledge, and what is more, the possessor of taste which he might otherwise never have known.

ZONA GALE.

CONCERNING PIANOS.

SEEMING SHORTCOMINGS THAT MAY BE DUE TO EXTERNAL CAUSES.

[New York Sun:] "A piano," said a dealer, "will sound better standing directly on the floor and in a room simply furnished than it will standing on a carpet in a room elaborately furnished, having heavy hangings on the walls, and so on."

"Sometimes a piano will develop, or seem to develop, a flaw in some one note, which comes to have a rattle, or jingle, or unpleasant burr to it. But this jarring sound, which seems to come from the piano, may, in reality, come from some source quite outside of it."

"Any given note, when struck, produces a certain number of vibrations to the second. There may be in the room some object that is in tone sympathy with some particular note, and that will be set in motion by it when that note is sounded."

"The owner of a fine piano sent to us one day to say that there was something wrong about a certain note of the instrument, so that that note had an unpleasant sound when struck. When I heard the note sounded I knew at once that the disagreeable roughness or burr about it was due not to any defect in the piano, but to something somewhere about in the room; and, asking the lady to strike the note occasionally, I walked around the room, to see if I could locate it."

"Passing across the middle of the room, as that note was struck, the cause of the jarring accompaniment of it was discovered to come from the vibration of one of the glass globes on the chandelier overhead."

"The owner of the piano was almost incredulous as to this, the sound had seemed so plainly to come from the piano itself. But when, at my request, she stood under the chandelier and I struck the note, she was readily convinced."

"I made globe immovable, and then struck the note on the piano. The answer was clear and sweet and true."

"So you see the sound of a piano may for one thing depend much upon its surroundings; and what may seem to be a defect in a piano may be in reality attributable to something quite apart from the piano itself."

"And thus it might easily be that some noble instrument that had seemed to be declining, or to be developing faults, owed its apparent change to a change of environment, or to some specific outside cause, and was in reality as good as ever; as would happily be discovered whenever the instrument was again brought under favorable conditions."

The average nursery, with its Mother Goose tiffins and friezes; its border of babies with hoops and kittens with collars, is a distinct abomination. Any house that has such a one for children ten and twelve years of age, and even younger, ought, if any sort of proportion is to be maintained, to have oilcloth on its drawing-room walls and chromos over that. The nursery walls are of far more importance than the drawing-room walls. And a little care, and a very little expense, indeed, will make possible a room which shall be a veritable school room.

First of all, the walls must be plainly papered. A soft gray or olive is best. That will be a shock to the sensibility which believes in big pink roses and nodding scarlet poppies, as the height of the appropriate to make a room attractive. People who know, however, almost unreservedly unite in decrying flowered and highly-colored paper as trying to nerves and eyes, and in commanding the olives and gray as especially fit for children who are active and restless and need quieting surroundings.

If there be a border above the rather low-set picture molding, the paper may be deep cream above this, or, if one likes, it may have a simple and unobtrusive little pattern of rosebuds or morning glories running over it. The molding should be of wood to match the woodwork of the room.

The pictures are next to be considered. Take down and throw away all the pictures of children in night gowns, children in roses, children with puppies included. Take down all the little paper dolls, and the rubber brownies and juvenile German favors that hang everywhere, gathering dust and offending the eyes. Place these among the children's toys, if they like them—and they probably do like them; but do not have them on the walls.

Go to some shop where inexpensive copies of the old

Gold Development in Searchlight District.

FOUR GREAT GROUPS.

THE QUARTETTE COMPANY AND ITS TWENTY-ONE CLAIMS.

ONE of the best free-milling gold mines on the Pacific Slope and one of the cleanest business propositions to be found anywhere in the Southwest is being brought to a successful culmination out at Searchlight, Nev. Reference is made to the properties of the Quartette Mining Company. With patience and with diligence, under adverse conditions, the men behind this proposition have gone quietly on working out the details of many perplexing difficulties until success has at last crowned their efforts.

The Searchlight Camp is located out in the southeastern corner of Nevada—that slanting point that runs down to the Colorado River—and is in every sense a typical desert camp. Though only four years old yet, it is a lusty youth and gives great promise of future growth. A prospector who was one day showing his partner some fine looking quartz-out in these hills, remarked that it ought to show free gold; whereupon his companion observed that it would probably take a "searchlight" to discover it. A horning was made, with a big string of free gold as a result. Thus did the camp receive its unique name.

The Quartette Company, which is the principal company operating in this camp, and whose properties have practically made the fame of the entire district, owns

twenty-one patented claims divided into four separate groups. The four groups, all situated within a radius of three miles, are, in order of importance: "The Golden Treasure," four claims; "The Boston Group," nine claims; "The Fourth of July Group," three claims; "The Red Iron Group," two claims, and a few scattering.

In the "Golden Treasure" is found one of those peculiarly attractive free-milling propositions so much sought after by mining men and so seldom found. I doubt if its equal exists. If it were given to a competent mining engineer to design or model a mine to his own liking, I doubt if he could suggest any improvements. The ore occurs in lenses or elongated kidneys, which follow in certain succession and with perfect regularity within the walls of the vein to a known depth of 500 feet, and for nearly 1000 feet along the strike of the ledge. The ore is a friable fine-grained quartz, which will crumble and crush within the hand like a handful of granulated sugar. These lenses attain an average thickness of from 12 to 14 feet, and are from 80 to 100 feet long, and where one ends another begins, sometimes overlapping each other like huge scales on a fish. The ore is heavily charged with red iron oxide and is almost absolutely "free."

Over 6000 tons from different parts of the mine have been milled, and from every ton treated just a shade under an ounce of gold was obtained. As before stated, the mine is opened to a depth of 500 feet, there being a total of 6314 feet of development work done on this group. This work has exposed nearly 150,000 tons (by measurement, 146,551 tons,) of ore of an average assay value of

\$18.75 per ton, the lower workings revealing the best values. This does not include an estimate of the amount of ore below the 500-foot level, where the main working shaft has been sunk, for a further distance of 50 feet, all in ore of a considerably higher grade than the average above quoted. The last sampling done in the mine was recently, when 130 samples were taken from the fourth and fifth levels, the average of which was \$28 per ton.

The vein in the lower workings remains strong and true and gives evidence of character and permanency to a great depth. The mine is well timbered and laddered, has perfect ventilation and is fully equipped with ore chutes for the most economical handling of the ore from the steps above to the level below. Some increase of water is noticed in the sump at the bottom of the shaft, but it is not yet a wet mine.

The mine on top is well arranged, being provided with automatic devices for the rapid handling of the ore and waste. The hoisting plant is modern and complete in detail, and the various buildings about the mine, fourteen in number, are conveniently arranged.

The "Golden Treasure" was originally owned by Mr. Ben Macready of Los Angeles, and Messrs. Hubbard and Fisher. Later Hubbard and Fisher sold out to Boston capitalists, who furnished the sinews of war for further development of this and other properties, which eventually were consolidated into the present Quartette Mining Company.

The next most important group of claims, the "Boston Group," has 1800 feet of development work done, disclosing several veins of good pay ore. There are three shafts, one an incline, one old development shaft, about 100 feet deep, and a new perpendicular main working shaft. This group is splendidly equipped with a brand new hoisting plant, new buildings, ore bins, etc. There are about 40,000 tons of good milling ore in the stopes blocked out. The "Boston" is a large group of claims, and has not as yet been fully prospected, but the work, so far done, together with the heavy cropping of ore, indicate splendid results later on.

This group was first owned and developed by Frederick W. Dunn, who was the pioneer of the Searchlight camp. Mr. Dunn is a veteran Nevada mining man, besides having had extensive experience in railroad construction and operation.

The "Red Iron" group of two claims is a big low-grade cyanide proposition, there being nearly 100 feet of ore carrying from \$2 to \$6 per ton gold values. This is yet awaiting further development.

The "Fourth of July" group is one of the least developed and yet one of the most promising properties belonging to this company. There is in one place a 6-foot ledge of solid ore opened which shows an average assay value of \$80 per ton for its entire width. "So," as Col. Hopkins remarked to me, "you see, we have a good service of 'prospects'—yet awaiting development."

These properties lie 16 miles west of the Colorado River at an elevation of 3600 feet. A 20-stamp mill has been erected at the river, and a narrow-gauge railroad has just been completed to haul the ore from the mines to the river. The railroad runs directly under the ore bins at the mines, and the cars dump automatically at the mill into the 500-ton ore bins. The mill is very complete in every detail, even to a sampling works designed for use in the purchase of ores from outside parties. This addition was put in solely as an accommodation to the other smaller producers in the camp, as the Quartette Company has at present ore in reserve for seven years' continuous running of their present mill.

This milling plant at the river is most modern in every respect. There are at present twenty stamps, but it is the intention to add thirty more some time during the coming year. The stamps are of 900 pounds weight, and are set to drop at the rate of 110 per minute. Everything is arranged to work automatically in handling the ore, from the time it is dumped from the bottom of the cars into the "grizzly," which automatically separates the fine quartz from the coarse, after which the latter passes through the crusher directly to the bins below, thence by its own gravity to the stamps. After amalgamation the pulp is passed over Bartlett concentrating tables (three in number) to the tailings pond below. Farther on a 100-ton cyanide plant finishes the extraction of any possible values which have escaped the former treatment. A retort room and an assay office complete the full equipment of the reduction works. Power is supplied by an 80-horse-power boiler and a 60-horse-power Corliss compound expansion engine. Incandescent electric lights are used in all the buildings, and arc lamps outside around the works. There are at the mills some eight or nine different buildings in use by the company, including store houses, bunk houses, etc.

The railroad from the mine to the mill, 16 miles away, is a model little road. It is a 3-foot gauge, 25-pound steel rails being used. In the main it is nearly straight, the grade at no place exceeding 5.70 per cent., being for the greater part fairly easy. But the track is of the best material, and well laid, being fully ballasted, and carries as smooth and even an air could be desired. A 16-ton pony truck Porter locomotive is used for power, and gives perfect satisfaction. Oil is used for fuel. The cars used for hauling ore, eight in number, are all steel, and are equipped with air brakes, and have a capacity of 8 tons each. The ride over the road is most delightful and exhilarating, the round trip taking from two to three hours. The railroad was designed and built under the direct supervision of Mr. Dunn, the resident director of the company, who is thoroughly conversant with all the details of railroad work, having been for years associated in an official capacity with Sidney Dillon, Jay Gould and other prominent railroad builders.

The Quartette Mining Company proper was organized under the laws of West Virginia in 1899, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares, of a par value of \$10 per share. The officers are George G. Crocker of Boston, President; Col. Charles A. Hopkins of Boston, Treasurer; Ben Macready of Los Angeles, General Manager; George B. Wilson of Boston, Assistant General Manager, and Frederick W. Dunn of Searchlight, resident director. These gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Wilson, also form the directorate of the company.

To Col. Charles A. Hopkins more than to any other one man does the credit and success of the Quartette Mining Company and the fame of the entire Searchlight District belong. Through the agency of Mr. Dunn, Col. Hopkins was induced to first visit and then invest in the mines of that district. This was a time when there was practically no work done, and the camp was unknown.

It is easy to follow, but sagacious leaders are few. As in the history of most new mining camps, there were dark days of doubt and discouragement, which are hard now, in the light of present success, to look back upon and fully appreciate. But from the start Col. Hopkins had faith in the future of his properties, and backed up this faith with his ready cash. The results have fully confirmed his early judgment, and the success of the enterprise in behalf of all concerned is well merited.

The bins are full of ore, there being 2500 tons on the surface at the Golden Treasure alone, and the stamps will start on their long run within the next ten days.

W. T. SELLECK.



THE EASTER BABIES.

HOW JAMIE AND LUCY WERE OUTWITTED BY THE BLACK HEN.

By a Special Contributor.

"Oh, dear! I shall never be able to raise a family at this rate. I am sure I have laid an egg in this nest every day for a whole week, but the next day when I come back the nest is empty. I don't understand what goes with them. I hid my nest up here in the haymow, to be quite sure that nothing would disturb my eggs. As long as I laid them in the poultry house, they were gathered every evening. I didn't mind, until I was ready to sit, and then I saw very plainly that if I wanted to present my mistress with a fine brood of chicks for Easter, I should be compelled to hide my nest. It is now only four weeks more, and it will take three weeks to hatch my eggs, and I haven't one. I shouldn't wonder if it really is Jamie this time. Ruffle says he steals eggs, but I have never caught him at it. I am quite sure the cat don't take them, and I haven't seen a rat about anywhere. I have had my suspicions about that dog, Taffy, but he can't climb up here. I hate to think it of Jamie. He seems to be an uncommon nice boy, but here is my nice nest that I built so snug and warm empty. It certainly is very discouraging."

"I believe I will change my nest. Here's a nice dark corner, back under the eaves of the roof. I don't believe even Jamie could find it here," and Topsy proceeded to build a new home.

She was a beautiful hen, and always wore a handsome suit of black feathers that fairly glistened, and a lovely red comb in her hair that was coiled up in a large fluffy knot at the top of her head, in the most approved fashion, which was the envy of the entire flock, and also gave her the name of Topsy. Her feet were long, slender and shapely—never scraggly like Ruffles—and her nails were always beautifully polished.

This may have been due to the fact that Topsy was very industrious, and was always at work scratching for worms. She never moped around and complained of hard times, and ill-treatment as some hens did. She said there was a good living on Mr. Barton's farm for chickens if they would only open their eyes and find it, and it was a very noticeable fact that Topsy's children were always industrious and cheerful, and were the choice of the flock. Rain or shine, Topsy greeted her companions every morning with a cheery song, and went about doing all the good she could find, and because of this she never found time to complain; therefore, when she found her eggs all gone, she went busily to work building a new home, instead of sitting down and crying.

Did you ever watch a hen build her nest? Some hens are lazy and will not trouble themselves to make much of a home, but only a few are that way, most of them are very careful, and Topsy was one of this kind. With her feet she smoothed out a nice, deep hole, and then whisked the straw with her bill, first on one side, and then on the other, until they were woven together into a firm wall. "For," said Topsy to herself, "I must be very careful up here, to have my house built good and strong, or else when my babies hatch, they will creep out, and go tumbling into all sorts of holes and be killed, while I am gone to tell my mistress of their arrival. I should like very much to present them to her on Easter morning, but it is getting so late now that I shall only have six or seven to present—though that is better than none;" and she went on building her nest, feeling quite happy. When she had finished, and laid a nice large egg, she crept softly out of the haymow, and didn't cackle until she had reached the ground, for she didn't want Jamie to find her new home.

On her way to the garden she heard the jingle of a tiny silver bell that always hung on the collar of Taffy, Jamie's dog. The sound grew louder, and presently Jamie's voice was heard, calling from the haymow, "Lucy! Lucy! there isn't any egg in Topsy's nest today." Lucy clambered up the steps leading to the haymow as fast as her short, fat legs would carry her. She and Jamie were brother and sister, and lived in the city. Just now they were on a visit to their grandparents, and were to spend Easter with them. They thought there couldn't possibly be any place quite so nice as Grandpa Barton's at Easter time, where they could have stacks and stacks of eggs, to blow, and color, or anything else they wished to do with them. They planned something new every year. This time they thought it would be great fun to hide all the eggs they could find, and surprise grandma Easter morning with a great lot of them, so for several days they had been stealing all they could find, and hiding them in various places. Taffy—the little fox terrier they had had ever since he was a tiny baby—always came with them, and was their constant companion, and a more faithful little comrade it would indeed be hard to find. Topsy was a great favorite with the children. They had been visiting at grandpa's several years before, at the time of her birth, and had named her Topsy, and really claimed her as their very own.

The children had discovered Topsy's nest in the haymow, and had hidden her eggs, one by one, in a hole in the hay on the other side of the mow, but today there were none to hide. "Where you s'pose Topsy put her eggs, Jamie?" said Lucy, when she had reached the nest. "I don't know. Maybe she has made another nest up here. Let's hunt and see." They scampered around looking for a moment, but it was such fun turning somersaults over the little mounds of hay, they forgot all about the nest until grandma called them to dinner, and it was a week later before they thought of it again.

"Oh, Jamie," said Lucy, one day, "we never did find Topsy's new nest." "So we didn't. Let's go right now."

They were more successful this time, and found a nest with six nice large eggs. They carried them carefully over to their hiding place, and stored them with the others. "How many are there, Jamie?" said Lucy. Jamie counted them. "Thirteen," he said. "Aren't they

beautiful? Topsy's eggs are the very nicest of all." They took another tumble on the hay, and then went down, and forgot all about Topsy's eggs until Easter eve.

The next day as Topsy crept softly upstairs to her nest, she said to herself, "I shall finish my laying today, and begin setting on my eggs tonight. How fortunate that I picked out this dark corner for my nest. The children never could find it here."

Then she stopped, and stared at the empty nest. For a few moments she stood there very quiet. Then she turned slowly about and began searching out a new nest. She felt the disappointment keenly, but not for long. She just wouldn't stop and grieve over things she couldn't help.

"I'll find a new nest and hatch my one egg. I never did do such a thing before, but it is none of my fault, and I will at least have one baby chicken for Easter." So she went over on the other side, and crept down behind a little mound of hay close to the wall. "Why, here's a nice hole almost ready." Then Topsy stopped and stared again. There before her was a nice nest of eggs. "Those are my eggs," she said. "I should know them anywhere. Now isn't that nice of Jamie? He's been saving them up for me. To be sure, I would rather have a nest of my own making, but one can't have everything at one time, and I am more than glad to get this just now. With a little smoothing and fixing, I can make it do quite well. I shall have to be very careful, though, or I'll break my eggs."

In a few moments she had settled comfortably down in her new home. She laid the last egg that day, and, after taking a good dust, and sun bath, she crept softly back to her nest, and began the three weeks' setting.

The children knew by her clucking that she was setting somewhere, and watched her very closely, to find her new nest, but Topsy was too smart for them. Somehow she always knew when they were watching, and would never go to her nest until they were out of sight.

The days flew by, and each one added to Lucy's and Jamie's store of eggs.

Grandma Barton kept wondering what became of the eggs.

"I never knew my hens to lay so few eggs at this season of the year. We shan't be able to have any for Easter, pa, and the children will be so disappointed." Jamie and Lucy giggled and ran out of the room.

"Won't grandma be surprised? How many eggs you s'pose we've got, Jamie?"

"Oh, I don't know, but there's lots and lots of them."

It was the day before Easter, and after dusk, the children, each with a basket, quietly slipped out to gather up their eggs. They intended to hide them in the woodshed until morning. They made the rounds without being detected, and had two very large baskets of eggs. It was all both of them could do to carry each basket to the woodhouse.

"What will grandma say, Jamie? I heard her tell grandpa, this evening that there were only three eggs in the house, and that he must go down to Mrs. Kennedy's after supper, and buy some, so we could have them for Easter."

"Well," chuckled Jamie, "I'm a-thinkin' grandma will have some to sell after Easter. Isn't there a lot of them? I didn't know we had stolen half so many." They shut the door and turned toward the house.

"Oh, Jamie, we didn't get Topsy's eggs," said Lucy.

"Sure enough we haven't, Lucy, and I wouldn't miss getting hers, for anything. They are the nicest of all. You slip in the kitchen, and get another basket." Lucy found the basket, and away they went to the barn. They crept in very quietly, and up the stairway.

"Oh, it's awful dark," said Lucy, when they reached the loft. "Hold to my hand, Jamie, I'm afraid I'll fall." "Oh, come on, you're all right," said Jamie, not feeling any too brave himself. They crawled over to the farthest side, where they had hidden the eggs. Jamie thrust his hand into the hole, and then jumped back. "What's the matter?" said Lucy. "Oh, Jamie! I'm awful scared." Jamie's heart was beating very fast, and he was just about to jump and run, when he heard a soft "cluck, cluck," and a tiny "peep, peep." "Oh, Lucy, there's a hen in this hole, and I do believe I hear a little chicken." "Oh! Oh!" cried Lucy. "I do wish we could see." Here, hold the basket, Lucy, and I'll strike a match."

He held the lighted match up, and there was Topsy, all spread out, until she filled up the entire hole. Jamie put one hand underneath, and gently raised her up. A whole nest of little downy, Easter babies met their eyes. Just then the match burned down to Jamie's fingers, and he tossed it over his head, where it fell in the dry hay. In an instant there was a blaze. For a moment the children sat spellbound. Then Lucy screamed in terror. "Oh, Jamie, let's run." They rushed for the stairway, but the blaze had quickly run over the dry hay, and had already cut off their escape. They ran back to the other side, and could only crouch there in terror, and scream, "Oh, grandma, oh, grandpa, come quick! We're burning up!" By this time the smoke was stifling.

"I can't breathe, Jamie. I'm burning up. Oh, grandma, come quick! I'm choked. Oh! Oh! I'm all full of smoke!"

Jamie was frightened as bad as Lucy, but he tried to be brave. "Here, Lucy," he cried in a choked voice, from behind his hand, "hold my handkerchief tight over your face; that will keep the smoke out." But Lucy was too terrified for anything, and only screamed the louder, and really she was in danger of being smothered, for the hay, being packed closely together, didn't burn very fast, but made a great smoke.

Meanwhile, Taffy was waiting outside for the children. The moment he heard their cries, he knew something was wrong. He rushed round and round the barn, whining and barking, but, not being able to reach them, he ran with all his might to the house, where he began scratching at the door, and barking furiously.

"Open the door, pa," said Mrs. Barton, "and see what's the matter with Taffy." Mr. Barton opened the door, but the dog wouldn't come in. He kept barking and whining in great distress. He would rush toward the

barn, and then back to the door, jumping almost into Mr. Barton's face. Finally, he grabbed grandma's apron between his teeth, and tried to pull her through the door.

"Why, Taffy, what makes you act so queer?" said Mrs. Barton.

"Seems to me I smell smoke," said Mr. Barton, stepping outside, and looking around. Just then he saw a light through the haymow window.

"Why, ma, look! the barn's on fire," he said, and, calling to John, the hired man, he made for the barn. But quick as he was, Taffy was ahead jumping and whining frantically. When they reached the barn, Mr. Barton thought he heard Jamie's voice. He listened, and sure enough, he heard a weak voice calling grandpa, and it seemed to come from the hay loft.

"Jamie! Jamie!" he called, "where are you?"

"Here—grandpa—in—the—haymow," answered the child in a stifled voice. Mr. Barton rushed in the barn, and up the stairway, but found he was shut off by the fire. Then he thought of the door on the outside, where they put the hay through. Calling to John to bring a ladder, he quickly reached the door and flung it open. Lucy was unconscious by this time, and Jamie nearly so. He seized Lucy and went down the ladder, shouting to John to go up after Jamie.

He laid the child in grandma's arms, and ran to get some water. By the time he returned, the air had revived Lucy, who was clinging to grandma, and sobbing hysterically. Jamie had reached the ground, and was frantically trying to make John understand that Topsy was up there with a nest of little baby chickens, but neither he nor Mr. Barton made out what the child was saying, and rushed off to rescue the horses.

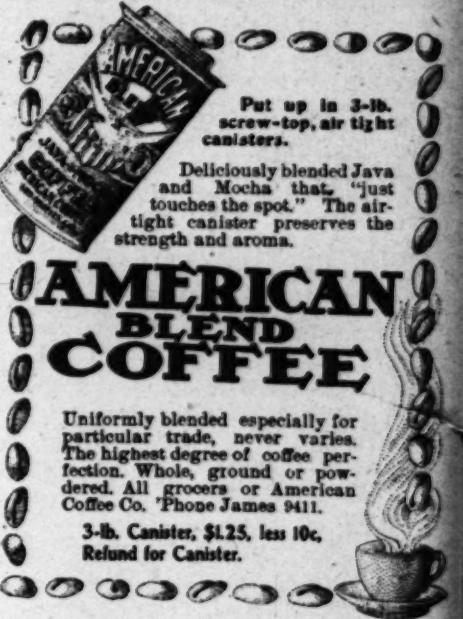
Jamie gave one look into the burning loft, then up the ladder he went. Grandma shouted to him to come down; that he would be killed, but he called back that Topsy would burn up, and he must get her. Seizing the basket, he tumbled the baby chickens into it, and, taking Topsy under his arm, he climbed down the ladder, and safely reached the ground.

The faithful Taffy rushed from one child to the other, licking their hands and faces, and barking delightedly.

Mr. Barton and John succeeded in rescuing all the stock, but the barn burned to the ground, for the moment the outside door was opened, and let in the draught, the flames spread very quickly.

The next morning Topsy was out in a nice open coop, basking in the sunshine, with her children playing around her.

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For a story, during "The I Ernest, We Devoted their Grandmother of the Hampshire. Winnifred lighted tunes of War; "tales; girl's life.

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ODDITIES OF THE ARCTICS,

HOW THE ANIMALS CHANGE COLOR—A DRAKE THAT IS A DOMESTIC TYRANT.

[St. Nicholas:] During the summer months much of the land becomes free from snow and ice under the joint action of sun and wind, and the snow that resists removal is darkened, by a deposit of fine dust particles. In this season the animals wear their darker clothing, and birds have, by way of change, a less gaudy plumage. The background against which they stand would betray their presence if the white dress of winter were worn now; then, too, it makes it possible for the foxes, ducks, and other animals and birds to gratify a natural vanity by putting on, for a time at least, another coat.

In winter, white is again worn. The background is now snow and ice, and the only chance which the Arctic chicken now has to deceive the fox is to roll up like a ball and simulate a lump of ice. The ice-bear is equipped successfully to creep upon the ever-watchful seal, because he looks like the other blocks of white around him. He remembers, however, his black nose, and is said to be sharp enough to cover it with his paw while approaching his dozing prey.

The seal does not stop his search for food until he has completely satisfied his excellent appetite; then he takes a good nap, lying upon the very edge of the ice, or as close as possible to his breathing-hole. The slightest sound will awaken him, and, without waiting to find out the source or direction, he rolls into the water. He can stay under for only thirty-five minutes, but where he will come up none can tell. This no one knows better than the bear; and if the bear realizes that it is impossible to steal upon the leeward side of the seal, having his black nose covered with his paw and his bloodshot eyes closed, when the seal has his open and on the watch, he looks about for a favorable point of departure, dives under the ice, and if he rightly judges the distance and direction, he comes up at the very spot where the seal had expected to go down. The seal's fate is thus settled, and the bear's shrewdness earns its reward.

The beautiful elder-duck has often been cited as an ideal mother, and touching stories are told of her plucking the down from her own breast to make the nest in which to hatch her young. It is also said that if the hunters take the down, she will despouse herself for the second time, not calling upon the selfish drake until she has literally stripped herself. The drake is declared to be strict in keeping his mate to her duties, insisting that she shall attend to the work of hatching. If the duck ventures upon a walk, he does not offer to take her place while she goes gadding about, but, perhaps knowing she is too fond of idleness, cruelly drives her back to her household duty. The duck lays only five eggs, and if she feels that her nest is large enough and warm enough to hold more, she boldly robs her neighbors, carrying the eggs, one at a time, under her wing, until she has seven or eight.

However, when the brood is hatched, the drake becomes the teacher to the young. Not in swimming, for that comes naturally, but in diving, which is a means of flight as well as for finding food. The little duck, coming into life above water, hesitates to risk it by going under, nor will he follow the oft-repeated example of his parents. When it becomes necessary to resort to force, the drake comes quietly near the unwilling pupil, suddenly throws a wing over him, and dives down. The little one is let go under water, and, coming to the surface unharmed, even if somewhat startled, he is ready to start diving on his own account.

A MOTHER'S LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

For boys of ten to fifteen: "A Boy of Old Japan;" a story, historically accurate, of the transition years during which Japan was being opened to foreigners; "The Lives of the Hunted;" stories of animals told in Ernest Thompson Seton's fascinating manner; "When We Destroyed the Gasper;" a sea story of 1772; "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog;" true stories of dogs, showing their heroism and fidelity; "With Taylor on the Rio Grande," a clever story of the Mexican war; "A Hero of the Hills," a strong story of the early days of New Hampshire.

For girls from eleven to sixteen: "What Came to Winnifred," a charming story by the author of the delightful Cricket books; "Betty Seldon, Patriot," the fortunes of a sweet Connecticut girl in the Revolutionary War; "Fernley House," one of Laura Richard's well-told tales; "Her Sixteenth Year," a wholesome story of a girl's life in a New England town.

For the little ones: "The Rosamond Tales," "The

"Lonesomest Doll," "The Grasshoppers' Hop," and the "Life of an Elephant and of a Bear."—[April Ladies' Home Journal.]

ALL AT THY PIERCED FEET.

If I might gather whitest bloom from ev'ry clime,
If I might bid all queenliest ilies of the world,
I'd lay them at thy pierced feet, Victor sublime!
All at this tender, wondrous Easter time,
All at this Easter time.

All at Thy gentle feet, and hide the cruel scars;
And for Thy thorn-pierced brow, amid the glory there,
I'd weave to shine a crown of whitest passion stars!
To shine 'mid light that time nor dims, nor mars,
That time nor dims, nor mars.

HARRIET WINTHROP WARING.

HINTS ABOUT THE NEWEST HATS

The new hats remain, in nine cases out of ten, low and flat both as to shape and style of trimming, showing a very decided tendency to fall low over the hair in the back, and to droop well over the edges of the brim at all times. This fashion is decidedly a pretty one, especially in summer hats, as laces and flowers can be used most effectively in this manner. Many of the larger hats show uneven brims, the edges being bound with silk and wired into drooping, and downward or sharply upward curves, becoming to any face.—[Mrs. Ralston, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.]

HELEN KELLER'S PRANKS.

About this time I found out the use of a key, and one day I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain three hours, as the servants were in a detached part of the house. She kept pounding on the door, while I sat outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the pounding. This most naughty prank of mine convinced my parents that I must be taught as soon as possible. After my teacher, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, came to me, I sought an early opportunity to lock her in her room. I went upstairs with something which my mother made me understand I was to give Miss Sullivan; but no sooner had I given it to her than I slammed the door to, locked it, and hid the key under the wardrobe in the hall. I could not be induced to tell where the key was. My father was obliged to get a ladder and take my teacher out through the window—much to my delight. Months after I produced the key.—[Helen Keller, in April Ladies' Home Journal.]

A LONELY WAIST.

"Oh! do you see the lonely waste?"
She asked, as on they flew.
"How cold and dismal is the sight
Unfolding to our view!
Indeed, I feel for lonely wastes,"
She murmured, "Do not you?"

"I always feel for lonely waists,"
He said, "Indeed I do!"
Especially when they are cold,
As just remarked by you."
His arm went 'round that lonely waist—
He knew a thing or two!

—[W. D. Nesbit.]

HALF RATES.

Shippers of Household Goods to and from all Points at Nearly Half Rates.

In our own private cars, receiving better care and only half the handling. Tell your friends about it and save them money, much care and worry. For further particulars write or see nearest Main Office, 38 Market Street, Chicago; 722 Mission Street, San Francisco, or below address. Agencies in all important cities of the United States.



Live Stock Shipping a Specialty.

Our local business is Packing, Moving and Storing everything in the Household, Pictures, China, Bric-a-Brac, Furniture, Plans, etc., in city or country, in rain or shine. Our new brick warehouse is the best on the Coast. The second floor has 100 separately locked iron rooms, exclusively for Household Goods. This firm whose operations are sufficiently large to allow of shipping at REDUCED RATES.

Bekins Van & Storage,

Telephone Main 19 - 244 S. Broadway.

CURSE OF DRINK

Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a tipsy social drinker, or a simple impossibility for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. Endorsed by members of W.C.T.U.

Mrs. Townsend, secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes: "I have tasted White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and endorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Duggists everywhere, or by mail per box \$1. Trial packages free by writing or calling on Mrs. T. C. Moore, Supt. W.C.T.U., Ventura, Cal.

Sold in Los Angeles by OWL DRUG CO.,
320 South Spring Street.

THE HYGIENIC BODY BRACE.

A Boon to Weak Women.

Never before offered at price within the reach of all. Postpaid to any address (Sead Hip Measure) \$3.50

Trusses, Braces,
Elastic Hosiery
and Supporters.

W. W. SWEENEY,
421 South Broadway.

LADY ATTENDANT.



Newmarks Hawaiian Blend Coffee.

Will be the cheer of thousands of breakfast tables this Easter morning. It would be on every breakfast table if housekeepers realized all the goodness contained in a pound package of Hawaiian Blend. Rich, aromatic, delicious. Imported, Roasted and Packed by

NEWMARK BROS., LOS ANGELES.

A SERMON ON WATER.

You'd better be safe than sorry.

Because you don't feel any bad effects today from drinking city water, it is no sign you won't feel them tomorrow.

And if you don't feel them tomorrow, it is no sign you won't a few years hence.

You can't escape it. The city water is not pure. And persistence in the use of impure food or water is sure to injure the health of the user.

Distilled water is the only pure water. And Puritas is the only reliable distilled water hereabouts.

If you could see our plant—the best on the Pacific Coast (and we are glad to show you.)

And see how thoroughly and scientifically we distill water;

And compare our methods, the result of years of study and experience, with the methods of other people.

Puritas water would be on your table thenceforth. And you would wonder how we can sell a demijohn for only 30c.

Puritas distilled water is chemically pure. Hundreds of druggists and chemists are using it every day in their work.

They are obliged to have pure water and so they use Puritas.

Puritas, unlike other distilled waters, is not "flat" and insipid. The water in every demijohn is aerated with pure air. The air is forced into the water.

That's why Puritas isn't "flat," why it doesn't rest heavily on the stomach like other distilled waters.

We don't miss an opportunity to turn out a perfect table water. And so Puritas has become the standard table water of Southern California.

It is easy for you to prove what we say by making personal examination of our plant, methods, and of Puritas.

We'll show you how and why we do everything, and take pleasure in showing you.

Ice & Cold Storage Co., 'Phone Private Exchange 6.



\$5.00 Free

The boy or girl who sends in the best Mother Goose verse advertising Bishop's Soups and Baked Beans will get \$5.00. Mail verses to "Advertising Manager" Bishop & Company, before Saturday night.

Jack and Jill can't get their fill
Of BISHOP'S SOUPS at all sir:
Jack eats most, for he's no ghost,
And Jill eats all they give her.

The Winner

In last week's contest will be announced in next Sunday's advertisement. Remember, you can get a better idea of the good points if you buy and try the soup and beans.